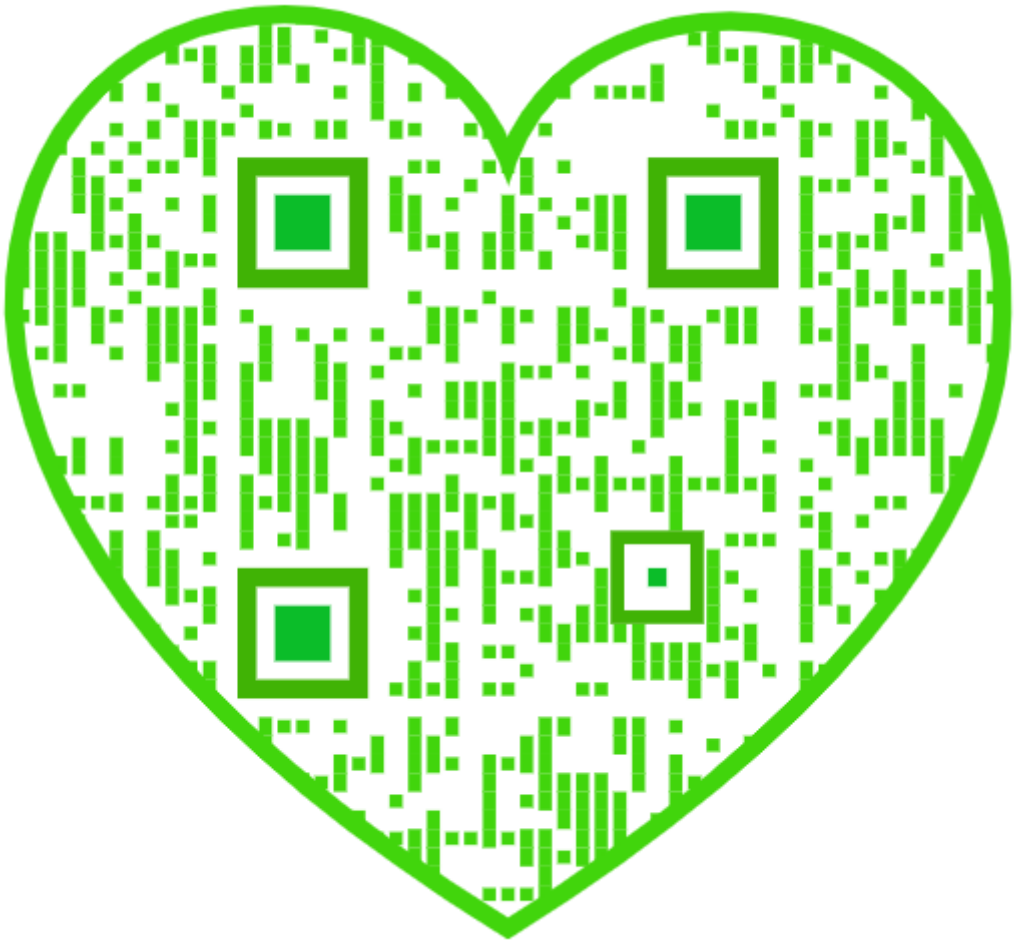


GV
1
.B2

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. XIII.

DONATED BY THE
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
OF NEW YORK

THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

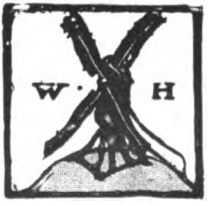
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

Volume XIII.

July to December 1901



MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
NEW YORK.

K366753

LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1901

All rights reserved

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
London & Edinburgh

Exch.
N.Y. Public Library
1-21-30.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER 1901

COLOURED PLATES

	Facing page		Facing page
THE FINISH FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP	16	'ON THE ALERT'	368
"WARE HARE'	34	THE LION HUNT	422
THE MALLARD DUCK	50	BOB WHITE	444
'ON THE SANDS'	103	FLYING FOX	466
'THE GROUSE'	134	FROM LONDON TO BRISTOL	498
'SOMETHING THERE'	152	SHAMROCK II	524
'RUNNING WILD'	190	SORA RAIL	548
VOLODYOVSKI	230	DORICLES	584
A PLEASANT CORNER	250	HUNTING	598
THE PARTRIDGE	282	RETRIEVED	634
'OVER IN THERE'	304	THE RIVALS	670
EPSOM LAD	334	SANTOI	692

A Black Bear Hunt in Northern New Brunswick . *Arthur P. Silver* 652
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A Day with the Otter . . . . . *Captain T. W. Sheppard* 153
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. SANDERSON AND MABEL THOMSON

A Desperate Remedy . . . . . *Sydney Fulbrooke* 591

After a Moonlit Night . . . . . *Christopher Close* 635
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

After Klipspingers in Rhodesia . . . . . *Floyd Eliot* 526

A Good Hunting Book . . . . . *W. B. Maxwell* 542

American Training Methods . . . . . *Alfred E. T. Watson* 35

A Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . . *Wilfred Morris* 403

PAGE

A 'ROGUE' AND TWO GRIFFINS . . . . . *Captain J. A. F. Field* 423
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ART AND SCIENCE OF THE SWORD, THE. . . *Th'odore Andrea Cook* 191

A SPORTING EXPERIENCE . . . . . *Norman Pearson* 648

AUTUMN TINTS . . . . . *George E. Collins* 290
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A VETERAN HUNTSMAN . . . . . *Russell Richardson* 554
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

BADMINTON 'NOTÂ BENE' 110, 349

BIG GAME HUNTING AND SHOOTING. *See* 'A Black Boar Hunt in Northern New Brunswick,' 'After Klip-p ingers in Rhodesia,' 'A Rogue and Two Griffins,' 'Three Lions before Breakfast'

BIG YELLOW STAG, THE . . . . . *R. B. Townshend* 1

BILSDALE HUNT CHARACTERS . . . . . *John F. Blakeborough* 449

BOG-TROTTING IN IRELAND . . . . . *W. B. Thornhill* 499

BUNKER BABY, THE. . . . . *Cyril Mullett* 355

CANOEING AT OXFORD . . . . . *A. C. Gathorne-Hardy* 370
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CHAOS OF BRIDGE, THE . . . . . *Archibald Dunn, Junr.* 445

CLOSE FINISHES TO THE UNIVERSITY MATCH . . . *Home Gordon* 17

CONCERNING HOCKEY . . . . . *C. D. McMillin* 569

CONCERNING ST. PARTRIDGE . . . . . *L. H. De Visme Shaw* 281

CRICKET. *See* 'The Parliamentary Cricketer,' 'English Teams in Australia,' 'The Past Cricket Season,' 'Close Finishes to the University Match,' 'On Touring'

ENGLISH TEAMS IN AUSTRALIA . . . . . *Home Gordon* 306

FICTION. *See* 'The Big Yellow Stag,' 'Maymyo: A Tale of Loving and Racing in Mandalay,' 'The Roan Mare,' 'The Bunker Baby,' 'The Home Beat,' 'A Desperate Remedy'

FISHING. *See* 'Fishing in New Guinea,' 'The Sea-Trout and Salmon Streams of Newfoundland,' 'Thames Salmon,' 'Fly-Fishing in Mauritius,' 'After a Moonlit Night'

FISHING IN NEW GUINEA . . . . . *Charles Protheroe* 27
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

FLY-FISHING IN MAURITIUS . . . . *Staff-Surgeon C. L. Nolan, R.N.* 536
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

GARTH HUNT, THE . . . . . *P. Hampson* 437
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY 'AGRESTIS'

GOLF. *See* 'Impressions of the Golf Championship'

PAGE

GROUSE SHOOTING UNDER A KITE . . . . . *C. Boyle Smith* 548

'HANDS' . . . . . *Frank L. W. Wedge* 96

HOME BEAT, THE . . . . . *The Hon. A. Bligh* 473

HOUNDS AND MASTERS. ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HUNTING SEASON *Arthur W. Coaten* 256

HUNTING. *See* 'With the Hobart Hounds,' 'Bilsdale Hunt Characters,' 'A Veteran Huntsman,' 'Autumn Tints,' 'The Garth Hunt,' 'Hounds and Masters,' 'Arrangements for the Hunting Season'

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS . . . *Dr. J. G. McPherson* 270
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN A SCOTCH SEA LOCH . . . . . *Henry Goodale* 51
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

'MAYMYO: A TALE OF LOVE AND RACING IN MANDALAY . *Alan Field* 119

MY GILLIE . . . . . *Horace Hutchinson* 614

NOTES BY 'RAPIER' 111, 231, 350, 467, 585, 693

NOTES ON SPORT IN SARDINIA . . . . . *Daniele B. Vare* 64
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ON A YORKSHIRE MOOR . . . . . *C. S. Sidney* 630
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ON TOURING . . . . . *Home Gordon* 167

OUR CORRESPONDENCE GAME . . . . . *Anthony C. Deane* 643

PARLIAMENTARY CRICKETER, THE . . . . . *Harold Macfarlane* 213

PAST CRICKET SEASON, THE . . . . . *Home Gordon* 410

POLO IN MALTA . . . . . *The Hon. Mrs. R. Boyle* 490
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PRIZE COMPETITIONS 80, 218, 335, 454, 572, 680
ILLUSTRATED

RACING. *See* 'American Training Methods,' 'Thoroughbreds in 1901'

RICHARD JEFFERIES AT HOME . . . . . *Darby Stafford* 320
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ROAN MARE, THE . . . . . *Dorothea Conyers* 237

SEA-TROUT AND SALMON STREAMS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, THE *Arthur P. Silver* 200
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

SHOOTING. *See* 'A Sporting Experience,' 'Bog Trotting in Ireland,' 'Concerning St. Partridge,' Grouse-Shooting under a Kite,' 'On a Yorkshire Moor,' 'A Small Shooting in Yorkshire,' 'The Haunt of the Eagle,' 'The Home of the Grouse,' 'Three Days with a Gun in Guiana,' 'The Woodcock and the Snipe'

PAGE

SMALL SHOOTING IN YORKSHIRE, A . . . *Leonard H. West, LL.D.* 250
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

'ST. MICHAEL'S' STEAM CAPSTAN, THE . . . *Charles E. Eldred, R.N.* 506
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

SWORDSMANSHIP IN ENGLAND . . . . . *Theodore Andrea Cook* 100
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THAMES SALMON . . . . . *Arthur Hawley* 432

THE HAUNT OF THE EAGLE, THE HOME OF THE GROUSE *Alban F. L. Bacon* 132
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THOROUGHBREDS IN 1901 . . . . . *Arthur W. Coaten* 671

THREE DAYS WITH A GUN IN GUIANA . . . . *Edward Rae Davson* 176
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. V. MC CONNELL AND A. E. ASPINALL

THREE LIONS BEFORE BREAKFAST . . . . *Captain B. R. M. Glossop* 621
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

TORPID AND THE ILL-BRED CAT, THE . . . . *Margaret Benson* 42
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CAT STUDIES BY MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER

TROTTERS IN NORWAY . . . . . *Nicholas Everitt* 388
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

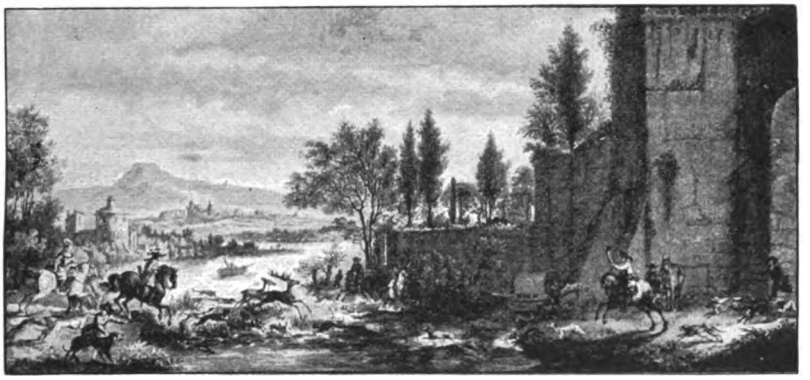
WILD DOG OF ENNERDALE, THE . . . . . *A. G. Bradley* 380

WINTER SPORT IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS . . . . *G. H. Villiers* 600
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WITH THE HOBART HOUNDS . . . . . *Claud S. Clerk* 10
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WOODCOCK AND THE SNIPE, THE . . . . . *Marquess of Granby* 144

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
NEW YORK.



The Badminton Magazine

THE BIG YELLOW STAG

BY R. B. TOWNSHEND

'OH—H—H, Charley! Fetch up that last lot of steers for the crush-pen, will you!' shouted Jimmy Murray, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands as he sat there on his buckskin pony outside the bars of my big corral. The buckskin pony was a yellow dun with black bars on his legs and a broad black stripe down his back.

We were just finishing off the job of branding the Strong and Starbuck herd of Texas cattle, and Jimmy Murray, the foreman of the herd, bossed the job. He had brought the herd all the long three months' journey over the Goodnight Trail from Texas, and now he and his weary cowpunchers were keen to make an end of their labours and find their way back to their beloved sunny South before snow began to fly on the bleak plains of Colorado.

The Texas men didn't like Colorado.

'What do you wear shaps for in this country?' I heard Bill Means, my youthful Colorado cowpuncher, innocently inquire of Jimmy at their first meeting. Shaps were a sort of cowhide armour that all cowboys were compelled to wear in Texas to

protect them from the terrible mesquite thorn, a defence which seemed hardly necessary on our treeless plains.

'What for?' retorted Jimmy scornfully. 'Why, to keep me from freezing to death in a climate where it's nine months winter and three months very late in the Fall.'

Bill Means had wilted right there, and after that we none of us wondered that Jimmy Murray should look so pleased over the prospect of bringing the branding job to an end as soon as Charley and the boys fetched up the last lot of steers. Tall, gaunt, long-horned brutes the Strong and Starbuck steers were, bred in the thickets of the Nueces and the Palo Verde. They had been wild as hawks when they first started, but the long journey had tamed those wild hearts of theirs a little, and a horseman could drive them now readily enough anywhere on the open prairie; yet the inside of a corral was strange and alarming to them still: some of them had never seen the inside of a corral but once before in their lives, when they were run in from the brush to endure the branding-iron and the knife before starting over the trail.

Hunched close together in their fear, excitedly snuffing and snorting, the last lot were brought up to the bars, Jimmy Murray on the buckskin pony circling round behind them to assist Charley and the others. Under pressure from the horsemen in their rear they were squeezed through the entrance; the bars were hastily put in place, and we had the last lot of steers safe in the corral, the horsemen entering with them.

The next move was to draft them from the big corral through a gate into the little corral, not more than fifty feet across which was the antechamber to the crush-pen.

The wild scary creatures, finding themselves trapped in the big corral, ran all round it, smelling at the fence and looking for a way out, until they came to the open gate. There they paused, snorting once more their distrust. Was this really an exit, or was it the entrance to a second trap?

Close on their heels with shouts and cries the horsemen pressed; with a leap and a bound the leading steer, hardening his heart, sprang through the opening, and after him sprang the rest, all but one, who roared an angry refusal and broke resolutely back: he was a big bullnecked stag, the terror of the herd. Stag is the Texas name for a steer who has escaped the attentions of the cowboys during his youth, and this particular one had run wild as a bull in the Nueces thickets till he was

six or seven years old ; his rusty sides showed the scars of many a pitched battle with his rivals, and he had the heart of a warrior in him still. He was built for a warrior too. He stood fully seventeen hands to the top of his huge buffalo-like shoulders, and his formidable horns were as thick as a man's arm and as sharp as daggers.

When the stag whirled and broke back Jimmy Murray whirled too, and chased him round the big corral, sending the buckskin pony flying up to his quarter, and calmly slashing the fugitive across the loins with the end of his lasso.

It was a treat to see Jimmy Murray ride. The easy seat, a little far back in the saddle, with the body perfectly upright, but giving freely to every motion of the quick-twisting cow-pony, was simply the perfection of balance. The pony, guided by hand and heel, turned and twisted, stopped or started on, exactly as if it was a part of him, automatically controlled by his brain. Jimmy never even seemed to think about his horse ; every few hours he mounted a fresh one, but apparently he took no account of any difference between one or another. He bestraddled indifferently anything that wore hair ; once in the saddle he treated it as if it were a mere machine that supplied him with an additional set of legs, and for him the buckskin pony was but the most obedient of his willing slaves. One might almost have been looking at a centaur, the man and horse were so completely one.

Centaurlike though they were, I fully expected to see the big yellow stag turn on them when he felt the blow of the lasso, and send the pair of them flying together through the air with a toss of those tremendous horns ; but no, he was not fighting mad yet ; his most pressing desire so far was only to find a way of escape. He found none, however, though twice he made the circle of the big corral ; and then, as he caught sight once more of his fellows in the little corral, gregarious instinct got the better of his fears and he suddenly bolted in after them. In, too, along with him went Jimmy Murray and the pony, the gate was shut behind them, and the last act began.

The other horsemen brought their steeds out of the big corral, and quickly hitching them, ran to the side of the crush-pen into which Jimmy with voice and lasso-end was forcing as many of the reluctant steers as it would hold. As soon as it was jammed full, strong poles were stuck across it behind the last animal so that none could back out ; then the branding-

irons were fetched, and in another minute there arose a strong odour of burnt hide and of frizzling hair, and the air rang with frantic bellowings, until finally the end-gate of the crush-pen was opened and the terrified beasts were suffered one by one to escape. Colonel Strong and I sat up on some boards laid across the top of the pen, carefully tallying each animal as it emerged.

No sooner were they all out and all tallied than the door of the crush-pen was closed, and Jimmy Murray shoved the other half of the bunch in to share the fate of their predecessors, a fate to which all went in gaily except the big yellow stag. That gentleman's suspicions had been aroused by the odour of the branding process and the bellowings of the sufferers, and he hung back.

Round and round the little corral he hurried, his head close to the ground, as if he were smelling at the bottom of the fence to find a weak place to burst out at, and from his throat there came a succession of low, short, ominous roars. He blew from his nostrils such strong blasts upon the ground that the pulverised dung which formed the floor of the corral sprang up in jets before him as he went.

Quite unmoved, Jimmy and the buckskin pony jogged round close behind his tail, Jimmy gently swinging his lariat and cheerfully chirruping to the monster. Jimmy's head was carried the least thing more proudly than ever ; caged in here with this savage brute, alongside which his pony looked like a toy horse, and almost within arm's length of those tremendous horns, one stab from which could have impaled horse and rider, Jimmy did not deign to show the faintest trace of anxiety. There was something almost ostentatious in the way in which his eye seemed to disregard the threatening terror just before him, and to be busily engaged in overseeing the whole business of the branding, as he took careful note how far each of the hands was doing his work just right.

'Look out there, Jimmy!' cried Colonel Strong, 'that big stag 'll fight in a holy minute.'

Jimmy, whose steady chirrup never ceased as he jogged round, whether his eye were on the stag or not, at last condescended to intermit his watch on the branders and observe his adversary closer.

'I reckon he's not red-hot yet,' he remarked carelessly ; 'he's only blowing off steam a bit.' And he touched up the stag lightly with a swing of the lariat, at which the big brute

bounded forward and flung his head round threateningly ; but, though he threatened, he did not charge.

'Just fly round there and open that gate,' called out Colonel Strong to the branders ; 'hurry up, one of you, and let him back into the big corral.'

He spoke loud, but the branders, conscious that Jimmy Murray's eye was on them, and intent each man on keeping his hot iron steadily pressed upon his particular victim so as to avoid making a blotch instead of a brand, seemed not to hear. The stag had once more resumed his sulky circuit of the fence, but those ominous short roars were coming quicker and quicker. Jimmy's face was as impassible as ever.

'Hi! there, you Charley,' shouted Colonel Strong again ; 'don't stand there like a wooden man. Jump, will you ?'

'Don't you talk like that to me, Colonel Strong, 'cos I ain't a-goin' to stand it,' retorted Charley sharply, removing his iron from a steer and looking up. 'I'm a white man, I am, and I don't allow no man to talk to me like as I was anybody's dog-goned nigger.'

Jimmy Murray's chirrup ceased for a moment, and his cool voice turned the incipient dispute aside.

'Dry up, Charley,' said he ; 'that'll keep. Best thing you can do is to let some of them branded ones out of the front of the crush-pen and make a bit more room, so as to give me the chance to cram this joker in behind the others.'

But to me it looked as if, before all this could be done, the big yellow stag would surely be spilling Jimmy Murray's heart's blood on the floor of that corral. The Colonel's plan seemed the quickest ; I jumped down and ran and opened the gate between the two corrals. The big stag instantly went through with a bound, turning his head and giving a snort like a fog-horn as he detected me where I stood behind the gate.

'That's a warrior, Jimmy,' I called out to him as I climbed back to my exalted perch so as to be ready to help to tally out the branded lot. 'You're mighty well quit of him.'

Jimmy's firm-set mouth relaxed as he looked up at me with a friendly smile. 'He'll likely fight now,' said he. 'I doubt we'll not get him so near the branding-pen again, but we'll fix him yet one way or another ; we're bound to get him branded and tallied, and if he won't come to the crush-pen I'd like jes' to show you for oncet the way we set about tackling such gentry as him down in Texas.'

It proved to be as Jimmy said. No persuasion now could

induce him to enter the little corral a second time. As soon as some of us tried to go around him on foot he turned to fight in an instant, and hunted us to the fence, and then stood at bay on the far side of the big corral.

By this time the last lot in the crush-pen had been duly branded and tallied, and there remained only the big stag. We all gathered at the bars of the big corral, and the Coloradans looked forward with interest to see how the Texas men would work it. All this took place in the early 'seventies, and the Texans were the crack cowboys of that day. We hoped to see a really scientific display of lassoing, an art at which they were past-masters.

'Your cowpunching job's done, little buckskin,' said Jimmy Murray to his horse as he dismounted outside and slackened the cinch. '"'Rah for the back-trail to Texas" is what you can sing now. No more dry old bunchgrass is yours. 'Rah for growing fat again on pea-vines and mesquite.' The sweating pony shook himself all over as if he understood his master. It was the first time I had heard Jimmy speak caressingly to a horse. He was as brave as they make them, but he was as hard as the nether millstone.

Bill Means felt disappointed to see the cinch being slackened.

'Why, ain't you going to try and rope that stag on the little buckskin?' said he to Murray, who was standing with his lariat coiled over his arm. 'Or was you meaning to rope him on foot? I guess, when you get to trying to hold him, it'll be like snubbing an ironclad.'

'I'll see if I can't show you a trick worth two of that,' said Jimmy, and leaving his horse to stand he walked round the outside of the corral till he was in sight of Colonel Strong's waggon, which was encamped a little way off down by the creek. He put his hands funnelwise to his mouth and called aloud in high musical notes: 'Yo—i, yo—i, yo—i there! Smiler, Sweetlips, 'Possum, you 'Possum! come along then, come along!'

With a joyful chorus of answering cries all the dogs of the Texas camp came rushing over to his well-known voice. They were a motley pack, tykes of sorts, black and tan foxhounds mostly, with a fierce bloodhound cross in some of them, and there was one, a mighty, deep-jowled, half-bred Cuban mastiff, old 'Possum, the champion of them all. They crowded around Jimmy's leather-guarded legs, their red mouths and slavering

lips welcoming the summons, their eager muzzles snuffing the fray ; at his call they seemed game to go at anything, from a rabbit to a man-hunt ; we Coloradans wondered if they were really used for hunting negroes in Texas.

Rope in hand, Jimmy stepped through the bars into the corral, his pack crowding in alongside. 'S—sick him then,' he cried, pointing to the big stag over by the far fence. Full speed across the corral streamed the pack, giving tongue in short joyous yelps, and with one thundering roar the great brute lowered his head and rushed headlong to meet them. As they encountered I saw Jimmy dart forward, single-handed, to take his part in the *mêlée*. The dogs divided as they met the stag, who, with rapid lunges of his powerful horns, struck out at them to right and left ; but the pack were too nimble for him ; his fierce thrusts missed their aim, and the next instant they were hanging on him in festoons, and 'Possum's, old 'Possum's, jaws were fastened like a vice in the very tenderest part of his flank. At that sharp pinch and the mastiff's mighty pull the great stag's loins sank and gave, and in a moment Sweetlips had him by the ear and Smiler by the cheek ; he yielded to their united strain, and with a resounding thump came sidelong to the ground ; the dogs had fairly pulled him down. In a second Jimmy was alongside and slipped the noose around his hindlegs, and then the other herders came up and tied him fast, dragging off as quickly as they could the infuriated hounds, who in another minute would have torn their prey to pieces.

Gasping, roaring, and struggling, but all in vain, the terror of the herd lay helpless as a newly born calf ; the hot iron was brought and pressed upon his hide, an outrage to which he could only reply by a bellow of impotent rage. Then he was duly ticked off on the list and tallied, and the transfer of the whole Strong and Starbuck herd was complete. Now, at last, Jimmy Murray's task was ended, or, at the least, it was all but ended, for only one thing remained to make it complete—the bound and prostrate stag had yet to be turned loose.

Jimmy stood by the back of his fallen foe with one foot planted on his heaving side. 'Look out there!' he cried ; 'you'd better clear out of the corral, all of you. And don't forget to put up them bars, somebody.'

The man who was carrying the branding-iron retired at a run and put up the bars. The rest of us climbed the high corral fence and sat on top to see what the stag would do.

With the end of his rope Jimmy bent a clove-hitch round the stag's hind fetlocks and pulled it taut. Then, stooping cautiously over him, he untied and slackened the rest of his bonds till they were all loose. The stag lay quiet, but breathing hard, till he suddenly became aware that the cords had been relaxed, whereupon he made a violent convulsive effort that half raised him from the ground. Lightly Jimmy rose up, and with rapid strides reached the fence and laid his hand on the top of it just beside where I was perched ; then he stood a moment looking back to see if the stag needed further aid in getting clear.

Not much aid did he require. Balancing himself with his forefeet straddled well apart, but his hindfeet still in the grip of the clove-hitch, by a few hard kicks he loosened the hitch until it dropped off, and instantly, with a savage roar, he rushed at Jimmy tail up and head down. But Jimmy vaulted lightly up beside me, and the baffled monster vainly vented his fury below. From our vantage we mocked at the shattering blasts that came from his throat like blares from a trumpet, while his hot breath seemed to scorch our hands : unable to reach us he lowered his head and pawed the ground in impotent fury till the dust and dirt rained back in showers both on himself and on the mockers above.

'He'd be the boy to clear the plaza at a Mexican bullfight,' cried Charley, who was squatted up on the top rail of the fence on the other side, and with that he dropped monkeylike to the ground inside the corral, waving in his hand an old gunny sack 'para llamar el toro'—'to call the bull'—as the Spanish phrase has it.

'Oh, quit your monkeying,' called out Jimmy angrily. 'Leave him alone to cool off.' But the infuriated stag had spotted the intruder, and he went for him on the instant like a tiger.

Back flew Charley like lightning on to the top rail, turning there to mock at his pursuer as we had done. But the stag had got up steam in his charge across the corral ; as he neared the fence we saw him collect himself for a spring, then his great body rose grandly at the leap, and though he hit the top rail hard with both hind legs he alighted fair and square on his feet on the outside.

'Look out for your horses!' yelled Jimmy, springing to the ground, also on the outside, and starting for the buckskin pony, who was standing in the open.

Alas, the big yellow stag had started for him too. Burning to wreak his vengeance on something, he chose for his victim the horse rather than the man. I saw Jimmy's hand go down to his belt for the ready revolver, but even as he did so those awful horns were thrust half a yard into the body of the buckskin pony, and, with one mighty heave, the great stag flung him over his back ten feet into the air. The death-stricken horse screamed as the horns went in: the life was out of him, I hope, before he hit the ground.

The stag whirled round with his head aloft, and, still breathing slaughter, looked for another victim. Jimmy Murray was within five yards of him with levelled pistol.

Crack! a jet of smoke burst from the muzzle; the knees of the stag bent suddenly under him; then the solid earth shook with the thud of his fall as he dropped in his tracks and lay kicking convulsively. The ball had taken him in the butt of the ear and found the brain.

Out flashed Jimmy's long, gleaming knife, and, catching hold of one of those red-dyed horns in his left hand, he stooped and drove the double-edged point deep into the base of the throat. Swiftly he rose again and planted his left foot on the heaving flank of the carcase and stood erect, aiding, with regular rhythmical pushes, the pulses of the streaming blood as it pumped itself from the heart through the severed arteries.

Charley came up to mumble some apology for having unwittingly brought about the death of the buckskin pony.

'Can't be helped,' said Jimmy grimly. 'No use now to cry over spilt blood. You run over to the waggon and tell the cook to make a roaring fire and get out the spits. We'll have a real old-time barbecue to-night before we hit the trail for Texas in the morning.' And that was the end of the big yellow stag, but the buckskin pony never saw Texas again.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. Claud S. Clerk. | The Master, Mr. Alex Boyes. | The Huntsman, Joe Cooper.

SOME OF THE HUNT STAFF

WITH THE HOBART HOUNDS

BY CLAUD S. CLERK

So vast are England's Colonial possessions that even now there may be just a few people whose knowledge of the locality of Hobart is somewhat hazy.

Perhaps, therefore, it would be as well at the outset to state for their special information that this lovely little city of some 35,000 inhabitants is the capital of Tasmania, the garden of the Southern Hemisphere, and one of his Majesty's smallest and most distant Colonies, being situated at the extreme south of Australia proper.

That the Tasmanians are good men and true has been strikingly demonstrated in the South African War, where those fighting for the old flag have received the highest praise from Lord Roberts and all the generals under whom they have served.

The fact that two Tasmanians obtained Victoria Crosses in one engagement should speak for itself and prove how well that praise was merited. I merely mention this to show how much the grand old sport of hunting does towards making good men and brave soldiers; for amongst the small Tasmanian contingent in South Africa there are not only two Masters of hounds (Captain Riggall of the Ross Hounds, and Mr. Alex Boyes of

THE MASTER, MR. ALEX BOYES

the Hobart Hunt), but Captain Lewis, one of the founders of the Hobart Hunt, who has not only distinguished himself on the field of battle but on the military steeplechase course, and Mr. John Bisdee, V.C., whose family, from prehistoric times, have owned and hunted the Hutton Park Hounds, together with many other straight-goers from all parts of the island.

There are several packs which hunt the wild stag and nimble kangaroo, but game being scarce near the metropolis, those residing in the vicinity have to content themselves with following a drag, that being the best sport obtainable. And it is my

intention in this paper to endeavour to give you a brief account of a typical run.

It is a lovely day in the month of August; there has been a very slight frost the previous night, but it has passed away with the dawn, leaving the ground just sufficiently bedewed to carry a good scent; the sun is shining brightly in a cloudless sky of deep blue, and the air is filled with the song of the merry

AT STEEPLECHASE PACE. CAPT. R. C. LEWIS ON 'HIGHLANDER'

magpie and laden with the exquisite perfume of the yellow wattle-blossom, which betokens the early approach of spring. The meet is the country-seat of a well-known sporting squire, about eighteen miles from the city, and noon the time appointed. At quite an early hour the road presents a lively scene, gay with carriages and vehicles of every description, from the well-appointed drag and spanking tandem to the homely gig of olden times; followers in smart pink coats with dark-green collars, and cyclists and pedestrians, all eager to be in good time for the sport, swell the throng.

In the vice-regal carriage one recognises the wife of his Excellency the Governor, Lady Gormanston, who is deeply interested in the welfare of the Hunt, and whose daughter, Miss Ismay Preston, and three sons are amongst those in the saddle. Perhaps, too, one may also observe the Prime Minister, the Hon. N. R. Lewis; the Chief Justice, Sir John Dodds, riding a bicycle, a pastime in which he excels; and the Hon.

MR. A. BRODRIBB, A FORMER MASTER

G. H. Butler, the President of the Hunt, driving a dashing pair of well-bred blacks.

Arriving at our destination we are most warmly welcomed by the host, who invites every one present to an old-fashioned hunt breakfast, where the tables are laden with good things. 'Nearly all the product of my own farm,' he proudly remarks to a grateful guest, who is famished after a long journey.

Ample justice having been done to the repast, the Master announces that it is time to make a start, and thereupon the health of our host is proposed by the Member of Parliament for the district and enthusiastically drunk with musical honours. Then follows the usual drawing-on of gloves, hunting for hats and crops, the calling for and arrival of horses, carriages and

bikes, and the subsequent departure of all for an adjacent field. After a short interval the Master, Mr. Alex Boyes—accompanied by the huntsman, Joe Cooper, celebrated for his knowledge of both horse and hound, and the whips—emerges from the stables, followed by a neat little pack of twelve couple of hounds, all in the pink of condition and eager for the fray. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. J. Costello, who has ridden from Sorrell, a distance of some twenty miles, and has mounted his game old hunter, Troy II., is requested by the Master to get away with the drag, which, in the form of a small sponge, is suspended from his hunting crop. This he promptly does, opening with a stiff double across the main road and then vanishing over a brush fence into a neighbouring wood. After about ten minutes' grace the pack is laid on the scent and dashes away at a great pace and with a deafening cry of that music than which there is none sweeter in the world to the sportsman. The straight-goers now settle down to work in grim earnest, as, with Mr. Costello to the fore, they know that they have a hard day's work before them.

The aforesaid double having been safely 'negotiated,' the field streams away at steeplechase pace through a wood, across fields green with young grass and sprouting corn, separated by fences, some painfully new, and, as a consequence, unpleasantly stiff; then by mead and stream, where the lush-grass grows long; over lovely open plains with perfect going; up a steep rocky hill, down the other side; across more fields, over a paling fence on to a well-appointed racecourse; twice round the steeplechase track and finally into the saddling paddock, where we discover our dragsman and his gallant steed taking a well-earned rest. And so the run is over, a distance of some twelve miles having been traversed, with but few checks, at a ripping ding-dong gallop, and no fewer than forty stiff four-rail fences have been jumped by those who are lucky enough to have arrived at the finish. Members of the Hunt now invite all present to afternoon tea and other refreshments at the nearest village, where the guest-room of some old-fashioned hotel resounds with the hum of many voices and much merriment; every one being happy in that happiness which cannot be surpassed, the feeling of having enjoyed a good day's sport. As the shades of evening are falling, and one by one the stars are beginning to peep in the cloudless sky, a start is made for home, which is reached by the city folk about seven o'clock P.M.

To hunting people in the Old Country this sport will doubt-

less appear as unworthy of being classed with the classic hunting to which they have been accustomed ; but they must remember that drag hunting, especially where no other is to be obtained, helps to keep up the love of the chase, tends to encourage the

'FULL CRY.' MISS ELSIE LEWIS ON 'PRIDE'

breeding of hunters, and, above all, produces fearless and brilliant horsemen.

None but the straightest of straight-goers, on the fleetest and best of fencers, can hope to live with the Hobart Hounds, for there is no time for gates or slip rails, and gaps there are few.

The club is supported by subscription, and meets are held every Saturday and on public holidays during the season,

which begins in April and ends in October with a hunt ball : always a brilliant social function. Sometimes there is also a point-to-point steeplechase, which wants a lot of winning. Various trials of hunters and cross-country steeples are held in different parts of the country during the winter months, and add additional amusement for hunting men.

By a strange coincidence I was lent an old copy of the *Badminton Magazine* for December 1895 after writing the above, where I discovered a charming article on 'Sport in Victoria,' by our Governor-General (the Earl of Hopetoun), and his comments on our local sport near Melbourne were excellently graphic and to the point. In conclusion, I should like to add that visitors from the Old Country always receive the warmest of warm welcomes in the hunting-field in Tasmania.

FINISH FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, HENLEY.

CLOSE FINISHES TO THE UNIVERSITY MATCH

BY HOME GORDON

FEW sporting events in the summer are annually anticipated with greater interest than the University match. Apart from its importance as a social function, apart from its value as the occasion for the reunion of old college chums, it has a unique position in cricket. To all the Empire it can be shown as the typical amateur match of the year. Men have gone up to Cambridge, like Mr. G. L. Jessop, or to Oxford, like Sir Timothy O'Brien, solely or mainly to get their Blue; that is a thoroughly sportsmanlike thing to do. But the spirit of the purest amateurism has been upheld in University cricket all through the past century without the slightest imputation having been brought against a single one of all the hundreds who have worn the colours. At the present juncture, when paid-amateurism is said to be absolutely essential to first-class cricket, the more emphasis should be laid on the purely sporting feeling which has permeated successive generations of undergraduates, and inspired them to do their very best for the glory of the game.

The standard of the play in the University match has, of course, varied according to the ability of those composing the elevens. But, as a rule, the teams have attained a very respectable level of merit. They have held their own with strong county elevens, and individual averages have often been excellent. Considerable public interest is always aroused over the composition of the sides, and attention is further attracted because the University elevens form the most obvious source from which fresh amateur bowling talent can be drawn. Taking

modern cricket, Messrs. A. G. Steel, C. T. Studd, C. W. Rock, S. M. J. Woods, G. L. Jessop, C. M. Wells, A. H. Evans, and G. F. H. Berkeley have all been notable bowlers, and the plethora of batting talent has often worried the puzzled captains. That intense keenness should have distinguished the annual encounter is only natural, and it happens that an unusual proportion of the matches have resulted in close finishes. Take the stubborn encounters of Notts with Lancashire or with Yorkshire, and you will find fewer exciting conclusions than between Oxford and Cambridge. It is with some notes on these latter that the present paper deals, and the warmest thanks are due to two Old Blues, who desire to remain anonymous, as well as to Mr. Denzil Onslow, Mr. C. K. Francis, Mr. A. W. Ridley, and to Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, for the cordial way in which they have responded to my request for a few personal impressions. The man in the crowd and the man in the pavilion will alike value such notable comments on incidents which aroused contemporary excitement, and which will be remembered so long as batsman faces bowler.

The early University matches must be briefly dismissed. In the seventh encounter, that of 1841, came the first close finish, when Cambridge won by 8 runs, but scored 56 by extras. Oxford had only a margin of 3 wickets in 1846, but the Cambridge captain, Mr. A. M. Hoare, was unable to play through illness. Mr. S. T. Clissold, who captured 8 wickets, was also in Cambridge eight. Whilst a difference of 23 runs seems close in our big-scoring days, it is doubtful whether the fixture of 1848 really can quite justify inclusion. But the match was very keenly fought. The second Dark Blue total and the first Light Blue aggregate were identical—110—and Cambridge, on going in to make 120, were dismissed for 96. Three wickets only separated the victorious Cantabs from their opponents next year ; but, thanks to the captain, Mr. R. T. King, who scored 43 and 49 not out and took 7 wickets, they looked like winning on the second day. The late Lord Justice Chitty was in the Oxford eleven and eight. In 1855 the 3-wicket victory was for the Oxonians. Mr. C. D. Marsham considers it due to a fearless innings of 61 on fourth hands compiled by Mr. B. M. Randolph ; 31 wides and 4 no-balls figure in the score-sheet. Cambridge reversed the result next year, and again the disparity was 3 wickets. This time Mr. J. Makinson, by scoring 31 and 64 (40 per cent. of the Light Blue aggregate), and taking

3 wickets for 4 runs and 5 for 36, bore the brunt of the victory on his shoulders.

Mr. Denzil Onslow writes: 'The match of 1860, won by 3 wickets by Cambridge, was played during the wettest season on record, and I well recollect a pool of water in the middle, between the wickets! If it had not been a 'Varsity match, I doubt if there would have been any play at all, and certainly nowadays both teams would remain in the pavilion. I was the only one on either side who got a double figure on the second day of play, and I was in a terribly long time for my 11 runs; for the ball would not travel a bit, simply stuck dead. I well recollect there being grave doubt about the decision of the umpire who gave R. B. Ranken run out. If the appeal had been answered differently the result might have been changed. At least, my memory prompts me to say the game turned on that. Bowlers did what they liked in the mud, but the fielding on both sides was very fine, of a quality which would astonish modern professionals. Though the 37 wickets only yielded 203 from the bat, no one made spectacles. In the victorious side were four from Brighton College—namely, A. E. Bateman, George E. Cotterill, E. B. Fawcett, and myself. This was considered a phenomenon for a small school, and the fact is always remembered as a great feat by all old Brighton collegians.'

The fine batting of Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, who scored 55 not out when Oxford had to obtain 125, enabled his side to win by 4 wickets in 1864, but the analysis of Mr. W. F. Maitland, who took 4 for 35 and 4 for 19, had much to do with the result. An old Blue, who says his remarks are so scanty that he prefers to remain anonymous, responds as follows:

'It was a ding-dong struggle that 1866 game. Both teams were full of men whose names are not yet forgotten. Oxford went in, but could not look at Pelham, who sent back 7 for 26, and saw the side dismissed for 62, of which E. L. Fellowes made 21. This he followed up by taking 6 Cambridge wickets for 42, and for a long while it seemed as though there would not be much difference. But C. Warren made 37 not out, and so the total reached 128. Oxford was not daunted by the disparity of 66. Indeed, W. F. Maitland nearly made them off his own bat, and his 51 was admirable, but he was missed early if I remember right. Spencer Smith obtained 30 rather pluckily, and several others added a few. 104 looked fairly easy for Cambridge, but again they could not face E. L. Fellowes.

His 7 for 46 made 13 for 88 in the match. Nobody resisted him for long, and he finished off the tail in rare fashion. I cannot now recollect why Oxford did not make more use of their very fast left-handed bowler, E. M. Kenney, but he was most formidable in the two next years. The Oxford wicket-keeper was that great lawyer, Sir Robert Reid, K.C., M.P., and as I write I hear of the death of Sir Courtenay Boyle, another of the victorious side. The match was pleasant for all concerned.'

Mr. C. K. Francis writes: 'What follows is quite at your service on a most interesting topic. Although it is over thirty years ago, I have still a very vivid recollection of the 'Varsity match of 1870, my first year, and, to all time, Cobden's year. If I remember rightly, there was not more than 40 runs difference between our first innings. In Cambridge's second venture about 5 wickets were gone for 40—I think I took them all—when Jack Dale and Yardley became partners. It then looked 100 to 1 on Oxford. Yardley was put in late, for he was supposed to be out of form, and up to that time had made no runs. At the beginning of their partnership they ought to have been separated, for both were at one wicket swearing at and abusing each other for running one another out. S. E. Butler had the ball in his hand at short leg, but jerked it over my head—I was bowling at the time—and it went for 4 overthrow. They then put on something like 150 before I caught and bowled Yardley. Dale was caught by Ottaway at long-leg, a marvellous catch, almost over the ropes. We were left 176 to get to win, and so well did Ottaway and Fortescue play that it again looked any odds on us. As Cambridge appeared to regard their chance as hopeless, we agreed to play it out that night and went on until 7.40. In those days, on the second evening we usually played till 7.30. The finish was marvellous. I was not one of the three last victims of Cobden, but given out l.b.w. to Ward, who was bowling left-handed round the wicket. I always disagreed with the decision. At last, 3 wickets had to go down, and we needed 4 runs to win with Hill well set at the other end. Cobden's famous "hat trick" began by Bourne catching S. E. Butler. Then he bowled T. H. Belcher, a bowler, first ball, and W. A. Stewart, our wicket-keeper, brought up the rear. I can well remember seeing him go forward in the darkness, the light being unfit for play, and from nervousness he walked from the pavilion towards the tennis-court, as if he could not see where the wickets were.

From that day to this I have never seen him that I can remember, but if alive I daresay he is still thinking of that yorker from Cobden and the "hat trick." It was so dark that I could not see what that final ball really was; it might even have been a full pitch; but tradition says it was a yorker off his legs. Of this renowned game I love to think, but it is sad to remember that at least six of the most distinguished performers are no more. Yardley, Dale, Pauncefote, Ottaway, Hadow, Fortescue have joined the great majority. One incident I now recall which I ought to have mentioned earlier. I began the bowling for Oxford, and appealed first ball against Dale for obstruction, and he always admitted he was out. But Grundy gave him in, I suppose because it was first ball. I ought to add that many people went away before the end of the match, partly because we went on into the night, partly because it looked hopeless for Cambridge. I remember going to a theatre that evening with Pauncefote, and meeting some people who had left early, and would not believe us when we told them the result. It was a curious match, as all the excitement was concentrated into the last three balls, for otherwise we had always the best of the match, except during the long partnership, which looked as though it would never end.'

The conclusion of 1873, on paper, looks close enough, for by only 3 wickets did Oxford struggle home. Mr. C. K. Francis, however, writes: 'Of 1873 there is not much to write, excepting that Ottaway and C. E. B. Nepean won the match for us by a capital stand. I can remember being in with the former when the match was a tie, and he was bowled off his body by Tillard, who had taken all the wickets except Law's that innings. S. E. Butler arrived and made a swipe which just missed being a catch at short slip to Jeffery, and the game was won.' Mr. A. W. Ridley observes: 'The game never looked seriously in peril, for we were always a bit in hand, more than the margin.'

The next triumph of Oxford was in 1875, and as Mr. A. W. Ridley was the great agent in this historical victory, his own modest notes will be eagerly appreciated, and the kindly genial way in which he puts his experience at my disposal adds to my gratitude for his invaluable assistance. The great lob bowler writes: 'The two elevens were very even. During their trial matches both sides had done well. Oxford were rather the better in bowling, and I certainly think were also a better fielding side. But I think all through Cambridge were the

stronger as bats. One thing was very unfair to Cambridge. A tarpaulin had been put over the wicket overnight, as a lot of rain had fallen and was falling; consequently, when Oxford won the toss, they went in to bat on a perfectly dry wicket, whilst all round the wet was making the ground difficult not only for fielding, but rendering the ball slippery for the bowlers. Webbe and Lang started the batting, and got to 86 before a separation, Webbe being twice missed at short-leg which was unfortunate for our opponents, as he was our best bat. Of the remarkable features of the match, one of the most wonderful was the catch Webbe made at deep square leg, dismissing Edward Lyttelton. Longman was dismissed in the second innings by a perfectly dead shooter, bowled by a slow trundler, Vernon Royle, also a marvellous field. Another magnificent catch was made by Pulman, sending back Sims when he looked like finishing the match. When Cambridge had got 114 runs in the second innings out of the 174 required to win there were 7 wickets down. Oxford had a bad bit of luck, as the rain began to fall, and in those days we had to play unless the rain was very heavy. So the ball was wet, and though runs had until then been extremely hard to get, they now came at a tremendous rate. The score had reached 161, and there were still three men to be got out. Something had to be done, and to W. H. Game I always say the final result was greatly due, as he persuaded me, much against my own judgment, to go on to bowl. My first ball got rid of W. S. Patterson, then Macan came in and made a single off the next. This brought Sims to my end, and he hit my third ball clean over my head for four. Lang then bowled against Macan, who kicked a leg-bye, and afterwards a no-ball made it 7 to win. It was now that Sims was caught and Arthur Smith came in. He looked rather shaky, and no wonder. He managed to keep his wicket intact for two balls, but my third bowled him amid terrific excitement. Foord Kelcey, who in my opinion was the best fast bowler in the match, had unluckily broken down two days before in the trial with M.C.C., and though strapped up by Dr. Wharton Hood, collapsed after bowling a few overs. I was much abused for insisting on Cambridge going in to bat on the second evening, when there was only five minutes to play. But in those days that prevented the ground being again rolled or even touched; also the Cambridge captain, Longman, had to alter his order, which may have been of great assistance to us in winning the match. Of course Sims was just the hitter to take

advantage of our predicament with the wet ball, so we were proportionately thankful for the conclusion, the victory being by 6 runs.'

It is sixteen years before another close finish has to be recorded, and for some notes upon it I applied to Mr. C. M. Wells, but his duties at Eton left him no time to comply with my request at such short notice as I had been able to give, so another Old Blue at the eleventh hour filled the gap. Although his name would carry great weight, he begs it may not be divulged, as he wishes to deal impartially with the game. 'On public form the match was supposed to be a very soft thing for Cambridge. Ten out of the eleven subsequently rendered valuable services in county cricket, while several of the Oxonians were cricketers of less importance. The game began with a charming exhibition of inter-University courtesy. Thesiger sprained his hand when fielding before lunch on the first day, and Gregor M'Gregor allowed his place to be filled by Case. Feeling had run rather high over the eleventh choice on the Light Blue side. Up to the morning of the match it was uncertain if Cyril Foley or Martin Scott, the famous 'footer,' would be selected. The palm was given to the Etonian, and he turned the fortune of the game. There was nothing wrong with the wicket, and Cambridge did none too well in getting out for 210. Hill, when two showers had made matters easy, played well for 62. When Oxford batted, poor Llewellyn was the only one who could stand up to Woods. The present Somersetshire captain bowled his hardest and M'Gregor took every ball superbly, and their joint exhibition has perhaps never been surpassed in the early stages of the great match. Oxford followed on and lost 5 wickets for 83. Then the Australian, G. L. Wilson, and that coolest of hitters, Ernest Smith, hit admirably and quite held their own against the formidable attack. Considering what is always said about the want of amateur bowling, bear in mind that Cambridge had Woods, Jackson, Wells, Streatfield and Hill bowling, whilst Jephson, who in those days bowled round the wicket, was not put on. One or two of the Oxonian tail kept up a stubborn resistance. Still it did not seem much to put Cambridge in for 90. The Light Blue team was dogged tired when it had to bat. However, with only two out and 47 on the board, the game looked as good as over. Then Jardine put on Berkeley at the pavilion end and he promptly bowled Douglas, who was well set. Hill came in, and Foley, who had been playing grand

cricket in true Etonian fashion, scoring runs by forward play, now cut Bassett twice for four, after which things slowed down. A mishit into slip's hands sent back Hill, and Berkeley soon made a mess of Jackson's wicket. M'Gregor batted cautiously, and the score came within 12 of victory with 5 wickets to go down. Then Boger one-handed captured Foley in the slips. Streatfield, always a rattling hitter, looked as if he would make short work of the margin, but with two to win Berkeley took his bail. Wells came in, and, when a tie was proclaimed, Berkeley yorked the Cantab captain. There was a buzz of excitement. But it did not last long. Woods literally ran in, so fast did he approach the wickets. I forget if he condescended to take middle, but he banged the very first he received—a good one from Berkeley—hard to the boundary with a vigorous drive and ran back to the pavilion before the crowd could reach him. I remember he, Berkeley and Foley all had to come out in response to the hearty cheers. Berkeley had the analysis of his life, 5 for 20. He was a slow left-handed bowler, who made the ball at times curl in the air. It was Foley's nerve and coolness which alone brought by far the better side out victorious. Jardine's fielding was one of the treats of the match. This wound up Woods' career as a University bowler. Against Oxford he took 36 wickets for 318 runs'

Finally, for the memorable match of 1896, I have the notes of that keen sportsman and exceptionally able judge of the game, Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower. No better contest has been seen, and it was a grand fight ending in a remarkably fine victory for Oxford by 4 wickets. Except for the great performance of the Players at Lord's last summer, this would long have been the most up-hill fourth innings played in a game of such importance. Mr. Leveson-Gower, as the captain of the winning team, of course writes with special authority. On paper there was not much to choose between the sides, each of which contained some prominent players.

'In the first place, the "no-ball incident," whereby Oxford was saved from following on, created no small stir and a great deal of correspondence, in which, for example, Lord Cobham and his brother, Edward Lyttelton, took opposite sides. In the second place, we managed to get that stupendous lot of runs on fourth hands. If anything, Oxford started a trifling favourite, though with Jessop in the Light Blue eleven there was no certainty for us. "It is better to have been born lucky than

rich," I remember murmuring when the final cheer was for us. The last choice, not made until the morning of the match, lay between G. B. Raikes and G. O. Smith. Now, as the attack was rather mild, it was universally thought that the former as a bowler should have the preference. But he was bowling none too well at the time, and eventually the decision was in favour of strengthening the batting. As events proved, this selection settled the match. Cambridge batted first, Burnup and Wilson making a long stand, and with Bray hitting confidently, it speaks well for Oxonian fielding that on a fast true wicket, against only four bowlers, it took six hours to amass 319, Mordaunt's work in the country being specially fine. Despite Hartley and G. O. Smith, we cut up none too well, and with R. P. Lewis winding up the rear, we were not within the statutory 120. This is no occasion for the discussion of the "no-ball incident." Mitchell was within his rights in telling Shine to send down those three balls to the boundary, but I maintain it was an error of judgment. His eleven had not had a long outing, the discrepancy of 120 is a lot in a 'Varsity match, and to follow on between five and seven is not to enjoy the best of the day at Lord's. At the same time, the reception Cambridge had at the hands of the members of M.C.C. was unpardonable, and certainly prejudiced their play in the second attempt. Whilst saying so, I am not detracting from Cunliffe, who, for the first hour, bowled better than he ever had before. Norman Druce, the best bat on either side, stemmed disaster. So, with 2 wickets in hand, Cambridge on the second evening led by 217, and, directly play ceased, rain fell heavily. However, that rain proved our Godsend, for a light roller on it bound the wicket together better than at any previous time in the match, which was saying a good deal. Eventually Oxford was left with 330 to win, and up to that time the highest total on fourth hands ever recorded in the University contest was 176. A bad start was made, for at luncheon 3 good wickets were down for 81, Mordaunt, Foster and Warner being disposed of, the latter having the unique experience of being twice run out in a University match. With Pilkington and G. O. Smith together, it dawned on the Oxonian supporters that, after all, victory was not out of the question. From this time, helped by a few errors in the field, we never looked back. I had an enjoyable partnership with the hero of the game, and before I was caught at the wicket the sting had gone out of the Cambridge attack. Bardswell followed me, full of confidence, and hit with bland imperturba-

bility, scoring the winning stroke, being missed off it, by the way, by Burnup. Of G. O. Smith's innings of 132, it is impossible to speak too highly, and he thoroughly deserved his memorable ovation, the whole pavilion rising and cheering him. All said and done, looking back, apart from unbounded admiration for his prowess, the great factor of Oxford's success was undoubtedly the fielding. One of the best judges of the game said it was the best fielding side he had ever seen. After Cunliffe and Hartley we had precious little bowling, and conventional fielding would have given us no chance. The game was won by the work of the eleven in combination, and if only the fielding in first-class matches were what it should be, drawn games would be very rare. Reform the fielding and then the laws of the game will need but little reformation.'

With emphasis laid on the final observation of one who is himself a brilliant example of what he preaches, this article must be concluded. The hope may, however, be expressed that close finishes will not be rare in the future encounters of Oxford and Cambridge, and if only the matches are played in the same spirit as has always characterised the fixture in the past, it will maintain its present high position as something in which the whole Empire may feel legitimate pride and interest, for it is a contest between the best of England's young manhood, fought in true sporting fashion.

FISHING IN NEW GUINEA

BY CHARLES PROTHEROE

THE methods of fishing in different parts of the South Sea Islands are manifold, and some of them would surprise the disciples of Izaak Walton. One of the most ingenious may be laid claim to by the natives of a portion of British New Guinea, namely, Dawson Straits. Here, the web of a spider made use of in conjunction with a kite affords a novel and successful method of fish catching.

On first visiting these islands, and seeing the natives kite flying, I thought I had dropped among them whilst at play. I was mistaken, for upon investigation I found they were engaged in fishing.

On shore many of the trees are covered with cobweb, spun by huge spiders. The kite is made of the dry leaves of the sago palm, stitched together and ribbed. It is furnished with two wings, and when flying looks not unlike a good-sized bat. To this is attached a long tail, having, at the extreme end, cobweb gathered from the trees and rolled into a ball. The native paddles out in his canoe against the wind, his kite made fast to the canoe, and flying behind him. The craft, being propelled gently, keeps the kite flying at a certain altitude, and the ball of cobweb, fast to the tail, is kept bobbing on the water. The fish common in these waters, a long narrow kind, not unlike barracouta, or like our garfish, but much bigger, and often two or three feet long, jump at anything moving. They no doubt take the cobweb for a flying-fish, and getting

their teeth into it are unable to withdraw them, and so fall an easy prey. The native then pulls in the kite and fish together. As the fish are plentiful, and seldom miss anything they jump at, a few hours of this sport well repays the native for his labour.

About thirty miles from Dawson Straits the natives make use of the cobweb in another kind of fishing, and catch flying-fish during certain months of the year—from December to March, which is the calm season of the year, as you know. Cocoanuts grow in bunches, and, after they are plucked, the pliant, tough, elastic stem, with perhaps twenty or thirty shoots along it on which the nuts once grew, is brought into use. A lot of these stems are covered with cobweb, and thrust into long narrow baskets made out of the cocoanut leaf. A long line is made fast to the basket, and after paddling perhaps a mile or so from the land the basket is thrown out, and allowed to drift astern. The flying-fish, to escape from their voracious enemies, which are numerous, seek refuge in these baskets, and, once in, the cobweb effectually prevents them from coming out again. The basket as it gets wet sinks just below the surface of the water ; then, after it has been out some time, the native pulls it in, empties the contents, and then repeats this operation. The craft most used in this part for flying-fish catching is the catamaran, just three logs of cedar, roughly shaped and lashed together, and cut away underneath at the ends, to cause less resistance on being driven through the water. You may meet them three or four miles from the shore when engaged in this occupation, lazily floating, and going with the tide.

This sort of fishing appeals to the native mind, for there is no real work about it, the only exertion required being to haul the basket in from time to time. He is a keen trader, and is always willing to do a deal with you for his flying-fish, which are excellent eating. The size of the fish range from a few inches to a foot ; the biggest one I ever saw was little short of two feet long. Their lot is not, I should think, a very happy one, the big fish driving them up from below, and a flock of sea-birds waiting to pounce upon them as soon as they show above the surface. The larger fish give them no rest, and you can tell the course they are taking by the birds which hover about and follow them for miles. The flying-fish use their wings when startled or in danger, which indeed seems to be their chronic state in the day time. Their flight is limited to six or seven hundred yards, for, as soon as their wings dry, the fish drop into the water again, and do not continue their

flight unless compelled to. The picture shows a party of New Guinea men net-fishing. The way the natives keep their equilibrium, standing upright on the catamaran, is an acrobatic feat only to be attained by practice. The confident manner in which they move about on their primitive craft gives one the impression that it is easy. I thought so myself until I tried it, but was glad to drop gingerly on to my hands and knees until I came within reach of something more solid, which in this instance took the shape of a thirty-ton cutter. When engaged in fishing each catamaran carries two men and a pile of netting.

NET-FISHING

This is shot and laid out on the water in the form of a horse-shoe. Two catamarans are then paddled up the centre of this net, the natives on them beating the water with long poles, and making a violent noise so as to frighten the fish into their net.

The mode of fishing in favour with the white people in New Guinea, when they do not use the ordinary baited hook and line, is quicker and more simple than any of the native methods. At the same time it is more brutal and destructive, and the man who makes use of it without absolute necessity should be looked upon in the same light as a sportsman would regard a person who shot at a sitting bird. When a shoal of fish is sighted in shore they go out in a dinghy, or small boat, the fisherman having a fire-stick in one hand and a charge of

dynamite in the other. Shepherding the fish round for a time until he gets them in a favourable position, he touches the fuse that is inserted in the dynamite with his fire-stick and throws it in the midst of the shoal. The fish, instead of taking fright at the splash caused by the cartridge falling among them, rush towards it. A dull explosion follows, and hundreds of fish rise to the surface, but quickly sink again. Some people believe that dynamited fish float on the water, but such is not the case; the shock having stunned them, and burst their swimming bladders, they immediately find the bottom. The natives then

NET-FISHING

dive and pick the fish up with both hands, the dynamiter having taken care that they were not in more than three or four fathoms of water when the charge was thrown among them. I fired a charge one day, and the boys (natives) had gone down in the usual manner to pick the fish up. Looking over the side of the boat I was horrified to see five or six large sharks quietly picking up the fish on their own account, and taking not the slightest notice of the boys, who were close enough to have touched them with their hands. The immunity enjoyed by the natives in this respect is remarkable. They are constantly in the water, but for one of them to be attacked, or bitten by a shark, is almost an unheard of occurrence. This is explained, I think, by the fact that the island shark finds plenty

of food in the fish which abound, and so is never very hungry. A white person, however, does not enjoy the same immunity as the native, perhaps because the colour of his skin is more attractive. The mid-ocean shark, on the contrary, will tackle anything, and is no respecter of persons, black or white. Having to travel a long way for what food he picks up he is always in a savage state of hunger, and I doubt if it is ever fully satisfied.

The native simply delights in dynamite-fishing. The noise, the splash, and the result all appeal to him, and give him the idea that they are just what they should be. He would give anything to possess the explosive, but fortunately a wise and paternal government has stepped in, and made it a punishable offence to supply natives with fire-arms or explosives. The man who is foolish enough to furnish them with the means of blowing up themselves or their friends will find himself liable to a fine of a hundred pounds. A spice of danger about dynamite-fishing is perhaps answerable to some extent for its use. With the trader dynamite is looked upon as an essential part of his outfit, and he would almost as soon think of leaving port without a mainmast as start on a cruise without a supply.

Familiarity breeds contempt. In the handling of dynamite it generates carelessness. The man who understands it, and has used it frequently, is usually caught in the end, and the old saw of the pitcher that goes often to the well is fully justified. One could hardly imagine a man throwing away the fire-stick and retaining the cartridge in his hand. Yet that is what one man I know did, in his excitement and absent-mindedness, with the result of losing his arm ; and had not a friend been on the spot, with surgical knowledge enough to amputate the limb above the elbow, he must have lost his life. As it is, he adds one more to the long list of one-armed and one-handed men in the islands, maimed through the careless use of dynamite. I was once lying at a place called ' Senapa,' on the north-east coast of New Guinea. A small trading-vessel called in one day, and the trader after the usual fashion started fishing. Putting half a dozen cartridges down, and turning his back for a moment, the natives, who were expert thieves, purloined one of them. It was impossible to recover it from among such a crowd, so my friend sailed away and left it in their hands. I came back to the place some few days after, and then I heard what had happened. The man who had stolen the cartridge, when the coast was clear, invited his friends to come and witness him dynamite fish

in the same manner as the white man. Poor fellow! he didn't know much about the article he was handling, and it is certain he never will. The dynamite was a double charge, it was two days since he had given his exhibition, and they hadn't found all of him then. After witnessing many accidents, dynamite strikes me as being a splendid article—for what it is intended for, that is mining purposes in the hands of experts.

The sort of fishing practised by the native women is mostly

NATIVE WOMEN FISHING IN SHALLOW WATER

done from the beach, or in shallow water. A number of them, each provided with large two-handed nets, will wade out at different points, meeting when up to their armpits in something like a half circle. The fish, if any remain visible, are then frightened into the nets by the women who remain on shore. As many as fifty will sometimes take part in this kind of fishing, furnishing a most animated scene. The only wonder is that they catch anything at all, for the shouting and laughter that goes on should be sufficient, one would think, to frighten fish that were half a mile away.

Tow-line-fishing is too well known to need much description. When you are sailing, a hook covered with a piece of red and white rag is towed over the stern with a good length of line, and proves a tempting bait for the king-fish. Fifteen to twenty pounds is the average size of this fish, which in appearance

SAILING CANOE

is something like a salmon, but white fleshed, and remarkably good eating.

The canoe on the beach is a sailing craft, used by the natives to go from one island to another, and long journeys are undertaken in such boats when used on trading expeditions. The bottom is a large cedar log hollowed out, the flat sides being built up with sago palm slabs, sewn together with cane, and made watertight with a gluey substance extracted from certain trees. A large mat, made of sago leaves, and oval in shape, is hoisted on the mast as a sail, and the way these

canoes lie in the wind and travel is nothing short of marvellous. There is a platform for deck, and an outrigger stretching five or six feet out on one side, the outrigger being a light log lashed to two poles that are fastened to the main canoe. This outrigger gives such stability that it is impossible to capsize the boat, and altogether they are a most seaworthy craft. Another good point in them is that when they are required to go in an opposite direction to what you have been sailing there is no need to turn them round. Both ends being alike the native simply slues the sail about, and what was the stern then becomes the bow. Great care is taken of this class of canoe, and some of the carving on the ends is really a work of art. They are also decorated with cowrie shells along the water-line, and on the stem and stern posts.

'WARE HARE.

Reproduced from an Oil Painting by C. Lutyens.

UNIV. OF MICH.

AMERICAN TRAINING METHODS

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

ABOUT the success of American trainers, and notably perhaps Mr. E. Wishard, there can be no sort of doubt; under his skilful supervision bad horses have been transformed into useful ones, and useful into good, the question being how it is done? I was naturally anxious to learn something about American methods, and asked Mr. Wishard if he would spare me time for a chat one day when I happened to be at Newmarket during some off week when there was no racing. He very readily and kindly acquiesced, and on a certain afternoon in mid-May I paid my visit. At the end of the Upper Station Road, before one reaches the Jubilee Clock Tower, there stands a high fence with a green little garden behind, separating the road from the house where Mr. Wishard lives with the brothers Reiff—Lester, who will very probably have won the Derby before this number of the Magazine is published; and Johnny, who not only justifies the proverb 'Youth will be served,' but suggests the addendum that it will often be served in remarkably handsome fashion when very youthful, for it is a wonderful thing to see the child, as he almost is, beat grown men as he so often does.

Of all professional men who follow any calling perhaps trainers are the least prone to talk, and I did not for a moment expect that Mr. Wishard would reveal to me any mysterious

secret concerning the manner in which horses can be improved. How much, by the way, did Royal Flush come on when this astute master of his art had him? He was in the Kempton Jubilee after Mr. Wishard had trained him for a few months with 6 stone 11 lb., and there he ran third. He won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood in a canter by six lengths with one pound short of 8 stone on his back, and the Cleveland Handicap at Doncaster carrying 9 stone 6 lb. I do not know how much he came on, but certainly he was never the horse before that he showed himself when under Mr. Wishard's care.

'I am curious to know, Mr. Wishard,' I began, 'what are the main differences between English and American methods of training?'

He looked thoughtful, and presently replied, 'I really don't think that there is any very great difference at all. Horses have, of course, to be worked in order to get them fit, and we work ours pretty much on the whole as you work yours.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'but as I ride about the Heath nowadays, I very often see what I never saw formerly—a group of horses in a sort of picturesque confusion cropping the grass, standing tranquilly about, their boys lounging round them, perhaps playing with them, carelessly flapping a cloth in their faces, and engaged in various ways that we used not to think connected with training—though, by the way, some of our own trainers now seem to follow the idea of having these little easies in their work.'

'Well,' Mr. Wishard replied, 'that sort of thing seems to *satisfy* horses;' and I noticed in the course of our chat that this reference to 'satisfying' occurred several times. The American idea is as far as possible opposed to the notion that a horse is a machine. He is a creature whose individual likings and dislikings are to be studied. He has a character of his own, and you will do best with him if you get to understand what this character is and to humour it.

'I see the idea,' I said, 'you want them to look on the Heath as a sort of playground, a place where they can amuse themselves, where they find recreation as well as work, so that they go there and enjoy themselves?'

This, he answered, was precisely his notion.

'With regard to Harrow,' I observed; 'of course he was not one of the horses in which you worked a revolution, for he was a good animal, and had won some notable races, before you had him, beating the then mile record at Lingfield, only since

outdone, you know, by Caiman on the same course. But he had got the reputation of not running his races out. As a three-year-old, for instance, he gave Millennium 10 lb., and cantered away from him in the spring, beat him easily at even weights in the summer at Goodwood, and was badly beaten by him, still at even weights, at Newmarket in the autumn. I don't fancy Millennium had come on, and the inference seemed to be that Harrow wouldn't try ?'

'Would you like to see him ?' his trainer asked, and on my replying that I should very much like to do so—for as it chanced I had been privileged to know the horse from the days of his foalhood—he led the way to the box occupied by the son of Orme and Lady Primrose. Harrow was lying down on his comfortable straw bed when the door was opened. He slowly rose, came forward, stretched out his nose for a caress, and affectionately rubbed his head against his friend's shoulder, very affably coming up to me afterwards to pay and receive a little attention, a compliment I was happy to reciprocate. 'I had heard that he was a rogue,' Mr. Wishard went on to say, as he patted and stroked the horse's neck, 'but a nicer, kinder little horse never was in my stables. I have had no trouble with him in any way. He always seems ready to do his best.'

'It isn't doping, if I may venture to touch on that much discussed subject ?' I timidly inquired ; for of course American trainers have the reputation of administering all sorts of curious concoctions to their charges, and though at the meeting at St. James's Hall some time ago called to investigate the matter nothing whatever was brought to light, the fact that a Rule of the American Jockey Club deals with the subject certainly suggests that there might be something in it, and that horses are 'doped'; and for the matter of that in Sir George Chetwynd's 'Reminiscences' he talks of some mixture, some sort of 'drops' that there was talk of administering a quarter of a century ago in order to make horses do their best. Mr. Wishard smiled.

'No,' he said, 'I have never found anything of that kind that did any good, though I have heard of lots of things, and tried, I think, all of them,' he frankly added. 'You can't get horses to win races that way. I can't tell why he has come back to his form,' he continued, stroking Harrow's nose, before we turned to leave the box. 'I can only say I never found him at all roguish or cowardly; he always seems ready to run his races out ; but of course different horses have to be treated in different ways. Royal Flush was quite another sort

of animal, for instance. You had to let him know that you were master.'

I was at first a little surprised, I may here interpolate, at the ready invitation to go and see the horse between two and three o'clock in the afternoon; for trainers as a very general rule have a great dislike to what they call 'disturbing their horses' at irregular hours and in a casual way. A friend is welcome at morning or afternoon stables, and if the trainer has some good animals he is naturally proud of showing them and hearing any common-sense criticisms or comments—not all men who go to see horses talk sense—that may be passed; but even if the owner wishes to see his horses at other times many trainers disapprove very much of the inspection, and let their disapproval be understood.

'About breeding,' I continued, as we resumed our seats in the drawing-room, 'what about the figure system? You have studied it I daresay? According to your experience I am very curious to know whether you think that there is anything in it? My own idea is that there is not, and that is based on the circumstance one so often sees, that own brothers and sisters of good animals, and brothers and sisters in blood, so frequently turn out worthless.'

'Yes,' Mr. Wishard replied, 'that is exactly what I have found. I have not lost so much money racing in any other way as in getting hold of brothers and sisters of winners. I hear a great deal about the figure system, but so far as I have found, there is nothing in it—except a way to lose money by very often buying bad horses.'

'Of course you gallop your horses by the clock,' I said, 'do you mind my asking what sort of times you aim at? I mean how long ought a horse, a good horse, to take to do five furlongs and a mile, and how do you teach your boys to know how fast they are going? We are told that much of your success is due to the way your boys ride at work, and their being able to tell you just how their horses have been going.'

'As to the boys,' he answered, with a rather mournful smile, 'I am sorry to say they don't know. When Johnny Reiff is away they do the best they can, but that isn't much. It would be very useful if they did know more about it, but the boys I have got are very little good that way. As to what time the different distances should take, you can't lay down any hard and fast rules, because everything depends upon so many different circumstances—the sort of course they're galloping over, the

state of the track, the wind, and other things. Of course Royal Flush showed me that he had speed by the clock, but I can't see that I improved him so very much ; so far as I was told, he had done very well for the trainers who had had him before he came to me.'

'Well,' I replied, 'as to that, I suppose that at the beginning of last year Eager would have had to give him two stone—I forget the precise weights at which they were handicapped, but I fancy it was something very like that. Certainly no one in the spring of last year would have thought it within the bounds of possibility that Royal Flush would have been running against Eager at even weights, as he did for that £1000 Gold Cup at Hurst Park in the autumn.'

'No, but he oughtn't to have done it,' was Mr. Wishard's reply ; 'he had no chance of beating a horse like Eager, and you saw what happened when they ran together.'

'You didn't expect to win the match?' I inquired, and Mr. Wishard shook his head. Evidently he had regarded that famous match as a good thing for Eager and was not himself responsible for the contest.

'With regard to the period of the year at which two-year-olds ought to begin to run. A good many people in England think that we should do well to follow the French fashion, and not start two-year-old racing till August. What is your opinion about that?'

'I don't think you begin too soon,' Mr. Wishard answered. 'It does not do, of course, to run a young horse too much, but you want to get at them and find out something about them as early as possible.'

'And you try your yearlings?'

'Yes, always ; every one likes to find out what his horses are worth, whether they are likely to be good enough to win races, as soon as he can. In California we want horses to be born as near to January as possible. One of the best I ever had, Rex his name was, was backed as a weanling when he was nine months old, and tried when he was about fifteen months. We don't tax them, you know—just try them, three furlongs for speed. But in California the young ones mature very quickly, owing to the climate and the grass.'

'And about long work,' I continued, 'there used to be an idea in England that if a horse was being trained for such a race as the Cesarewitch, he had no chance unless he was sent over the full distance a good many times before the race,

though that theory was considerably upset in the case of Corrie Roy some twenty years ago. She was never galloped more than a mile and a quarter, and the wise men said that she would never stay the course, though she won the Cesarewitch very easily with 8 st. 7 lb. on her back.'

'That, of course, depends entirely upon the animal,' Mr. Wishard rejoined; 'some of them wouldn't win long distance races without long work, and others don't need it. You can't lay down rules for that.'

'In fact,' I observed, 'it's chiefly a question of constitution and general capacity? There is another thing that has always interested me very much, though I fancy that as a rule it is not much regarded—the expression of horses' faces. Tom Cannon, whom I used to see a great deal at Danebury years ago, and who seemed to know more about horses than any one I had ever met, always paid much attention to a horse's countenance, and believed it was a great index to his character. Do you judge at all by that?'

'Yes, certainly,' the trainer answered, 'I think that as a rule a horse that looks mean will act mean.'

'This is coming to a question of your methods,' I continued. 'Is there, if I am not growing too inquisitive, any way in which you can cure a "mean horse"? You seem to have a wonderful knack of getting the most unlikely animals to win races.'

'Not all of them,' he replied. 'I get hold of some at times that can't be persuaded to gallop anyhow. I've got some now, I'm sorry to say.'

'As to English racing generally, are there any things in your American programme or practices generally that you think would be improvements on ours?'

The trainer considered the question as if taking a survey of the sport on both sides of the Atlantic, and presently rejoined: 'No; I think in most things you are a way ahead here.'

'And your jockeys? Though, of course, the difference between yours and ours as regards seat is very much less than it was, so many of our English riders having adopted your fashion?'

Mr. Wishard opined that between the best of both nationalities there was nothing to choose. Naturally he had a great opinion of the Reiffs and others. It would be impossible that he should think otherwise in the light of what has happened, but he expressed a cordial admiration for the best English riders. He liked England very much indeed, he continued,

the people he met and the way in which sport generally is carried on. And so with a few words of thanks and congratulation on his continued run of successes, I left him to go out and work his afternoon string.

The conclusion it seems natural to draw from our interview is that, as Mr. Wishard said, there are no radical differences between the methods of training horses in England and America. Such little details as the different shape of the clothing are not worth mentioning, though, by the way, Harrow was in his box unclothed, as I believe is the American custom, and it certainly does not seem necessary that horses, comfortably ensconced in a warm stable, with a sufficiency of ventilation and no dangerous draughts, should require the clothes which English trainers are accustomed to put upon them. The secret of Mr. Wishard's success I take to be the sympathetic knowledge and perception of what the horses in his stable require in the way of treatment and of work. It is the skill and intelligence of the individual, and not the carrying out of novel customs unfamiliar to English trainers, that give Mr. Wishard so prominent a position when the results of the season's sport come to be calculated. Last year, it may be noted, he headed the list of winning trainers as regards number of races won with a total of 54, 26 different animals having made up the sum, though he had considerably fewer horses under his charge than many of his brethren. These are figures that speak for themselves, and to all present appearance the results of the present year will be no less satisfactory and significant of his exceptional capacity.

HER DEMANDS FOR FOOD ARE INSISTENT AND UNABASHED

THE TORPID AND THE ILL-BRED CAT

BY MARGARET BENSON

Cold eyes, sleek skin, and velvet paws,
You win my indolent applause,
You cannot win my heart.

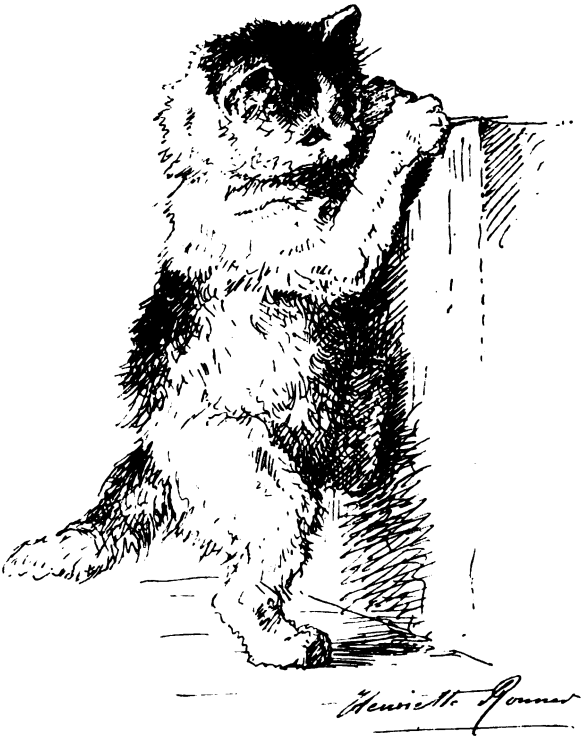
They 'divided the time into small alternate allotments of eating and sleeping.'

THE torpid cat is really a kitten, but it is of enormous size and a lively orange in colour. If it lies on the largest footstool it completely covers it, if it occupies an armchair it occupies the whole of it, if it honours the lap of a friend its head must be supported by one arm, while its tail hangs down on the other side, otherwise the centre of gravity could not be preserved, and the torpid cat would slide slowly on to the floor, and fall like a soft and heavy sofa cushion. It has been lying on a green velvet armchair all afternoon; being temporarily displaced at teatime it fell asleep with its head on the fender; when the chair was relinquished it went back on to it, and it will lie there now till nightfall.

If you catch the torpid cat awake you will find that it has pleasant and intelligent hazel eyes and a rose-coloured mouth carried half open to be ready for a yawn—as you carry a gun

at half cock waiting for a shot. If you stroke the torpid cat it stretches quietly, but not too far, for fear of waking up.

The ill-bred cat is a small neat English tabby, regularly marked. We made its acquaintance first when it was about six inches long, and had come to take charge of the farm. It was sitting on a heap of coals cheerlessly surveying the prospect; when it saw us it sped towards us crying loud for sympathy



and companionship. Then it spied Taffy, and went back to the fence to sharpen its claws.

The torpid cat, who was at that time a lively young kitten, and the ill-bred cat made great friends.

In the evening the tabby kitten left the farm to take care of itself, and came up to play with the yellow kitten. They played at being tigers in a jungle. The tabby kitten hid between the asparagus bed and the yew hedge; the yellow kitten sat by the scullery door and pretended that he wasn't looking. Then he began a swaggering walk towards the asparagus bed; the walk quickened as he got nearer, until he was suddenly clawed by the tabby kitten, and the shock of

surprise sent him flying into the air like a rocket. Then in the twilight they fled about the garden, crouched in the rough grass beyond the lawn, rushed up the cherry-tree and peered down, all with agile movements, until, as daylight died, you could hardly catch the quick rippling of the tabby's stripes, and the yellow of the other grew paler.

One morning the tabby came limping and crying from the farm, holding out a wounded, swollen paw. She was taken into the house and doctored, but when the paw was well she refused to go home. The two were inconveniently fond of human companionship—the yellow kitten, for its own sake,

the tabby for a variety of reasons. She grew more emphatically affectionate at meal-times.

The yellow kitten used to accompany his mistress to feed the hens ; she thought he had an eye for young chickens, but found she slandered him. He was not looking at the chickens, his ear was open for the rustle of mice in the grass, and from time to time he dashed in and despatched one. He took special pleasure in doing this in company ; it was always open to him to hunt in the garden, but he used his privilege when some one was taking the air and inhaling the breath of flowers. He seemed to think it added a point to evening meditation to hear the squeak of the dying shrew, or to see an innocent field mouse untimely cut off while it was peacefully nibbling a blade of grass.

Just so both kittens, with the real self-consciousness of cats, played their games in public; they seemed to have no thought of anything but the mock combat; yet the scene of the combat shifted so as to be always under the eye of a spectator. The explanation is simple: the life of a cat is a continuous drama, whether actual or imagined; and what actor will play to an empty house? The cat hunts not for food but for sport; and the torpid cat, who refused yesterday to look at a mouse let out from the trap, spent the whole of this

morning waiting behind the piano with his ear bent to listen to sundry little scratchings.

The cat eats the mouse, it is true, and the sportsman eats venison, but he does not stalk for food.

'Animals,' says Mr. Balfour,[1] 'as a rule, trouble themselves little about anything unless they want either to eat it or to run away from it. Interest in, and wonder at the works of nature and the doings of man are products of civilisation.'

But does this explain why the yellow kitten as it followed me about the garden spent some minutes in quarrelling with a pansy? The pansy lifted an inane, purple face towards the sky, and its head waggled helplessly on its stalk. The yellow kitten

[1] 'Essays and Addresses.'

sat down beside it, and regarded it severely for a while. Then he slapped its silly face.

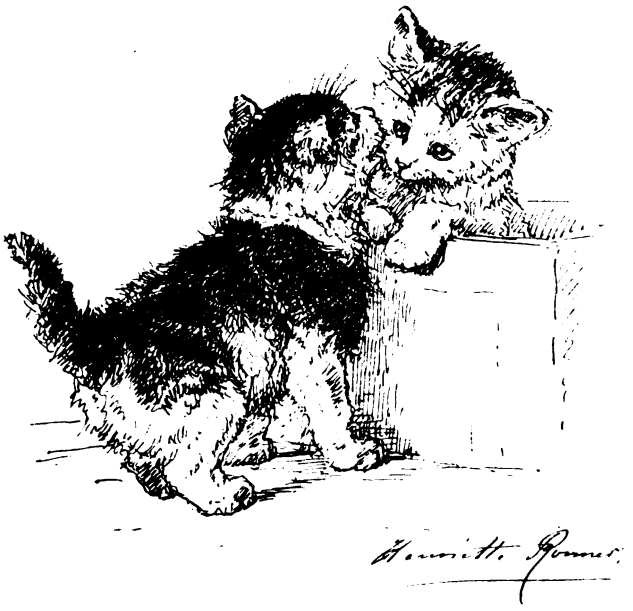
A change fell upon the kittens as they grew older. The root of the difficulty was that one had no ancestors at all, and the other only half the proper number. Their voices were too loud, their manners were bad. The yellow cat never mewed, but his purr was like a threshing machine; the other was clamorous in pleasure and complaint; her appetite unquenchable; her demands for affection, for comfort, for food, insistent and unabashed. She would try to drink from the milk jug while her saucer was being filled; she would run her claws into a hand to get firm hold while she ate the scraps offered her.

If you put her out of the door she reappeared like a conjuring trick through the window; she would jump again and again on the lap of some one who did not want her; she would never take offence. One tithe of the rebuffs she met with would have sent a well-bred cat stalking with dignity from the room; the first of the refusals would have made him turn his back on the company and fall into deep and abstracted meditation. Yet when her desire was accomplished and the hand weary of hurling her on to the floor, there was something disarming in the bliss of the little impudent face as she nestled in utter confidence and licked the hand that had rebuffed her.

The yellow kitten was less pressing; he had just so much refinement of spirit as to make him refuse to stay in any place where he was forcibly put. He kept his muscles tense, like a coiled spring, and so soon as one's grasp slackened, quite slowly and deliberately he carried out his first intention.

The two began steadily to deteriorate. Now that the pressure of necessity was removed, they were fast losing the stamina of the working cat ; and having no sensibilities, natural or cultivated, luxury would never make them aristocratic ; they had no education and little discipline, and they gave themselves up to revel in ungraceful comfort greedily and confidently demanded.

Yet their affection for each other, their utter confidence in human nature, lends them a certain grace. You may come into the drawing-room and find the farm cat and the kitchen



cat (for such are their real positions) settled in the best arm-chair. He is lying at luxurious length, sunk in deep slumber. Behind him, squeezed into a corner, sits the tabby; her anxious eyes peer out over his head, her soft little body is crushed by his weight, one tabby paw is round his orange neck. You rouse them and he half awakes ; a long paw goes up to draw down the kitten's face to his own, and his rosy tongue comes out and licks her from nose to forehead ; then he subsides again into slumber, and her eyes beam out blissful and honoured with the somewhat uncomfortable attention.

Or the little cat has been turned out of the dining-room because of her unceasing demands, and looks in forlornly

through the window. Sandy awakes, sees her, gets on the window sill and kisses her through the glass.

Both kittens are entirely fearless with Taffy. Sandy's is a mere absence of fear, greatly due to sleep, and Taffy may wag a tail in his face, just as a friend may flap a handkerchief in it, and yet only induce the flutter of an eyelid. The little cat, on the other hand, is a friend of his, will rub against his paws and force him to take an ashamed interest in her.

But these are surface tendernesses; the position is funda-

mentally untenable. A cat must either have beauty and breeding, or it must have a profession.

If it is well-bred it will take a hint; it cannot be disciplined, for a cat is a wild animal, but its very aptness to take offence will bring to it a certain self-control. If it is a working cat it has its own profession, which occupies it very closely; it has its proper sphere; it keeps to its own apartments.

There is no help for it, kindly but firmly the tabby kitten must be induced to return to the farm. Kindly—for the mistake is ours. We turned its head, we set it among temptations which its nature could not meet, and we gave it no early discipline. Therefore it must be, like the Cornish nation, led and not driven back. At this age to coerce is to terrify; and there is something truly heartrending in looking at the

shrinking, furtive air that punishments produce, and thinking of the happy, courageous little beast who sharpened its claws for an attack on Taffy, and gave itself up to the human being in blissful confidence of kind dealing.

Sandy is more of an enigma. One could tell his possibilities better if he would wake up. As he sleeps he grows larger and larger, though few have seen him eat, and he never asks for food. When a teaspoonful of cream is offered him his nose has to be buried in it before he can be roused to drink. He never scratches, he is never angry; when his hazel eyes open he looks with kindness on the company and falls to sleep again. There is only one time in the day when one can be

sure of seeing him awake, and that is at prayers. The presence of so many quiet people makes him feel it a good opportunity for amusing them by a little lively play with the bell rope. If he is put out of the room he seeks an open door or window, and finds a chance of making a fine dramatic rush across the scene, accompanied by the stable cat. Prayers over, his vivacity subsides.

He has a name waiting for him when he wakes, for Sandy is to be glorified into Alexander. But what is the good of naming a cat who cannot hear you through his dreams?

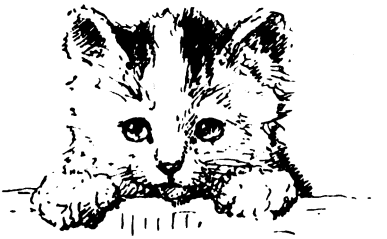
Sometimes I see visions of the future for the two. The first vision is peaceful and prosaic: the tabby is instructing a rustic brood in the art of mouse-catching. She thinks no more of velvet armchairs, of porridge for breakfast and pheasant

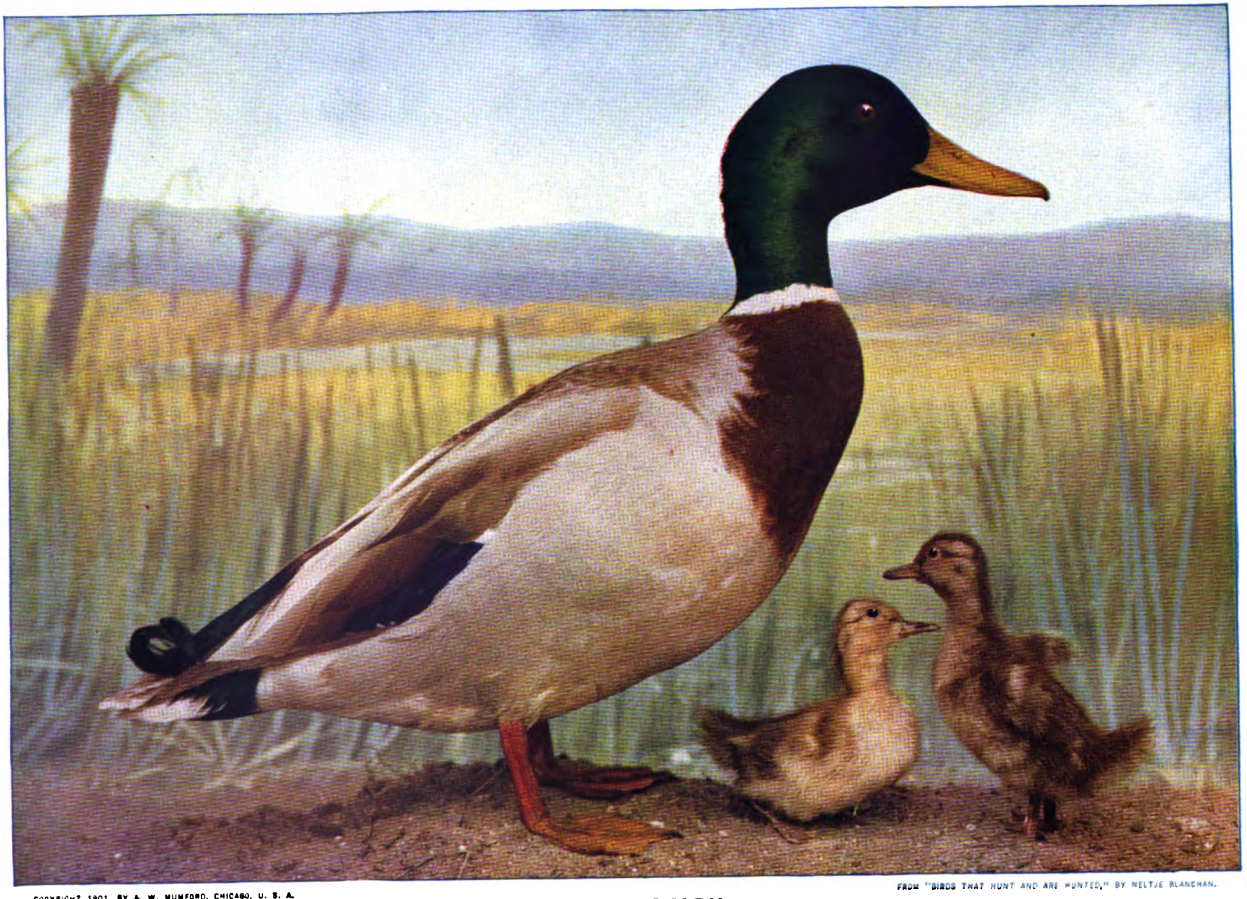
bones for lunch. Spruce and well-flavoured, the very type of an English cat, guardian of the granary and terror of the mice, she licks her kittens' faces and brings them up to an honest, industrial career.

But there is something nightmare-like in the other vision; Alexander, grown to panther size, suddenly waking from sleep; his coat is a tigerish orange, his tail like a magnified fox's brush. What will he do? Is it torpor only that restrained the heavy paw from striking, and sleep that made the hazel eyes seem kindly? I find myself looking with a troubled wonder at Alexander as he fills the largest armchair. He is but eight months old—a kitten still.

P.S.—Alas! for Alexander of the pleasant hazel eyes; for he, too, has fallen a victim to the signors of the night. He was never known to poach, he never brought in a rabbit even; but it is spring, and pheasants are young and keepers cruel.

So silently Alexander, too, has vanished away, and there is no redress.





COPYRIGHT 1901, BY A. W. MUMFORD, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN.

MALLARD DUCK.

UNIV. OF MICH.

IN A SCOTCH SEA LOCH

BY HENRY GOODALE

ON a fine evening during the first week in August our yacht steamed in between two bluff headlands at the entrance of a sea loch in the far away North of Scotland.

Although there was scarcely any wind, the mighty Atlantic swell was breaking with a loud roar on the weather-worn cliffs, sending up great clouds of spray, then melting back with a sullen gurgling growl as though in anger at the small impression it could make on those steep walls of granite. It would soon be all over with our little ship if once these vicious-looking waves got her on to a rock, but we feared not, for although this distant inlet has neither buoys nor beacons we easily found our way in by the 'marks' given on the Admiralty sheet, which also informed us of an anchorage about five miles up, at the head of the loch. There at least we should be quit of the all-pervading tourist, for the nearest railway station is fifty miles away, and there are no hotels with 'superior accommodation and free salmon-fishing to visitors, &c. &c.' No cockneys in kilts, *et hoc genus hominae*, ever find their way to this far-off shore, and here our only companions will be the feathered, furred, and finned inhabitants of the loch.

Our chart tells us of twenty fathoms right up to the shore, and as we steam in, hundreds of sea-birds circle round with wild cries, protesting at this invasion of their solitude. By way of answer we gave them a blast on our steam siren, which awoke myriads of echoes among the rocks, bringing out from dark caves and fissures many varieties of the feathered tribe that had already turned in for the night. Among these we noticed

several blue rock pigeons—a very welcome sight, for wild rock pigeon shooting is first-rate sport, and the pies that are made with them far surpass any that I have ever tasted from the dovecote. These birds feed on the sprigs of young heather, exactly as do the grouse; and except in the neighbourhood of stubble-fields, where they can pick up corn, I have invariably found their crops stuffed to almost bursting point with it when shot 'flighting' home in the evening. This, I presume, gives them the piquant flavour they possess. Here, then, we must come to-morrow with our guns, and we ought to make a fair bag in this little-disturbed spot.

Rounding two sharp, steep points of land, we now opened out the head of the loch, and truly a beautiful scene lay before us. The bare high peaks in the distance, tinted by all the rich colours of the evening sun, were set off by a foreground of heather in full bloom, and all was reflected in minute detail in the mirror-like surface of the lake.

Turning to my friend on the bridge, I said, 'Well, Smith, old boy, you may travel many miles to beat that view.' But all that Smith vouchsafed was, 'To me it looks a beastly barren country, and the sky uncommonly like rain coming.'

He invariably says that kind of thing if ever I wax the least enthusiastic. I don't know why I take him yachting except that when I am fitting out he always says he's coming, and he always comes. Once I told him there was no room for him, but he replied that could not be the case, as he was down in the inventory, so my only chance now is to charter some one else's vessel.

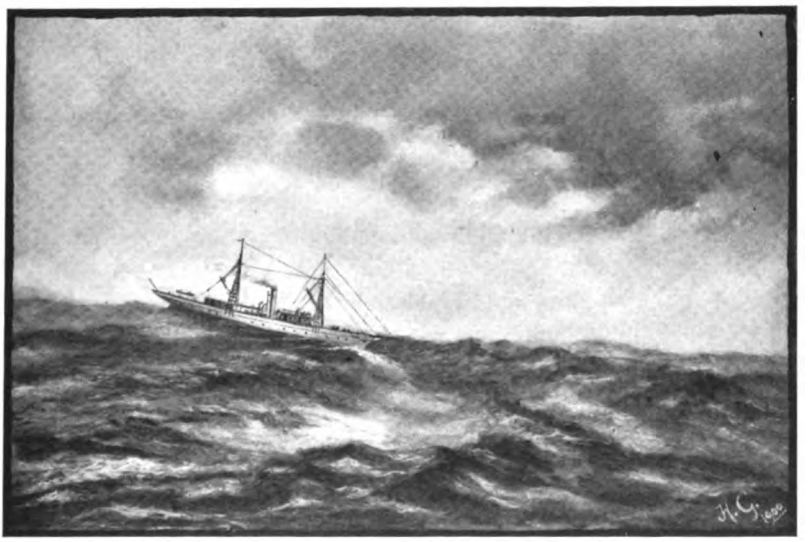
We anchored in five fathoms of water, close up to the rocks at the head of the loch, then 'gig away' was the order, for some of us wanted a spell ashore to give a finishing touch to our appetites for dinner and stretch our legs after twenty-four hours at sea, most of which time we had been treated to a regular 'nose-ender,' and we hadn't all shown up punctually at the saloon table.

Little good, however, did we do by landing, for no sooner had we stepped out of the boat than we were attacked by innumerable hordes of midges. We fought our way through them up hill, though the farther we went the worse they got. Every footstep in the thick heather sent up clouds of them; they covered our faces and hands, swarmed up our sleeves and down our necks, madly athirst for blood, and utterly regardless of their own lives, till at last we had to own ourselves fairly beaten

and make a hasty retreat to the yacht. There we found Smith comfortably seated in a deck chair, soothing himself with something cool out of a long glass, and contemplating Nature through the blue smoke of a cigarette.

Nothing ever occurs in this world that Smith hasn't had personal experience of on a far grander and larger scale on some previous occasion; in fact the scale is sometimes *so* large that I am inclined to think he is recalling events which happened to him in a former existence on another planet!

We mentioned to him that the midges on shore were dis-



A REGULAR 'NOSE-ENDER'

tinctly annoying, to which he replied that when he was stationed at Jhoderipore he once saw a whole regiment take to 'gadding' like cattle from the bites of midges, &c. &c., but I didn't stop to listen to the etceteras, as I had a recollection of hearing that story before, only when we were in the Solent it had been wasps instead of midges, that little yellow insect being very much in evidence there about the time of strawberries.

Before we turned in that night heavy banks of clouds were gathering in the south, and soon the familiar patter of rain was sounding on the deck, a sound which in these latitudes has so often lulled me into the Land of Nod.

But one never need complain of a variety of weather on the west coast, as there is genera'ly a change every six hours,

even if it is only from 'stormy' to 'very stormy,' and in the morning when we awoke our spirits were cheered by bright sunshine. There had been a heavy downpour, however, during the night, for the sides of the hills were marked by many silvery streams of water dashing down to the loch over rocks and stones that yesterday had been dry brown water-courses.

The little stream at the head of the loch had turned into a roaring torrent, a fine freshet for the fish, and now and again a sea-trout would flash out of the water close to the yacht, evidently heading up for this burn.

I have known sea-trout take a spinning bait right well in brackish water, and this appeared an excellent opportunity to try them, so we got into the dinghy and patiently worked two phantoms across the mouth of the burn for a couple of hours, but only managed to take two of the silvery beauties, though they were jumping all around us. I think the water was a trifle too thick and the fish over anxious to get up the little river into fresh water while the spate lasted; at any rate we gave them a fair trial, and nothing remained but to return to the yacht and make ready for the excursion of the afternoon out to the caves.

On these little expeditions I generally ask for volunteers from among the crew—it is so much pleasanter to have men with one who take an interest in the shooting and fishing than mere machines who are all the time longing for their 'spell' to be at an end.

On this occasion I selected Charles, our engineer, a true sportsman at heart, and 'Joe,' an ancient mariner who has been with me in many lands and distant seas. Smith at the last minute 'thought he wouldn't go, as he wanted to show the ladies up Ben A——.' I wasn't sorry, as I should not have to put up with his grumbling and reproaches all the afternoon if things didn't turn out successful—a by no means unlikely event from his point of view, as he always expects everything to be of the best; so having put gun, rifle and fishing gear into the dinghy, we started off with an ebb tide and a spinning bait astern for the mouth of the loch.

We pulled close into the shore under the overhanging rocks, for it is where there are eddies of tide over a rough bottom that the big saithe and lythe love to lie. Although it was rather early in the day, we hoped for some sport with them on our journey, and in this we were not mistaken, for no sooner were

we out of the sunshine under the shadow of the hills than there was a heavy pluck, pluck, at the line, and out it spun with a good fish at the end of it. I jumped up and proceeded to give him a liberal allowance of the butt, and shortly a fine lythe of some 8 lb. weight made his appearance on the surface, and quickly became acquainted with the gaff. This was not a bad start, and we hadn't gone a hundred yards further before there was a tremendous tug, and round flew the reel like a steam windlass. 'Pull for the middle of the loch,' I shouted, but, alas! another violent jerk, the rod straightened, and back came the line all slack.

'Craidle's empty, baiby's gorn,' said Joe, this being the popular fo'castle song of the season. He nearly got brained for the remark, and it didn't improve matters when he apologetically explained, 'Well, he must have weighed nigh 'alf a hund'ed weight, sir.'

We all know the bitterness of these moments, for has not every man lost the heaviest fish he ever was in to, and haven't we all experienced that sinking feeling under our waistcoat as we sadly reel up and proceed to search for the cause of the disaster. It was not difficult to find in this case. An iron swivel had rotted the treble twisted gut, which gave way to the first really hard strain. Oh, economy! I had used an old salmon-trolling trace, on the lines that 'anything does for sea-fishing,' and now I would give the finest cast and most expensive phantom in my possession to have that fish on again.

It served me right, for I knew perfectly well that only brass swivels should be used for sea fishing. Iron and steel are bound to rust, and for spinning in Scotland it is of the first importance to have strong tackle, though at the same time it should be fine. A big saithe—some of them run up to 30 lb.—when hooked, makes straight for some hole in the rocks that he is well acquainted with. Out of that hole he has got to be held, or it is good-bye to him and part of your gear too. If you can lure him into deep water you get on more even terms with him; but even then, if he is a very big fish, he may break you should you for one moment handle him carelessly.

When apparently quite done and ready for the gaff he will suddenly take to shaking the hook as a dog does a rat, and then make a series of desperate rushes for the bottom. If saithe and their cousins, lythe and pollock, could only be induced to give up that abominable habit of getting underneath rocks and into holes, they would give almost as good sport as

salmon. In the early morning or at evening they will rise well to a white fly with a yellow or red body, fished either from the rocks or a boat (if fishing from a boat I use an 8-ft. rod, very stiff, with large upright rings; if from the rocks an ordinary 16-ft. salmon rod). They will come at almost any spinning bait, but it should *not be large*—one inch and a quarter for a phantom or minnow is ample. Quill minnows I have found very killing, but when bought at the fishing-tackle-makers they are never mounted strongly enough, besides which they are exceedingly expensive. With the aid of a few oil paints and a piece of tin I have succeeded in turning out some capital spinners from turkey quills, and better still from the pen feathers of a solan-goose; but artificial baits should not be used at all if natural ones can be procured. The best of these is the silver sand eel, generally difficult to obtain, or the ordinary fresh-water eel, always to be found under stones at the mouths of rivers and burns at low water. They should be from two to three inches long, half skinned from the vent downwards, and threaded on to a large-sized salmon hook, the barb being passed through the mouth and brought out at the vent. There is one other bait to be mentioned which I think is not generally known, and which will take two fish to the one of any other bait I have ever tried. It is a little yellow fish with black spots on its sides; it is some three inches long, and is found under stones on the seashore. Its scientific name, or even its English one, I know not, but in Gaelic it is called 'coignach.' It is difficult to find, but when found it should be fished in the same way as described for eels.

After duly lamenting the loss of the big fish we started again, and by the time we were abreast of the big cave six fine fish were lying at the bottom of the boat, varying in weight from 6 to 10 lb.

I now put up the rod, and we pulled the boat into the mouth of the cave. Here we felt the force of the swell outside, which threatened to stave us in should there be any sunken rocks about, so we turned the boat round and backed her in stern first, after the manner of landing in a surf.

No pigeons were in the cave, but there was ample evidence that they roosted there every night, and as it was now only four o'clock it would be some two or three hours before they could be expected to come in; so, as there was plenty of time for exploring, we punted the boat into the dark interior of the cave, and, taking our opportunities as she rose and fell to the

swell, Charles and I jumped out on to the great boulders which strewed the sides of the cave. What an awesome place it was! The lofty arches of rock overhead looked as though they had been built by human hands; the floor, all slippery and wave-worn, covered with great masses of seaweed and large trunks of aquatic plants lying in lifelike serpent coils, made us, as Agag of old, 'walk delicately' lest some strange beast should turn and rend us. Scattered about were odds and ends of wreckage. From what far-off country might the Gulf Stream have brought them? But what was that in the gloom high up the rocks? Why, a large cask, placed, apparently with great care, just above the high-water mark! Here was a find, and I hastily began to climb the slimy walls of the cave, visions of choice spirits and pirates' treasure in my head; but these were not to number in our day's bag, for on reaching the cask I found it quite empty, with one end stove in. A terrific sea had evidently thrown it right up the cliff and wedged it tightly in; so, scrambling down again, I advanced further up the cave until a sharp corner suddenly shut us out completely from daylight, and we found ourselves in palpable, moist, mysterious-smelling darkness, and, what with the varying echoes from our own movements, the roar of the ocean swell from outside resounding along the sides of the enormous cave, and the creepy feeling of the slimy weeds under our feet, the whole place seemed as though it must be filled with living, moving creatures. Charles struck a match, but the feeble light it gave in the water-laden atmosphere did not extend a yard around us, and when in a moment it flickered out the darkness felt more intense than before. However, we pressed on till all at once, right ahead of us, there shone out a bright light.

'What's that, sir?' said Charles, in a hoarse whisper. But I was already asking myself the very same question. It looked exactly like the eye of some large animal, though what beast except a seal could be in this dark cave, which would be nearly filled with the sea at high water? Besides, we had been making noise enough to frighten out all the seals in Scotland.

'We'll have a look at it, anyhow,' I replied.

Then there was the click of a clasp knife, which hinted that Charles was preparing himself for the worst, and I confess I held the boathook I had in my hand a bit tighter. As we neared the spot Charles again struck a match, but this seemed to obscure the light, and only revealed the wet, glistening sides of the cave. It could not be an animal, or we should now see its dark out-

line ; was it some precious stone, and were we on the eve of discovering untold wealth ? For

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of Ocean bear.

So, advancing cautiously, I gave a judicious prod with the boathook somewhere in the neighbourhood of the phantom, but it only sank into a mass of that long, leathery, crinkly sea plant so popular in suburban villas as a never-failing prophet of the weather.

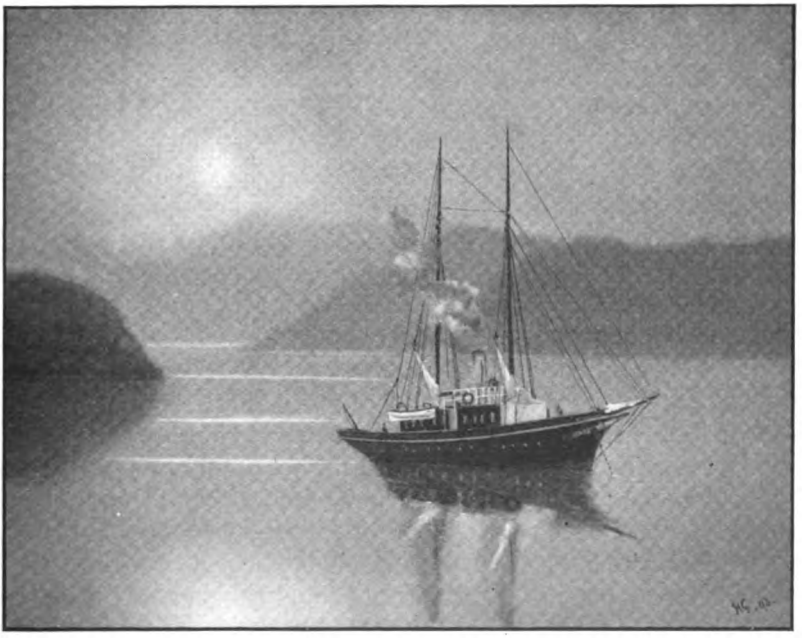
'Nothing but leaves,' I remarked. 'Nothing but leaves,' chanted Charles, with mock intonation. Thus there was a tame ending to a promise of adventure. The light was undoubtedly phosphorescent, but Charles was not satisfied with this explanation ; he wanted something romantic, and until this day, in his own mind, I believe he thinks there was something more than canny about that light.

After some more groping about we found the cave extended to a great distance, so I determined to give up further prospecting for the present and return on the morrow with some magnesium wire, a supply of which I had on board the yacht.

I did not expect to get many shots at pigeons much before sunset, as the majority of them are away feeding until the evening. If one is acquainted with the places they frequent for roosting, the best plan is to get concealed behind a rock and wait for them coming in ; then they give fine rocketing shots, and are by no means easy to kill, especially as their colour matches in tone with the surrounding background.

We now rowed out towards the mouth of the loch, passing several caves with any amount and several varieties of sea birds about them. At last, on a ledge of rock a short distance ahead, I spotted the glint of a blue wing, which betrayed the presence of several pigeons pluming themselves and basking in the afternoon sun. Now we must get close to the cliffs and creep in underneath them. This, with great caution, we managed to accomplish, and out they darted over our heads. Bang ! bang ! and over I toppled into Charles' arms, for one is apt to forget that the boat is moving when intent on a shot. Never mind, one bird had fallen within a few yards of the dinghy, and a second was sloping nearer and nearer the water in his efforts to fly across the loch ; but he had got too much shot in him to do it, and half-way over in he splashed, and we pulled out to gather him. This accomplished, we found ourselves nearly out

at sea, with two small islands away on our starboard side. At the end of one of these I noticed what looked like a very peculiar formation of rocks, and, getting the stalking-glasses to bear, discovered the irregularity to be caused by a lot of seals lying out high and dry. This was a chance that clearly ought not to be missed, as I had with me a Winchester rifle taking the ·450 express cartridge which I had used successfully on seals before; but here the usual difficulty presented itself—viz., to approach within shot of the animals whilst lying on the rocks,



for if shot in the water they almost invariably sink and are lost, so the only way to make sure of bagging your seal is to stalk him fairly from the shore when he is lying out, for they will rarely allow a boat to get near enough for a fair chance. Moreover, it is exceedingly hard to shoot with a rifle from a boat if there is the least movement from waves or a swell, and to kill a seal dead the aim must be accurate, as he must be shot either through the heart or brain; if not he will manage to roll off the rock into deep water, and though perhaps mortally wounded will be lost to the shooter.

In this instance our best chance was to pull right out to sea and then land on the other side of the island. This we proceeded

to do, and a long pull it was before we were completely shut out from the view of the seals ; but once having arrived at the right angle, we hastily approached the island and attempted a landing. It was very far from easy. To jump out of a small dinghy, rifle in hand, when the Atlantic swell is treating you to a kind of see-saw, wants practice, and taking the practice is likely to damage one's anatomy, not to mention that of the boat. After two or three unsuccessful attempts to effect a landing we found a small canal like opening, into which we managed to get the boat, and then I was able to scramble on to the shore and up to the top of the island, if it could be dignified by that name, for it was but a rock in the ocean, with no land between it and the American Continent. A little coarse grass and sea pink was growing at the top, and through this I could see the seals not two hundred yards away, and could make out an easy stalk to within fifty yards of them, with scarcely any crawling required ; so but a few minutes elapsed before I was lying in a sheltered position spying through the glasses for the best skin.

There were big black ones, light spotted ones, and some very large red ones, all lying in various attitudes of indolence, except the sentry, who, with head erect, was keeping a look-out all round, and he was a seal the like of which I had never seen before. He was nearly pure white, and looked almost like a Polar bear—at least, what I should imagine they look like out of the Zoo. I made up my mind at once that I would sacrifice an almost certain shot at a very large one for a chance at this beauty. I dared not risk a shot as he lay, for he was nearly end on to me—a very unfavourable position ; so the only thing was to wait until he moved. This he was a long while doing, but the time passed quickly enough, for it was most interesting to watch the movements of the seals when quite unconscious of danger being near, and it came into my heart, as it always does when I have to wait for a beast to move in order to shoot him, that I was about to perpetrate an act approaching murder. How much better it would be if one could get realistic pictures of such scenes and spare the beast! But alas! no camera can represent the wild scenes of nature as they really are. The indescribable charm must be lost, and it is given to but few in a century to wield the brush in a manner that can put life into such pictures ; so we must be content with the sight of heads and skins in our smoking-room at home, trusting to them to recall some of the successful days we have lived, and, aided by

the comforting influence of the day's last pipe, to forget our many failures. Then, after all, are not those who shoot wild animals for sport their greatest benefactors; does not each one contribute his share in the carrying out of game laws, prevail on his fellow men to spare the females, discourage the buying of heads from natives, and in many other ways help to preserve species which would otherwise rapidly become extinct?

At last my white friend shifted into what was perhaps a more comfortable position for him, but that move cost him his life, for it turned his left side well towards me, and, taking careful aim at the place where his heart ought to be, I pulled the trigger, saw that he had got the bullet in him[1] fair behind the flipper, and over he rolled, with a great spurt of blood coming out of his side. I knew he had got it in the right place, but he continued to kick about in a way that made me fearful he would manage to wriggle off the rock into deep water, and I could not get at him, there being a deep channel of the sea some twenty feet wide between us. I had told the men to pull for all they were worth the moment they heard a shot, but it seemed a long ten minutes before the boat appeared round the point of the island. Of course all the other seals had dashed into the water at the sound of the rifle, and they were now bobbing their heads up in the water all round to see what was going on, but I was too intent on securing my white trophy to pay any attention to the rest. At last the boat reached the rock, and after considerable difficulty the men succeeded in getting my prize, which was now quite dead, and then I did a scramble into the boat, being far too keen on seeing the seal to think of going back to the safer landing-place. A beauty he was too, and evidently a very old one, for his teeth were nearly all decayed or gone. He measured 5 ft. 5 in. by 3 ft. 9 in., and the bullet, as we afterwards found, had completely shattered his heart. One thing, however, I was doomed to be disappointed with in the future, for when his skin was duly dressed and mounted, it had almost entirely lost its pearly whiteness and toned down to a grey with dark spots in it; but it still remains the prettiest specimen of a hair seal that I have ever seen.

The sun was now sinking fast, so having discussed a bottle or two flying the red ensign of Messrs. Bass and Co., we rowed back to the caves.

[1] One can almost see the bullet strike if it is expanding, and shot out of a large bore at a short distance.

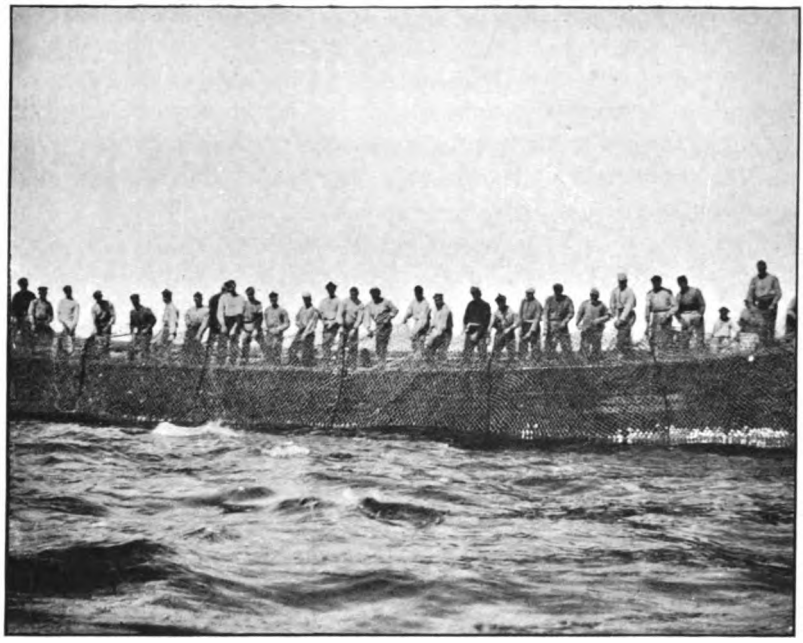
Out of the first there came at least a score of pigeons before we were within a hundred yards of it. Why they should be so wild is a mystery, for I afterwards ascertained that ours was only the second yacht that had been into the loch for a year, the owner of the other being a noble duke who has the shooting over vast tracts in the north, and would scarcely trouble about such small fry. On getting nearer the cave we found a few birds remaining, out of which I managed to bag a couple. Then we visited cave after cave, picking up a bird or two in each, till daylight had faded, and we found ourselves once more opposite the place of the phantom light. It was high water now, and we rowed in right under the big arch. No sooner had we got inside than out came a perfect cloud of pigeons. 'Here they are, sir—here they are!' shouted Joe and Charles, perfectly mad with excitement, and in their eagerness shoving the boat further into the cave, where the pigeons were flying about like bats. It was quite impossible to shoot, and I expected every second to have the boat stove in, for Joe, having lost all control of himself, was laying about with a boathook in a thoroughly business-like way. Of course he didn't hit any pigeons, but he *did* hit a great chunk of rock, and snap went the boathook in the middle. This, together with the soothing language I was using, sobered him a bit, and in due time we got the boat backed out of the cave into open water again.

It was now nearly dark, and I perceived that it was fully time to be turning towards home, as we had a long pull before us, and the seal was no light addition to the boat; but the pleasant sensation of having made a good bag seemed to make her slip through the water with more than usual ease, and, soon turning the last bend of the loch, we saw the yacht lying like some many-eyed monster of the deep with her lighted portholes and serpentine reflections in the dark water. Out of her open skylights the latest comic opera air was floating, with Smith's sweet voice well to the front. It sounded very odd (not Smith's voice—I've got hardened to that—but the notes of such a highly-civilised tune after the wild places we had just come from), then the dusky figure of the skipper appeared at the gangway with the order of 'bucket aft here,' thinking that would about hold the result of our afternoon's work; but there he was mistaken, for we counted out six fish, weighing 48 lbs., twenty-seven blue rock pigeons, and the seal, the measurements of which I have already given, and whose weight we estimated at thirteen stone, making, with the two sea-trout of the morning,

a very respectable bag for wild sport at home—at least, we thought so.

'What do you call them fowls?' I heard a sailor ask as the pigeons were being carried for'ard.

'Oh, them's these 'ere rock grouse,' replied a knowing one, and that name stuck to the birds on our ship for the rest of the voyage in Scotch waters.



TUNNY FISHING

NOTES ON SPORT IN SARDINIA

BY DANIELE B. VARÈ

THE island of Sardinia is remarkable in many ways ; the beauty of its scenery, the character and customs of its inhabitants, the abundance and variety of good sport that it offers, its historical and even prehistorical monuments are all and each of sufficient interest to make it worth visiting, but what is most remarkable about Sardinia is the fact of its being as absolutely *terra incognita* to the average tourist, sportsman, or student as the Tierra del Fuego or the North Pole. Now and then a few naval officers of the English Mediterranean squadron will take the train from wherever their ships lie at anchor and pass a few days fishing for trout in some mountain stream, and shooting mouflon or wild boar among the hills, or a stray archæologist will roam about the plain of Macomer studying the ruins of Phœnician tombs, but they are few and far between, and except for those Italians who come over from the continent on business connected with the mines and the

tunny-fisheries, nobody ever uses the excellent steamers that cross from Civita Vecchia or Leghorn to Golfo Aranci. Corsica is better known, probably because Napoleon and the vendettas have done much to make it famous ; but the Sards have yet to learn the useful art of advertising, for they are an old-fashioned,

simple people, and simplicity, though an excellent thing in itself, doesn't pay.

There is no part of Western Europe that can boast the abundance and the variety of game which is to be found on the island of Sardinia or, as the Italians call it, the Paradiso dei Cacciatori, the Paradise of huntsmen. Mouflon, wild boar, stag and fallow deer, wild goat, hares, rabbits, partridge, quail, ortolans, wild pigeon, wild duck, wild goose, snipe, and woodcock are the most plentiful species of game in the English

meaning of the word; but the Sards of the lower classes, who shoot everything, from their own friends and relations to the sparrows on the high road, would add wild-cat, foxes, eagles, and storks, besides a long list of birds bearing strange local names, which are mostly varieties of the partridge, pigeon, and duck. Round Porto-Torres, in the north of the island, you can even have a shot at a seal, of which there are still a few among the caves.

To the foreign sportsman, roaming about among the hills near Iglesias or Macomer with his gun and his dogs, or camping out near some mountain torrent with a couple of bearded, picturesque-looking ruffians for servants, it must seem that he has come into a country and among a people forgotten, not only by the nations, but by time itself. Sardinia is geographically a part of Europe, practically it might be at the world's end; it is impossible to compare it with any part of our overcrowded continent, or with any other island in the Mediterranean or the North Sea, for, owing to its size and its rocky coast, it has remained almost unexplored even by the emissaries of those states to whom it has successively belonged. Except for the fact that one can get to the principal towns by the railway, and that most of the inhabitants possess guns and smoke bad tobacco, I do not believe that the aspect of the country inland has changed in any one particular, for not merely two or three hundred, but even one thousand or two thousand years. Big, heavy carts, with wheels hewn out of one great block of wood, groan and creak over the dusty plains, drawn by white, patient oxen. In some parts of the hills men and women still live in caves dug in the rocks, and, when caught by a storm in the open, take shelter in the circular, windowless castles or tombs that were built by the Phœnicians perhaps a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Brought by his parents to one or other of the seaport towns—Cagliari, for example—the young Sard of the highlands, who has never in his life seen anything half so ridiculous as an umbrella or a billy-cock hat, but whose friends and relations up in the mountains still settle their quarrels with the knife, gazes with open mouth at the great merchant ships which steam in and out of the busy little port laden with minerals and cattle and grain, and timidly asks his father, in a language which is half Arabic, half provençal, whether those mighty steamers, with their white decks and painted funnels, are the handiwork of man or of God.

Of the big game, the most abundant in the island is the

wild-boar. The Sardinian boar is smaller than those found on the continent, his weight varying between forty and fifty kilogrammes, or ninety and a hundred and fifteen pounds. It is only rarely that one weighing a hundred kilogrammes or two hundred and twenty-five pounds is shot.

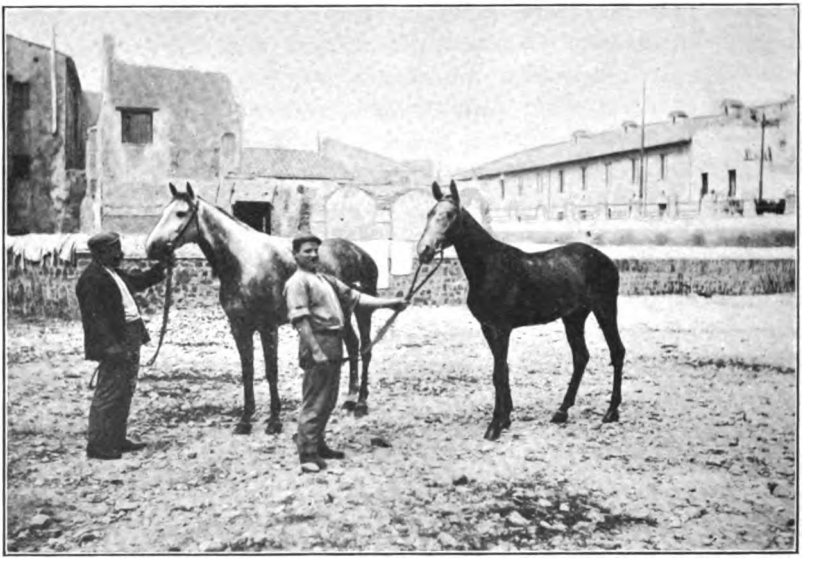
The Sards generally organise battues to shoot the boar, the shooters riding out from the villages at an unearthly hour in the morning and placing themselves in line on the banks of some dried-up torrent at the bottom of a valley, while the beaters, aided by trained dogs, move slowly over the brow of the hill towards them, yelling, stamping their feet, and firing shots into the air. Sometimes the boar will try to pierce the line of beaters, but generally the sportsmen, standing ready at their places, will hear him come crashing through the thick shrubs of myrtle, the dogs leaping and barking a yard or two behind him, till he suddenly appears in the open with shining red eyes and white gleaming tusks. There is little or no danger, however, the boar's dark body on the white torrent bed offering an easy shot ; and even if the sportsman opposite whom he appears only succeeds in wounding him, the dogs, catching him in the open and hanging on to his legs and ears, easily hold him till another shot at close quarters puts an end to his career. Several dozen boars are often shot in one battue, and those of the shooters who do not get the chance of slaying a tusker have to content themselves with a shot at a hare or a partridge.

The battue once over and the mid-day meal having been disposed of, the day's bag is divided up, it being the custom among the Sardinian sportsmen to give each person who has been present at a battue, whether he has taken part in it or not, an equal portion of the result, so that the peasants of the surrounding hills and their families all crowd round to obtain their share. Luckily, the population is sparse in the island !

In the province of Sassari, in the north-east of the island, the boar is often hunted on horseback, the signori of the country round riding after their prey on fast little Sardinian ponies and shooting him from the saddle. This form of sport, though certainly one of the most exciting that I have ever known, should not be attempted by any one who is not both a good horseman and a dead shot. The ground is often of the roughest, and the stone walls and cactus fences, though of no great height and easily cleared by the agile little ponies, appear quite

dangerous obstacles to the sportsman who has to jump them with his reins flying and a loaded gun in his hands.

Apropos of Sardinian ponies, I have often wondered why the English Government, which bought up half the mules in the Campania for military use in the Transvaal, did not mount some of their men on these ponies. Their average height is fourteen to fifteen hands, they are as surefooted as goats, strong, fast, and will stand any amount of hardship. Surely they were more adapted to a campaign in South Africa than the 'bus



SARDINIAN PONIES

horses from Piccadilly and the Strand? The Sards, who have a partiality for shooting from the saddle, train their ponies to duck their heads when the rider raises his gun to his shoulder.

One fact that foreign sportsmen would do well to remember is the curious similarity of appearance between the common pig, who furnishes the Sardinian peasantry with pork and sausages, and his more aristocratic cousin. In height and colour there is very little difference indeed between the two. The boar, of course, has long tusks and bristles, but this is only noticeable at close quarters. The fact in itself is easily explained by the liberty which all the peasants allow to the members of their farmyards, and which for many centuries has caused a large number of hybrids to be born into the world, but it has also

given rise to innumerable queer shooting incidents. Personally, I do not know which is more aggravating: to let a fine old tusker escape because you thought he was a pig, or to find, on reaching the body of what you took for a boar and consequently shot, that he has a piece of rope tied round his leg!

On the rare occasions when an Englishman comes to shoot in Sardinia, he generally passes the most of his time in the pursuit of the mouflon, treating the wild boar with what I always consider an undeserved contempt. To be sure, wild boar is common enough on the continent, whilst the mouflon is only to be found in the islands of the Mediterranean, such as Corsica, Sardinia, and Cyprus. It must also be granted that there is much more skill required to stalk and bring down a mouflon than to shoot a boar; but one should not forget that the last named victim to our rifle can, when wounded and desperate, very effectively turn the tables on its pursuers—and this spice of danger should add considerable zest to the sport.

The mouflon (*Ovis musimon*) is a small, sturdy little wild sheep, weighing on the average about 125 pounds, and standing about 2 ft. 5 in. at the withers; the horns are generally rather more than 18 in. long and weigh from 10 to 15 lb. Like all the representatives of their species, the mouflon are to be found only in the most mountainous parts of the country. They are very timid, and often, when hunted, they fall into such panics that they will plunge headlong down the hillside, dashing themselves in their blind terror against everything that comes in their way, even their pursuers, to whom the encounter proves anything but agreeable. On the other hand, if taken quite young the mouflon can be easily tamed. It was two years ago, I think, that this magazine published an article in which an English sportsman described his adventures while shooting mouflon in Corsica. If I remember rightly, the author had considerable difficulty in stalking his prey, owing to the mountainous aspect of the country and the extreme timidity of the animals themselves. In Sardinia, the mouflon being more numerous, it is often possible to shoot them *en battue*, surrounding the entire herd, and thus killing several dozen, whilst it is very difficult to bring down more than one head when one has to stalk them. The stag and the fallow deer can also be shot *en battue*, and as they are not very abundant on the island, the Sards themselves think a great deal more of a stag or a buck than of a mouflon. Woe to the unfortunate sportsman who, having obtained a good place in the line of shooters

on the edge of a wood, lets his prey escape him! His companions will make his life a burden to him for the rest of the day, unless, indeed, he happens to be a foreigner or a guest, in which case he will be excused and his failure condoned—till his back is turned.

The courtesy of the Sards to all strangers is indeed one of their finest traits. Should any of my readers ever visit Sardinia he will often find himself, if a sportsman, in the queerest company, for the organisers of these shooting expeditions are not only the landed proprietors and gentry of the district, but also the peasants, the small government officials, the bandits even, on whose head the State has set a price. Their clothes will be most picturesque and unconventional, their guns of most antiquated pattern, their information concerning the affairs of any other nation than their own absolutely *nil;* but their skill in all matters connected with the sport in hand will be wonderful to behold, and their hospitality to their guests most generous, disinterested, and unaffected. The best place in a battue, the first shot after a long day's stalking, the pick of the game when the day is over, the finest room in their houses, and the oldest wine and the daintiest dishes that their cellars and larders can provide: these are the guest's by right. Yet no money will be accepted, even by the poorest, for a service rendered; at the most, some gunpowder or a packet of cigars can be offered in exchange.

I met an American archæologist on the steamer that crosses from Golfo Aranci to Civita Vecchia on my way to Rome last spring. He told me that he was an archæologist, or I should have taken him for a bookmaker. His impressions of Sardinian manners and customs were characteristic of his nationality.

'I was moonin' round Macomer,' he said, 'studyin' the nuraghes, Phœnician tombs, you know. Macomer is a one-horse town, with a hell of a hotel, but the inhabitants could teach politeness to a Spanish ambassador. I was standing in the middle of the piazza t'other day, considerin' who I should get information from about seeing the nuraghes. There were a lot of Sards, all talking together at the door of a tavern opposite, and I guessed I might as well ask *them;* so I did. I guess I can speak Italian right enough, but I'll eat my hat if what those chaps talked was any Christian language. They caught on, however, when I said Nuraghes, and one old cuss said he'd see me through with the job. He was the heaviest swell

I've seen since I left 'Mirka. Yes, *sir!* Six foot two if an inch, with white cotton breeches and shirt and a black velvet waistcoat all covered with little filigree buttons in gold. He *was* a four-horse brake all complete, with a yaller dog underneath! He mounted me on a bit of a pony no bigger than a cat, and he kept me out half the day, showing me every blessed nuraghe in the place, and when we got home he gave me a glass of wine, *Vernaccia* he called it, that you couldn't get in Noo York if you paid twenty dollars a bottle for it. And not a cent would he take for all this. No, *sir!* He *may* have been

a born idiot. I guess nobody *but* a born idiot *would* do all that for a man he had never seen before and ten to one would never see again; but all I can say is, that I wish there were a few more idiots like him where I live!'

The three small islands of Caprera, Asinara, and Tavolara, that lie to the north-west of Sardinia are worth visiting if only for the large herds of wild goat which inhabit them. These animals do not constitute a separate species, but are nothing more than what their name indicates: goats which are in no way distinguishable from the domestic animal, but which have lived for many centuries in a wild state, and offer excellent sport to any one who undertakes to stalk and shoot them — by no means an easy task. Owing to the presence of the convicts on the island of Asinara, shooting there is prohibited; but for the

matter of that so it is all over Sardinia, except during fifteen days of the year, owing to the fact that many of the wild animals were fast being destroyed. But as everybody, including the government officials, continues to shoot just the same, and as it is always well when in Rome to do as the Romans do, all foreigners are at perfect liberty to ignore the existence of the law, though it is necessary to obtain permission from the authorities at Sassari before landing on Asinara. This permission once obtained, the courtesy of the officials will do the rest, and you can have as much sport as you wish, the convicts acting as beaters.

Up till a few years ago Tavolara, the smallest of these three little islands, formed (in the opinion of its inhabitants, at least) a kingdom to itself. One peasant and his wife were indeed the only living people on it, and this man had inherited from his father, and subsequently passed on to his son, the title or nickname—call it what you will—King of Tavolara. There is a story of Charles Albert (the great-grandfather of the present King of Italy), then King of Piedmont and Sardinia, landing one day at Tavolara on a shooting expedition, and being accosted as he stepped ashore by a surly-looking peasant lad in the costume of the country, who rudely asked him who he was.

'I am the king,' answered Charles Albert.

'No, you're not ; I'm the king,' retorted the peasant.

'Very well, my dear king, never mind ; let's go and shoot goats.' Which they did.

Before passing on to the partridge, quail, and woodcock shooting in Sardinia, I must warn the reader that in speaking of shooting matters abroad, considerable confusion and misunderstandings frequently arise owing to the various names given to the game in different countries. For instance, what the Italians call 'pernice,' is really the French partridge, a larger bird than your English representative of the family, reddish brown in colour, with red legs, but no distinct mark on the breast ; we have partridges exactly similar to those shot in England, but we call them *starne*. The Sardinian partridge is of the variety known in Italy as the 'pernice turchesa' (the Latin name is *Caccabis petrosa*). In this bird the predominant tint is grey, with a brown collar flecked in front, with white and brown sides. It is to be found all over Sardinia, as also the 'starna,' except in the district known as the Campidano of Cagliari.

In the spring and early summer the 'pernice' remain in

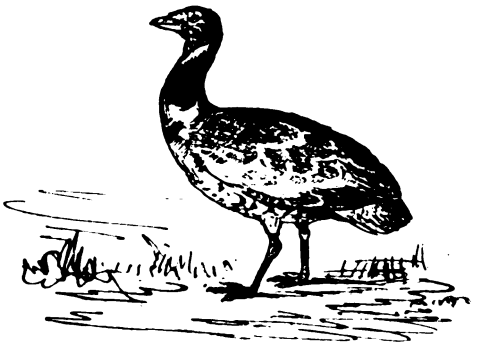
the plains, but when the young are more grown and the shooting begins they move up into the mountains. The best time for shooting is, as in England, from September to the end of November, and in the hills, on a good day, one sportsman alone with his dog can easily mark fifteen or twenty coveys, and, should he be one of those exasperating, energetic individuals

to whom getting up with the sun presents no difficulties, he will have an enormous advantage over his lazier colleagues, for between three and five in the morning one can easily locate a covey of partridges by their persistent calling. During the season a large number of partridges are exported from Sardinia to the ports of Genoa, Naples, and Leghorn. In Sardinia itself you can buy a brace for a franc, and even less.

The next best sport, if you prefer quantity to quality, is the quail shooting. There are quails all over the island, and they

remain all the year round. That is to say, large numbers of quails arrive in Sardinia from Europe in January and February to nest, and, again, others who have wintered in Africa reach the southern coasts in the early summer. You can buy them for fourpence a brace, which is considered dear on the island, as few of the Sards themselves care to waste their shot on quail, preferring to shoot partridges and hares.

If I were to write of every variety of sport that is to be enjoyed in Sardinia, I should spoil more paper than, I fear, the interest of the subject would justify, and, indeed, woodcock and snipe shooting in England is in no way different from woodcock and snipe shooting in the marches of Lanusei, south of Iglesias; and the same can be said of the hares and rabbits. The



GALLINA PRATAIOLA

Sards have, in common with the English sportsmen, an undisguised contempt for those 'cacciatori' of the Continent who waste their shot on anything smaller than a quail, though I am afraid that their contempt arises more from their appreciation of the market value of cartridges than from their dislike of killing anything small. One bird which I must not forget to mention is the 'Gallina Prataiola,' or 'Fagianella,' a variety of bustard, the Latin name being *Otis tetrax* (I have not been able to find the correct English name). It is somewhat smaller than the bustard, the cock having a black neck with a white line from the eye to the throat, and a white collar or ruff, a light yellow breast with brown spots, and a reddish yellow back with black lines and spots, and black tips to the wings and tail. The hen is a smaller bird, the sides of the head being light yellow, the throat reddish white, almost pink, the neck and breast light brown, and the black marks more clearly defined. They are fine birds, offer

excellent sport, and are to be found all over the island in flocks of six or more.[1]

Any one of my readers wishing to make a tour in Sardinia, and seeking information concerning the island, might possibly be induced to give up his projected trip by the evil reputation that the brigands and the malaria have given to this most healthy and peaceful province of the Italian kingdom. Of brigands there are plenty, it is true, and the malaria in certain

TUNNY FISHING

places and seasons is as dangerous as a plague ; but the first-named only trouble the police, and the second can be easily avoided.

The so-called brigands, in fact, have nothing in common with their legendary colleagues of Sicilian or Maremma fame. They are merely bandits, that is to say, they have fled to the mountains, either to avoid the consequences of a crime—which is generally of the kind which the French call *passionel*—or they are escaped convicts who prefer to pass a hunted life in the

[1] The 'Gallina Prataiola,' like the bustard, is one of the largest of the land birds, measuring 4 feet from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail; the wings have an expanse of 8 feet or more ; the weight is from 22 lb. to 32 lb.

caves and the 'macchia' to serving the rest of their time in a prison. They take care not to bring the police down upon themselves by any crime, such as the holding-up of a moneyed stranger. You will meet plenty of these bandits if on a shooting expedition in the interior, and there may be a few among your companions in a battue; in which case, if you are aware of the fact, it is not politic to allude to it. Only a few years ago the sportsmen of Porto Torres used to go and ask for news of wild duck or geese of old Giovanni Tolu, who in his day was certainly the most famous of the Sardinian brigands. He had killed a priest in his youth, owing to some wrong that the padre had done him, and subsequently fled to the hills, where it is said that he did a great amount of good among the poor peasantry and charcoal burners; but all the *caribieniri* or police officials who ever attempted his capture, and all the unfortunates who acted as spies on their behalf, invariably lost their lives over the business, so that in the end Tolu became a sort of institution and was left unmolested for no fewer than thirty-three years, at the end of which, knowing himself exempt from all punishment by virtue of the Statute of Limitations, he came back to Porto Torres and lived very quietly and peaceably till he was eighty years of age.

The second evil to give Sardinia a bad name, the malaria, exists only round the marshes in the south, and in some parts of the west, and it is dangerous only from the end of summer to the end of autumn. The high lands, which cover four-fifths of the island, are quite healthy all the year round.

During the first days of May the *festa* of St. Ephisius is celebrated in Cagliari with national races and sports, in which the young Sards, in splendid costumes, vie with each other in reckless feats of horsemanship, the prizes going not to the fastest horses but to the most daring riders. The course is the Via Roma, a fine wide street that stretches for about a mile and a half along the shores of the gulf, flanked on one side by large white palaces, and on the other by a double row of chestnut trees. The brilliant costumes, the fine, plunging horses dashing backwards and forwards in picturesque groups, with the blue sea and the mountains for a background, form scenes that are well worth staying in Cagliari to admire. One man standing on the back of a pair of horses, with a foot on the back of each horse and with two other men standing up one on each side of him, and thus forming a sort of pyramid, will gallop full speed along the crowded street, pull up with a jerk that throws the

horses on their haunches, turn and twist in complicated figures with the ease and grace of a circus-rider and far greater skill, for the horses are barebacked and frightened till almost uncontrollable by the yells of the excited crowd.

To a sportsman of moderate means who is not a landowner, and who cannot afford to hire a Scotch moor or an estate in

the Highlands on which to indulge his taste for grouse and partridge shooting or deerstalking, Great Britain must often appear less of a happy hunting-ground than the sporting papers would lead one to suppose. This, of course, is merely the opinion of a foreigner, who has travelled about a little in England and in Scotland, 'for to admire and for to see.' I may be entirely wrong, and if so I ask the reader's pardon for getting out of my depth ; but supposing, for example, that a man in London, with an income of about eight hundred a year

or less, wished to spend a month's holiday, shall we say shooting partridges over the turnips, or stalking deer among the hills and valleys of the Grampians, could he realise his desire without spending far more than he could afford? I think not. Of course he might be invited to shoot on a friend's possessions, but, barring this possibility, and supposing that he did not wish his holiday, board, lodging, and journey included, to cost more than a hundred pounds, could he for that sum enjoy any sport worthy of the name? If not, I think it is a pity; for it must always be a pity that the enjoyment of the finest sport should be a privilege of wealth and not of skill. In France and in Russia there are shooting clubs which buy or hire all the *droits de chasse* of large tracts of field and forest, and the members of these clubs can enjoy some excellent shooting at a very moderate expense. Have you got similar clubs in England? I have not heard of any, but they may exist for all I know; if not, I would recommend the afore-mentioned gentleman of sporting tendencies but limited income to pack up his gun and his cartridge case and to come abroad—to the south of Italy, to Corsica, to Sardinia. As this article is about Sardinia let us stick to the last named. Journey, board, lodging, and all need not cost him more than a hundred pounds and should cost him less, and he would get some sport that his more wealthy colleagues at home could not obtain there for all their gold.

He will have to rough it, of course. Sardinia is not dotted over with Maxim's restaurants, *avec cabinets particuliers;* but a sportsman who cannot rough it is not a sportsman at all. Of course one should not start for Sardinia without having first acquired some little information concerning the island itself, and without having learnt at least a few words of the language. But once posted as to the best places and seasons for shooting (and there are British consuls in every town who can give you all the information and introductions necessary), you can enjoy yourself amazingly roaming about the country with a gun, a dog, and a hired pony. As long as you don't spoil the crops you may go anywhere and everywhere, as the fancy takes you, and shoot anything you like. Most of the land belongs to the State, and on this anybody who chooses may shoot; but the Sards are so hospitable, and game so abundant, that even on private property nobody will interfere with you. Generally there is no one to interfere. I have walked and driven for miles among the hills south of Iglesias without ever meeting a human being, amid a silence broken only by the shrill cry of a bird above

my head, or the murmur of a stream half hidden by water lilies at the bottom of a gorge. Now and then a boar would push his way though the shrubs of myrtle, or a startled hare race off into cover ; but of man and of man's handiwork the only sign was the dusty road, winding away like a long white ribbon towards the coast. There are villages here and there of course, but they are not so frequent but that it is easy enough to get lost if one strays off too far without a guide. There are no hotels except in the principal towns, but one can always get a night's lodging at the little village *trattorie*, which are quite comfortable enough for any one who, as I said before, doesn't mind roughing it ; and the cheapness of them ! It is past understanding. I remember that last spring, when I was sailing about the coast with a friend, we landed on a little peninsula of St. Antioco and partook of dinner at the local *trattoria* There were ten of us, three *signori* and seven boatmen, and we partook of fish, meat, fruit, and wine, and paid seven francs for the whole entertainment ! I must beg the reader's pardon for descending to such minute particulars, but nothing could give one a better idea of the kind of country it is. The hotels inland and in the towns are of course more normal in their prices, but none of them are dear.

It is a lovely country, this wind-swept island, in the centre of the bluest of seas. There is something strong and invigorating in the cool air, scented with the wonderful scent of the sea and of the myrtles, that makes one feel on landing on its shores that this Europe of ours is not yet, after all, so old and used up as our cousins from over the 'duck pond' inform us. The fair young ladies on the Orient liners bring out their kodaks and their field-glasses as the ship steams through the narrow mouths of Boniface on the way to Marseilles or the East, and after having photographed the rocky coast, go and ask the captain if that land over there is Corsica or Spain or what, while from the coast itself the tall bearded Sard leaning on his gun gazes contemptuously at the great steamer as it ploughs its way though the blue waters that surround his home, and idly wonders if, after all, there can be anything worth seeing outside that same home of his ; for the inhabitants of Sardinia have, besides a great love for their island, a corresponding contempt for everything foreign, though this trait, it is true, does not exactly constitute a peculiarity.

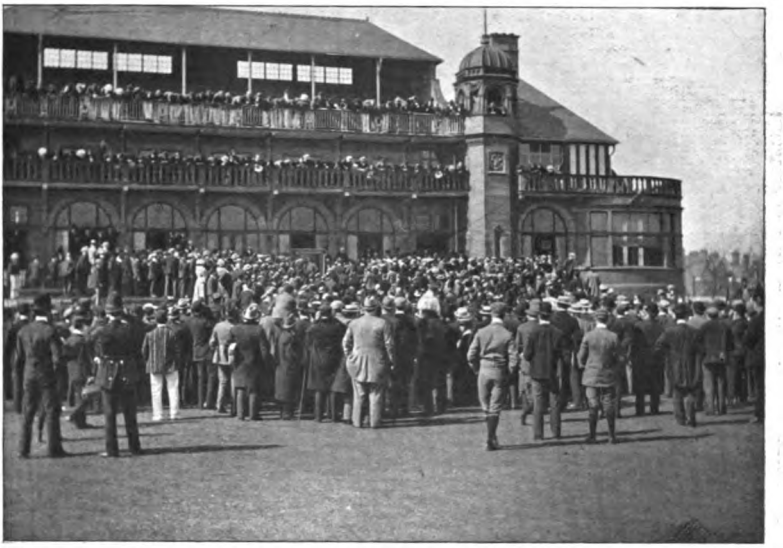
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE MAY COMPETITION

The First Prize in the May competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. H. Walker, Cheetham, Manchester; Mr. Norman S. Hind, Oxford; Mr. Percy G. Harvey, St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Mr. R. M. Collinge, Shrewsbury School; Mr. W. Astor, Oxford; Mr. G. H. Atkinson, St. Georges' Square, S.W.; Captain W. Hall, Sallins, co. Kildare; Miss Constance Peel, Ebury St., S.W.; Mr. L. Meldon, Dublin; and Mr. C. W. Rabbits, Exeter College, Oxford. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT TO MR. A. N. HORNBY AT THE CRICKET GROUND, OLD TRAFFORD, ON MAY 13, 1901, BY THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER

Photograph taken by Mr. H. Walker, Cheetham, Manchester

'EIGHTS WEEK' AT OXFORD. BETWEEN THE RACES

Photograph taken by Mr. Norman S. Hind, Oxford

TROUT FISHING ON THE NEWLYN RIVER AT STABLE HOBBA WATERFALL, WEST CORNWALL

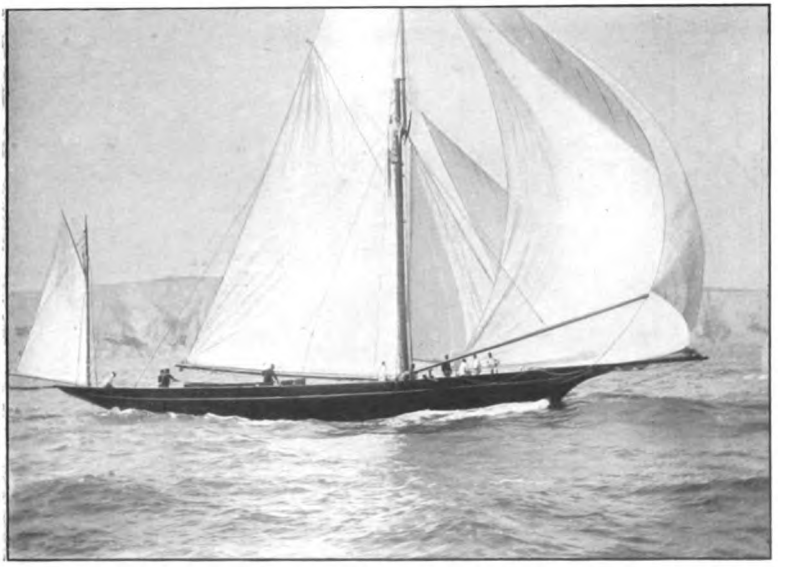
Photograph taken by Mr. Percy G. Harvey, St. Bartholomew's Hospital

HOUND TRAIL, GRASMERE SPORTS, AUGUST 1869

Photograph taken by Mr. R. M. Collinge, Shrewsbury School

BICYCLE POLO AT OXFORD

Photograph taken by Mr. W. Astor, Oxford



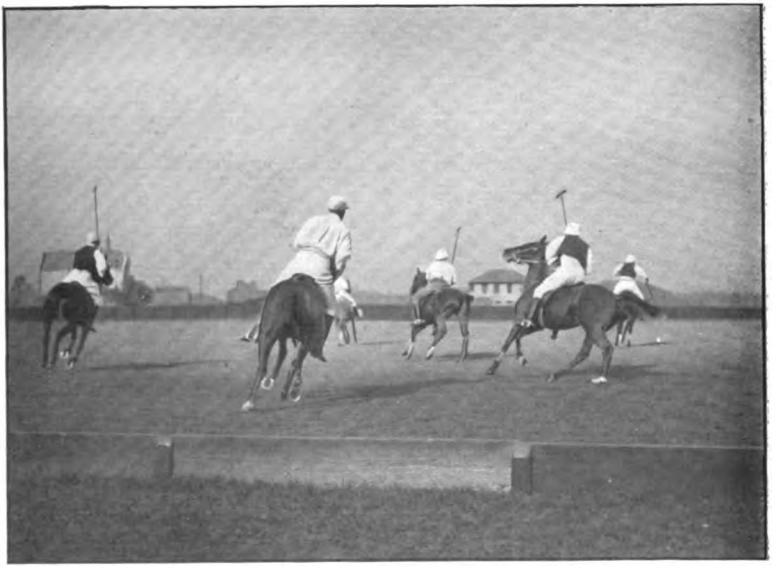
YACHT 'COLUMBINE,' 81 TONS, OFF DOVER, DURING THE RACE TO HELIGOLAND, JUNE 1900

Photograph taken by Mr. G. H. Atkinson, St. George's Square, S.W.

CARLOW AND ISLAND HUNT RACES, APRIL 18, 1901

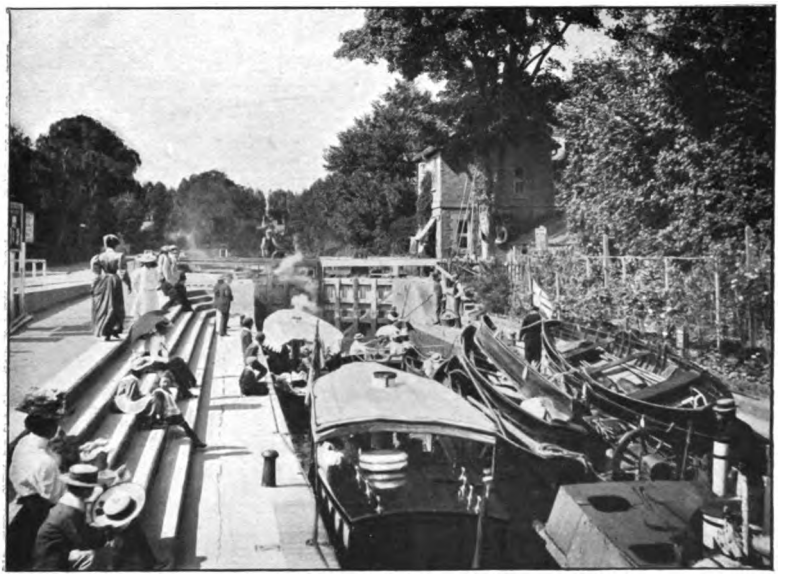
In the Ladies' Race Mrs. T. Rourke's grey mare fell back into the ditch on take-off side of last fence

Photograph taken by Captain W. Hall, Sallins, co. Kildare



POLO AT RANELAGH

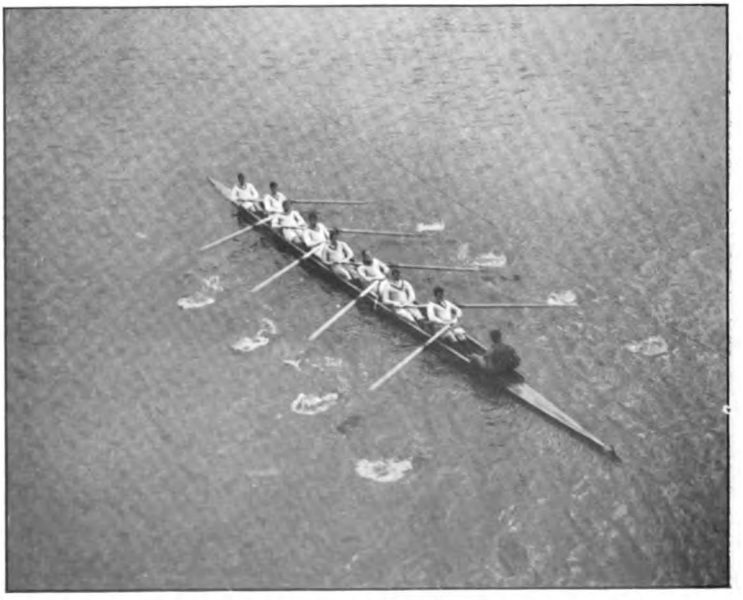
Photograph taken by Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W.



BOULTER'S LOCK JUST BEFORE HENLEY
Photograph taken by Mr. C. W. Rabbits, Exeter College, Oxford

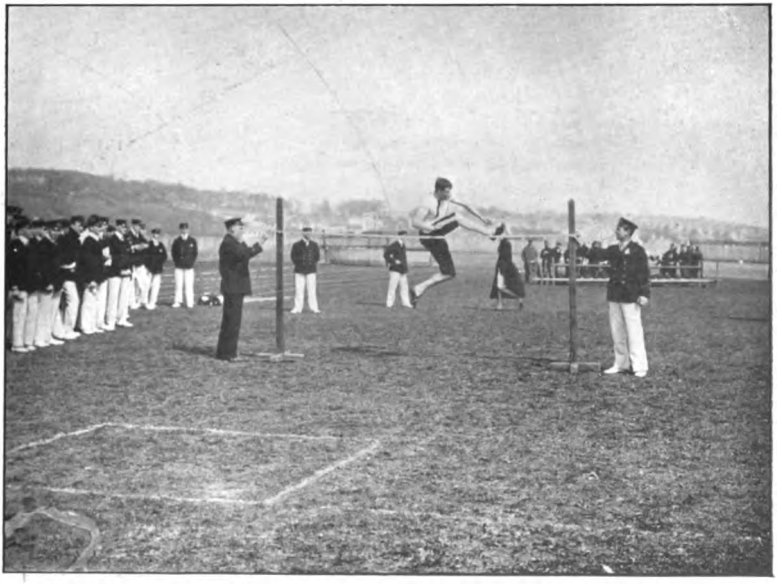
LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT THE PORTMARNOCK LINKS, DUBLIN
MISS RHONA ADAIR DRIVING
Photograph taken by Mr L Meldon Dublin

SIR EVERARD CAYLEY'S HOUNDS AT LEVISHAM STATION, N. YORKS
Photograph taken by Mr. Leonard H. West, LL.D., Brough, E. Yorks

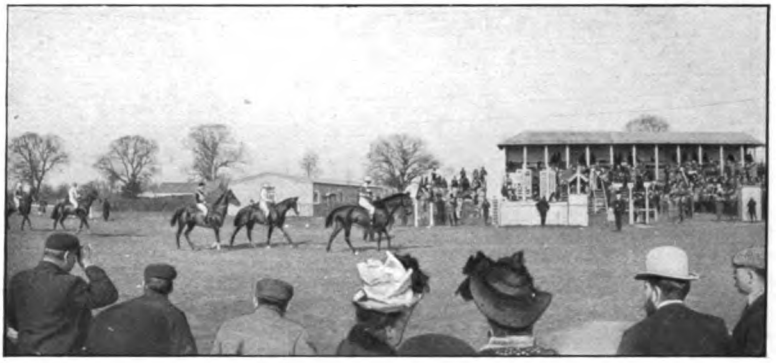


THE OXFORD CREW AT COOKHAM, 1901
Photograph taken by Mr. F. G. Calcott, Teddington

VARDON *v.* WHITE AT SEAFORD. VARDON WATCHING THE BALL AFTER DRIVING
Photograph taken by Mr. James Coster, Eastbourne



WINNER OF HIGH JUMP CLEARING FIVE FEET AT THE R. N. E. COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS, DEVONPORT
Photograph taken by Mr. C. R. Randall, R. N. E. College, Devonport



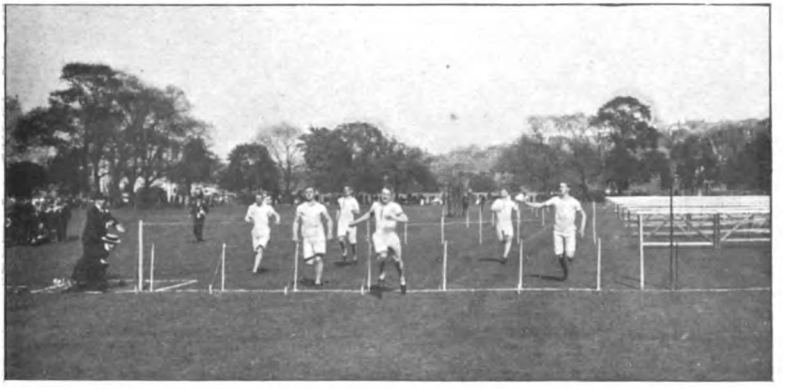
HAWTHORN HILL STEEPLECHASES, APRIL 20, 1901
Photograph taken by the Marchioness of Hertford, Eaton Square, S.W.

'EIGHTS WEEK.' LINCOLN, KEBLE, AND QUEENS EIGHTS NEAR THE FINISH, OPPOSITE 'VARSITY BOAT HOUSE
Photograph taken by Mr. Norman S. Hind, Oxford

DIVING BOYS AT COLOMBO
Photograph taken by Mr. C. W. Rabbits, Exeter College, Oxford

LONDON COUNTY *v.* WARWICKSHIRE, MAY 9–11, 1901. 'W. G.' AT THE NETS
Photograph taken by Mr. R. Sargisson, Moseley, Birmingham

COLLECTING AT STARTING-POST, EPSOM
Photograph taken by Mr. C. N. Curtis, South Croydon



WOOLWICH AND SANDHURST ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE R. M. ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, MAY 14, 1901. FINISH OF THE 100 YARDS RACE
Photograph taken by Lt.-Col. C. N. Simpson, R.F.A., Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall

BURNLEY SHOW, MAY 1901. MR. BLOCKLEY'S 'OMEGA' RISING AT WATER JUMP

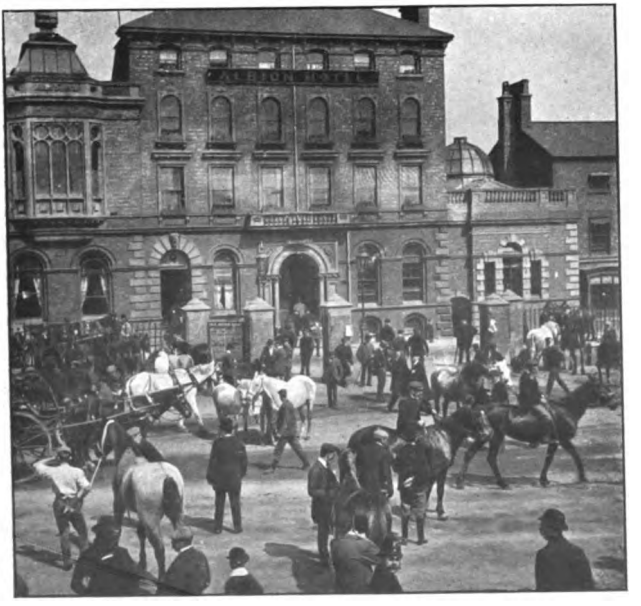
Photograph taken by Mr. R. M. Collinge, Shrewsbury School

BOATING AT ETON. AN UPSET

Photograph taken by Mr. R. Herbert, Eton College

CAPTAIN WHEELER ON 'SPORTSMAN'

Photograph taken by Mrs. Wakely, Dublin



LINCOLN APRIL HORSE FAIR

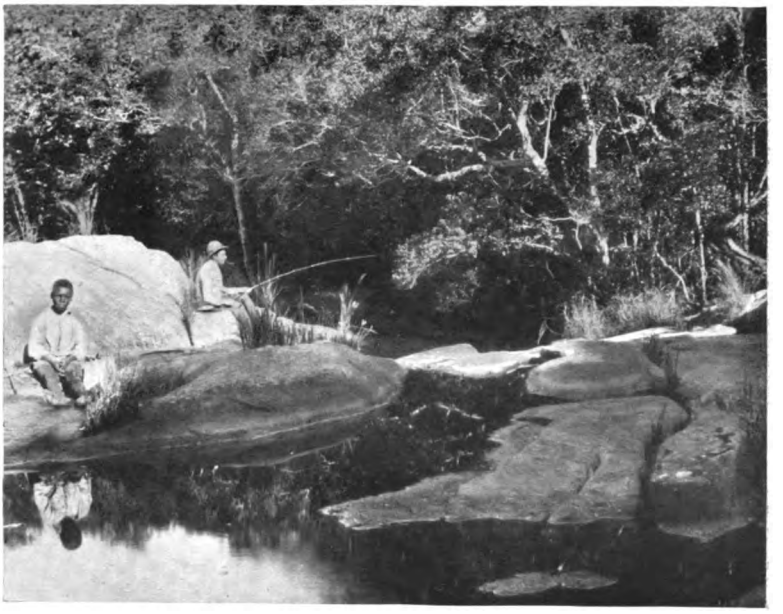
Photograph taken by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln

CALPE HUNT CLUB FOXHOUNDS, GIBRALTAR. MASTER, MR. P. F. LARIOS

Photograph taken by Mr. Manuel F. Montegreffo, Gibraltar

'FIVES' AT ETON

Photograph taken by the Hon. John Wodehouse, Eton College



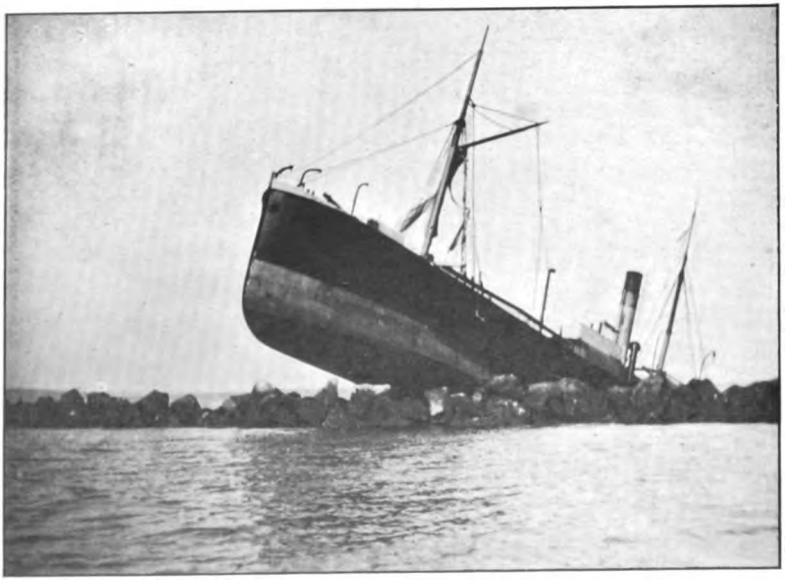
FISHING IN NATAL BETWEEN DURBAN AND ST. JOHN'S RIVER

Photograph taken by Mr. J. W. Kirkman, Equeefa, Natal

BOB-SLEIGHING RACES AT ST. MORITZ. THE 'BEETLE' BOB STEERED BY A LADY

Photograph taken by Mr. G. R. Ballance, Stockbridge, Hants

LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT THE PORTMARNOCK LINKS, DUBLIN
MISS STUART DRIVES OFF THE FIRST TEE
Photograph taken by Mr. L. Meldon, Dublin



HUNG UP ON THE BREAKWATER AT PORTLAND
Photograph taken by Lord George Seymour, R.N., Eaton Square, S.W.

MEET OF THE CRAVEN HOUNDS AT BENHAM, NEAR NEWBURY, APRIL 1, 1901

Photograph taken by Miss L. King, Donnington, Newbury

CAMPING IN THE BUSH ON THE ESSEQUIBO RIVER, BRITISH GUIANA

Photograph taken by Mr. Algernon E. Aspinall, Carlton Club, S.W.

'HANDS'

BY FRANK L. W. WEDGE

To endeavour to explain at all lucidly the exact meaning of the term standing as the title of this little article is, I am very fully aware, almost too ambitious a task to undertake if even partial success only is to be hoped.

It means so much, and it is moreover so difficult—even if one does feel to some extent competent to deal with the subject —to express your thoughts in such a way as to enable others to understand them as you would wish. The expression that 'So and so has good hands,' and 'Somebody else' has none, we often hear in conversation amongst riding men ; and yet I venture to think that very few of us have thoroughly mastered (unless the possessors of so desirable a quality) what such hackneyed terms in reality imply.

Dealing with the word only in its narrowest sense (the prefix 'good' being of course understood) we must, I think, acknowledge that a light touch upon the bridle rein is, as a rule, more conducive to a horse's comfort, and consequently generally to that of the rider also, than is a heavier one. Lots of hunters that are hard pullers when steered by a mutton-fisted husband or brother, will carry a wife or sister, muscularly far weaker, without pulling an ounce. The reason of course is that it proverbially takes two to create a quarrel. Hence, a misunderstanding between a horse and its rider, if of sufficient moment to be vexing to the latter, is more frequently than not

originated or provoked by him, and in my opinion is generally owing to want of 'hands.'

We can therefore at the outset, I think, grant that a person possessed of 'hands' is certainly one who is *able* to handle his horse's mouth lightly.

At the same time, however, his innate judgment, or acquired knowledge of horsemanship, should dictate to him when other than a light touch upon the bridle rein may best be adopted. If a horse is a little 'dead' upon one side his mouth, for instance, and crossing his jaws holds his bit to resent interference on the part of the rider, a snatch at the rein at the right moment is well applied, if quickly followed by a light touch, to obtain the end you had in view, as soon as the bit has been set free from the position in which the horse had secured it to defeat your control. It is an appreciation of the gift or acquirement called 'hands' that suggests the time to apply force as well as when to use gentleness, and 'hands' that enable one person to get safely over a country on a bad horse when another on a better one fails, as also a weak man or woman to ride a puller which a veritable Hercules without 'hands' could not control. The 'give and take' which establishes command over a pulling horse, an animal that with a dead strong and continuous hold upon his bridle would bolt, is an instance of 'hands' which has probably, I think, come as often as any within the personal experience of most of us in the hunting-field.

'Hands,' however, imply far more than this, and are in some almost inexplicable way associated with nerve also. It is true, nevertheless, that a man may have no nerve left, or may never even have possessed much, and yet have 'hands' to the extent of having been born with or mastered the happy knack of riding horses of various mouths and temperaments in such a manner as to establish mutual confidence between man and horse, and thereby prevent the latter from displaying peculiarities of gait or temper, which, with heavier or more awkward handling, it more probably than not would have done. Such 'hands' are serviceable, moreover, and very nice acquisitions too, for riding-masters, show-men, or young ladies who indulge in horse exercise in the Row or elsewhere. The term 'hands,' however, in the sense the word is generally used and accepted amongst hunting men, means a very great deal more than that, and I am approaching the most difficult portion of my self-imposed task when I endeavour to try to write down how much its meaning *does* embrace the relation of the horse and his rider.

Let us suppose you are galloping along an open field, with your horse fully extended, and that you suddenly perceive a rabbit hole, or some other source of danger, immediately before you in your horse's stride. I do not profess to be able to tell you exactly *how* it is done, but I am fully convinced of the fact that a man possessing 'hands' will, by an instinctive touch upon his bridle rein, or pressure of his knees and heels, or possibly by the application of each, so shorten his horse's stride, or lengthen it, as to escape the disaster which would almost inevitably have befallen a horseman not possessed of this most coveted and enviable gift. It is 'hands' that, in the same way, save you from a fall when your horse slips or misjudges his distance on approaching an awkward stile or any other fence, 'hands' that balance and collect him in such a manner that he may jump with his hocks parallel one to another, and with his attention duly fixed upon the business he has in hand at the moment. It is the use of 'hands' that causes a man to relinquish his hold upon the mouth of a raking stargazer at the right instant, thereby enabling him, in the last few yards, to use such sense as he possesses when nearing the obstacle which he would otherwise have chanced to a certainty, if not actually have fallen over. Nay more, it is 'hands' that keep a shifty horse from refusing, that make us let a horse's mouth alone as well as handle it, and enable one man to compel a horse to go into his bridle and face a brook, or gallop at absolutely top speed without whip or spur, when with a rider up who had no 'hands' the same horse would, in spite of coercion, decline thoroughly to extend himself, or even go fairly into his bridle at all. No man can really ride to hounds with a good balance who does not, more or less, sit in such a way upon his horse as to have his weight, so to speak, over his stirrups; and although lots of men go hard to hounds sitting almost on the cantels of their saddles, with their toes stuck forward by their horse's shoulder points and their heads near the animal's ears, such horses are very severely handicapped in all they are called upon to do, and such riders have not, or very seldom indeed possess, 'hands.'

The term 'hands,' to my thinking, implies therefore a combination of delicacy and at times firmness of touch upon the bridle, together with nerve and instinctive quickness, and above all, the power of forming a right decision of action under sudden and unexpected circumstances. The term also implies that its possessor rides, as a rule, with a proper balance of the body in

the saddle, that he has in addition the gift of readily discovering the peculiarities and temperament of the horse he bestrides, and is able to accommodate himself to the conditions in which he finds himself at any moment unexpectedly placed.

A man to have 'hands' must be cool, and I never knew one possessing good hands yet who did not always ride with a long, or comparatively long, rein.

A light, but also when necessary firm, touch of the rein, a good nerve and quick perception of how to act in unexpected situations and difficulties, and the power of judging the character of your mount, are therefore perhaps the chief component parts of the gift which so very many of us unhappily lack.

Life is, nevertheless, seldom if ever long enough to acquire an absolutely complete knowledge of even such matters as those which we have chiefly studied, and the writer will therefore be very glad if any one with more varied experience of horses in the hunting-field will, in a future number of the *Badminton*, provide its readers with his or her ideas upon the subject he has herein so incompletely summed up.

SWORDSMANSHIP IN ENGLAND

BY THEODORE ANDREA COOK

IT is often argued that because the Duel, as a social necessity, has disappeared from English customs, the art and science of Fence is an unnecessary and useless accomplishment. Those who have never tried it are accustomed to urge further that in days when the choice of athletic sports has become practically infinite, they prefer any form of outdoor exercise to a recreation which has hitherto been limited to foil-play under cover. The purpose of these pages is to show as briefly as possible that both these criticisms need very considerable modification in view of recent developments.

There are several very natural reasons for an attitude of neglect, even of disdain, with regard to English fencing in the past ; and they originated in the conditions that obtained during the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. The duel was doomed as soon as the pistol replaced the sword. What was gradually growing repugnant to the common sense of the nation then offended all its instincts of sportsmanship as well. When blade was measured against blade there was at least a chance either of the right cause winning or of the 'villain' being punished at the moment of his victory ; for the worst fencer in the world can sometimes hit an experienced adversary ; and if only he be courageous enough, he can often land a thrust upon his opponent's body at the instant he receives a wound himself, a method—says the facetious Bazancourt—which usually settles both accounts by the expeditious process of double entry. But with the pistol this is impossible in either case.

The final encounters with fire-arms greatly assisted the extinction of the duel. In 1829 the great Duke of Wellington had a meeting with the Earl of Winchilsea on March 21 in Battersea Fields, having challenged him with regard to some correspondence published in the *Standard*. The duke missed his man and Lord Winchilsea fired into the air. Ten years after that, Grattan sent a challenge to Lord Londonderry, with reference to a political speech in Parliament. He also missed his man, and the marquis promptly fired into the air. People felt the thing was becoming ridiculous. By 1843 a British jury expressed the opinion of the public by declaring it to be murder ; for Lieutenant Munroe shot his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett, on a quarrel about the management of some property, and was obliged to leave the country. New regulations for the army put a stop to any further loss of officers in the same way. The last duel I know of in England also resulted fatally, in 1852 ; but it was between two Frenchmen, one of whom shot the other through the heart at thirty paces.

I have mentioned these instances only to make it clear that if swordsmanship had vanished, the pistol-duel was even more out of the question in what is known as the early Victorian era. For some time the bully took advantage of an opportunity which has never been equalled in the history of this country. The knife and the revolver flourished in our slums. We imagine the Hooligan is a modern plague ; but he was far worse in 1850. The old P.R. had then begun to decline, and boxing was not half so fashionable among gentlemen as it had been some half a century before. The best men of their time saw this and deplored it. The finest pages of George Borrow are those in which the scientific use of 'Long Melford' is sympathetically described, and one of the best of Thackeray's essays deals with the fight between Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy. It was only by slow degrees that a society, which had given up wearing the small sword, realised the advantage of being able to knock a man down out of hand, instead of depending on shooting-irons in a revolver-pocket.

But if the prize-ring and the duel were discarded, the racial instincts of which each was a symptom were far too deeply rooted to be abolished with them. Our hot-blooded young men now fight their battles in the football field or on the river, at Lord's or on the cinder path at Queen's Club Grounds, in one or other of the countless forms of athletic, personal contest which have been invented or developed in the last few

decades. The stream that once flowed deep and strong in a few channels has for the time been diverted over a far larger area. But there are many signs that the tide is turning towards those older courses which no momentary torrent can destroy. One of these signs is the extraordinary renewal of interest and activity in fencing.

To be really alive, a movement of any kind should be represented both on its theoretical or literary side, and in its practical manifestations. Three books will be sufficient to indicate that the science of the *arme blanche* has taken a high place among the productions of English authors, and I name them in the order of their appearance. They are Mr. Egerton Castle's 'Schools and Masters of Fence,' a volume containing an indispensable bibliography, which has been translated into several languages; Mr. Felix Clay's 'Secrets of the Sword,' which is a scholarly translation of the Baron de Bazancourt's delightful treatise of 1862; and Captain Hutton's 'Sword and the Centuries,' in which the various styles of fence from the fifteenth century are described by one who is a master in them all, and the use of each weapon is exemplified by an authentic instance of their employment in actual combat.

I pass to the practical side with even greater pleasure. This country has already had the honour of contributing to the jury of an International Assault in Paris. During the past month of June two Englishmen have done something more. At the tournament, organised by the Academy of the Sword in Paris, Mr. C. E. Newton Robinson not only won the medal awarded to all who got a second place in one of the preliminary Pools of eight, but also secured the prize offered to the best foreigner in the competition. His comrade, Mr. Norbury, though he was not actually so successful in the place he won, yet made so great an impression by the excellent style of his fencing that he was awarded a *diplome d'honneur*. More than this. On June 15 an assault-at-arms was held in the Steinway Hall, under the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary for War, the Commander-in-Chief, and many other distinguished personages, at which, under the presidency of Lord Stanley, the European champions of the foil, the *epée de combat*, and the sabre made their appearance on the stage before an English audience with the winners of the various English championships. To have been able to fence in company with such men as Camille Prévost, Georges Rouleau, Capitaine le Comte de la Falaise, and M. Willy Sulzbacher, to

name no more of our visitors, was no slight achievement for such English amateurs as Mr. Evan James and Mr. Jenkinson, or such an English professional as Fred MacPherson. Two days after this a *Poule à l'Epée*, or competition with the duelling-sword, was held in London, after a plan which I shall describe later. Both French and English fencers competed, and those who saw the display there given can be in no further doubt either as to the energy or as to the excellence of swordsmanship in London at the present day.

But this point has not been reached without many and various episodes and drawbacks in the history of English Fence. The oldest form represented in contemporary illuminations or carvings is the sword and buckler, which began among the common people, but retained the favour of the upper classes at least until 1615. Your bluff, upstanding Englishman always had an affection for the downright cutting blow; and in the form of the singlestick and the backsword this kind of Fence lasted at country fairs till within the memory of many in this generation. But, of course, the rapier and the point were introduced long before the last mentioned date on the continent, and it is amusing to see the scorn with which British professors at first regarded the 'new-fangled frog-pricking' art of thrust and lunge. Characteristically enough the first treatise on the subject in English was written on the use of the two-hand sword in the fifteenth century. But in 1594 and 1595 respectively, the foreign theories of the use of the point were printed in London by Giacomo di Grassi and Vincentio Saviolo, who were roundly answered by George Silver (1599) in his 'Paradoxe of Defence,' and other works, which laboured to prove the perils of all them that trusted to the foreigner in such vital matters.

As may be easily imagined, those staunch old Tories, George and Toby Silver, did not limit their arguments to mere print and paper. When naught else would serve they hauled the foreigners out of their coaches at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, and stamped their prostrate bodies into the mud of the highway. In 'Romeo and Juliet,' you may read a ringing echo of the contemporary national scorn for 'fencing by the book of arithmetic.' There was, indeed, some reason for this in the ponderous monstrosities which Spanish, German, and Italian professors strove to teach their pupils about this time; and it was no doubt owing to the complicated exaggerations of such writers as Pacheco de Narvaez or Hieronimo Cavalcabo that

the long rapier and dagger play was gradually discontinued. The point had served its original purpose. It kept men at their distance, and gave skill a legitimate equality with strength. But the weapon was still too clumsy and too lengthy ; it could be used with edge as well as point ; and it remained for Frenchmen, like Le Perche, Besnard, and La Touche, to lay the foundation of what was to become the perfected school of the small sword.

In the early days of Louis XIV., seven at least out of the eight modern parries were introduced by Besnard and practised at the Académie d'Armes. Weapons were shortened, but retained a cutting edge to facilitate the penetration of the point and to avoid the use of the left hand as a guard. The four-sided foil made its appearance. The courtly preliminaries of the 'salute' began.

In England, however, the old styles of Fence died hard. They were thought more 'manly' and remained more popular. Two scenes during the Restoration will give the typical differences between the styles employed by the nobility and by the middle and lower orders. For the first I may select the famous encounter in which that ruffian, the second Duke of Buckingham, fought the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose shameless wife stood by her lover with a pair of pistols in a page's habit, ready to finish off her husband and herself if Buckingham were unable to get through the business satisfactorily. Lord Shrewsbury was run through the body. Both the seconds on each side fought also, and the only man who left the field unscathed was that sportsmanlike supporter of the Turf, the Hon. Bernard Howard 'of Norfolk.' He killed his man upon the spot, being on Shrewsbury's side, and went down in peace the next day to see his horses run at Newmarket. In this triple duel all the weapons used were short swords, somewhat heavier than they were to be later, but employing the point alone.

Mr. Secretary Pepys describes a very different scene in 1662 at the New Theatre in the Strand, where 'I come and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life ; and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood ; and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle.' The play with the point, in fact, was still limited to gentlemen, and the 'gladiating' fencing-masters used only the methods of the backsword. In the *Spectator* for July 1712,

Steele describes just such another contest as Pepys saw, between two champions named Buck and Miller. But the most renowned fighter of the early eighteenth century was James Fig, who, as the inventor of boxing and boxing-gloves, is handed down to fame as the father of the old P.R. His business card by Hogarth is still preserved ; and in his 'Pugilistica' Mr. Downes Miles writes of him : 'Fig was the Atlas of the Sword, and may he remain the gladiating statue ! In him, Strength, Resolution, and unparallel'd Judgment, conspired to form a Matchless Master.' A redoubtable rival of his, though with the cudgel only, was John Delforce. Many a stout battle did they, and the best of the prizefighters, bring off at Hockley-in-the-Hole, at the Bear Gardens, or in Smithfield ; and long after their somewhat gory combats had gone out of fashion the single-stick (which they had only used in practice) remained a national amusement.

By 1716 the man who was to introduce the best French school of small-sword fencing into England was born of wealthy parents at Leghorn. Domenico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo spent several years of his early manhood in travelling all over Europe before he settled, for some time, in Paris, where, under the tuition of the elder Teillagory, he attained an extraordinary proficiency both in horsemanship and the art of fence. As was the case with Bernard Howard long before, the two things have often gone together ; perhaps because a light hand and a sympathetic touch are essentials in both. The first public recognition of his skill with the foil was when he was persuaded by his friend, the Duc de Nivernois, to challenge all comers to a fencing match at one of the celebrated hotels in Paris. The most interested, and perhaps the most interesting, of his spectators happened to be Peg Woffington, and his son blithely describes the charming scene when she slipped from her seat and presented Angelo with a bouquet of roses : 'The company, as well ladies and gentlemen of rank, surprised at this, were no less struck by the gallant manner in which he received the gift. He placed it on his left breast, and addressing the other knights of the sword exclaimed, "This will I protect against all opposers." The match commenced and he fenced with several of the first masters, not one of whom could disturb a single leaf of the bonquet.'

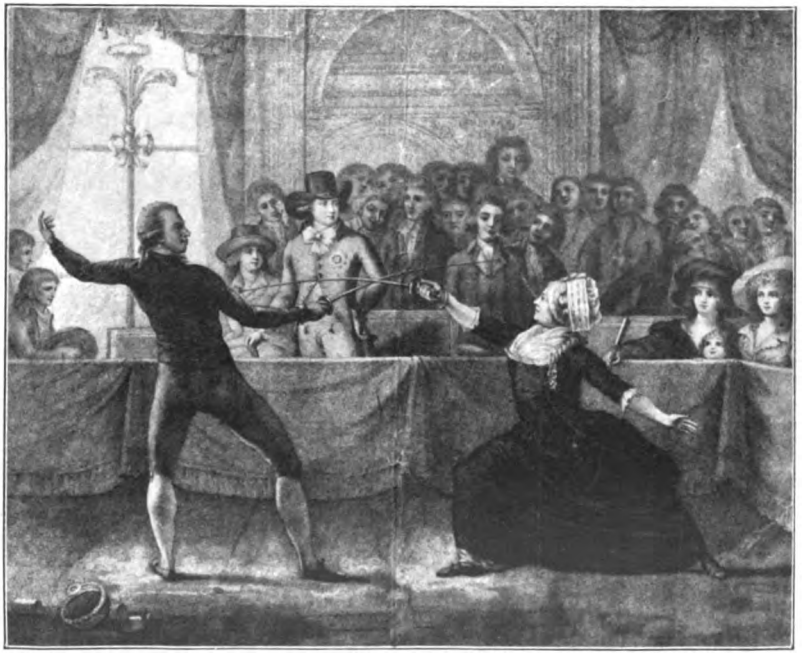
It is one of the many claims which Peg Woffington had upon the British public that she persuaded Angelo (if that be

the right explanation) to go back to England with her. At any rate, he was soon afterwards in London, and his noble horsemanship soon witched the world of fashion. You may still see his fine seat in a saddle in West's picture of 'The Battle of the Boyne,' for which he sat. His no less graceful posture with the sword is preserved in Gwynn's plates in the magnificent 'Ecole des Armes,' in which he stood for one of the figures in each picture, the other representing either Lord Pembroke or the Chevalier d'Eon. It hardly needed his encounter with Dr. Keys to establish his reputation as a swordsman. Society flocked to him, the Duke of Devonshire among the first. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was his bosom friend. The splendid series of his pupils is appropriately closed by the names of George III. and the Duke of York.

It is significant of the dark days of the early nineteenth century that his grandson's rooms at the top of St. James's Street, which had been taken on by William McTurk and his two sons, finally drifted into the possession of a 'Strong Man,' and are now devoted to mere feats of weight-lifting. But there is a link between the present and the past. Captain Alfred Hutton, late of the King's Dragoon Guards, was a pupil of the last Angelo at the age of thirteen. The captain is fencing still with sword and sabre, with foil and bayonet, with rapier and dagger, with any hand-weapon you may name; and it is due as much to him as to any other single individual that fencing did not die out altogether in England, for there is hardly a single young swordsman of promise to-day who does not owe much of his proficiency to having received his first encouragement—if not his first lesson—from Captain Hutton. In Mr. Egerton Castle the last decade or so has seen one of the prettiest and most scientific performers with the sword in England. In Mr. Felix Clay, the Amateur Fencing Association has found a secretary worthy of his position, alike with sword and pen. It is significant that in picking out three practical swordsmen to whom the preservation of fencing may justly be attributed, I have repeated the names of those to whom we owe the last three best books on the theory of the art. No doubt the one without the other would have failed. But the fortunate combination of literature with manual skill did much to save us from the loss of first-rate swordsmanship.

I have now but the last step to take, the last movement in this Renascence of the Sword to chronicle, and in describing it I must refer you back to the competition I mentioned in Paris

in the first days of June. The Englishman who won the medal for the best foreign entry, has been chiefly instrumental in introducing to this country the final and appropriate form which English fencing will no doubt for some time assume. The foil, as an academic study, and a graceful pastime under cover, is almost unsurpassable. But the athlete of to-day, whether he be young or middle-aged, demands something more. He wants the zest of personal combat without the restriction of



CHEVALIER D'EON FENCING BEFORE THE PRINCE REGENT
(*From a Print in the British Museum*)

any conventionalities. He prefers, to use a natural metaphor, to take the gloves off and fight in the open air. Thanks to Mr. Newton Robinson this can now be done in London. He has organised, with the help of nearly every first-class fencer, an Epée Club, which uses the French duelling-sword only, and employs exactly the same regulations and procedure as obtain in the French duel. This means that a bout ceases the moment either man is touched. The fencer has no limited area to defend. He must keep himself scathless from heel to head, and he has an equally wide area of attack upon his adversary. The essential element of competition is introduced

by dividing up the men who enter into 'Pools' of eight. Each man fights every other, so that eight men will need twenty-eight bouts to decide the winner, who is the fencer who receives least hits. A competition of this kind, such as one in which I bore the humble part of the vanquished in the Temple Gardens, is one of the most delightful forms of recreation to be had in London. It can be enjoyed as long as you have strength to grip the handle of a sword. It can be practised out-of-doors in fine weather and indoors when it is wet. It gives a man all the hard exercise he can ask for, and it keeps his mind at work as well. Nothing reveals a character so much as fencing, and few things are more fascinating than the discovery of a temperament by the feel of the blade, or the adaptation of your own play to suit the new emergency. There comes a time in every man's life when he wants some different form of exercise from that to which he has been accustomed in his youth, especially if he is obliged to live in London. I know nothing better than riding ; but we cannot all get a horse, and if we could we may not care to pound up and down Rotten Row every day. But fencing we can take up at any hour, in any weather, and we can adapt it exactly to our needs. The actors are beginning to realise its value to every one who relies on grace of deportment and carriage for his living. The Foil Club is the result. The ladies have discovered that the same exercise in moderation can but improve their natural charms. The Ladies' London Fencing Club has sprung into being to satisfy their needs.

But I think I have said enough to show that fencing in this country has come back to stay. There was a time when we could beat most of the rest of the world at any sport. It will not be long before we hold our own in this, as well as at any period during the long and chequered history of swordsmanship in England.

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietor of the Copyright and Publisher, C. Klackner, 12 Haymarket, London, S.W. Also 7 West 28th Street, New York, U.S.A.

ON THE SANDS.

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE picture of Henley needs little description. 'The Finish for the Grand Challenge Cup' is being vigorously contested, and the typical crowd looks on from the banks, or from the various craft that are always brought together for the greatest of regattas. 'On the Sands' also represents a familiar scene that may be described as semi-aquatic. The roads are hard during the summer months, the crops are growing in the fields so that it is impossible to turn aside and ride across country as may be done in certain parts a little later in the year; so these girls, having found a convenient strip of sand, go for their canter by the margin of the sea. ''Ware Hare' is a reproduction of an original oil painting by Mr. C. Lutyens, whose hunting pictures, artistically excellent, have the special recommendation of being painted by a practical sportsman who has ridden to hounds all his life and is familiar with the subjects he represents. The picture, not yet sold, is reproduced by kind permission of the artist. The whipper-in has just got to this riotous hound in time to impress upon his memory that hare is not legitimate quarry so far as he is concerned, and it may be hoped that the lesson will not be lost upon the couple that are coming across the field. The American bird this month is the Mallard Duck (*Anas boschas*), called also the Wild Duck and Greenhead. These ducks abound in the interior of the United States and Canada. In Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and Indiana they are among the first to arrive and the last to leave, and in sheltered localities a few sometimes remain to winter. A naturalist, who is also a *gourmet*, describes the mallard as 'the king's own duck for the table'; the canvas-back does not surpass it, he says, and he declares that he has shot corn-fed mallard whose flesh was as sweet as that of a young quail, and at the same time as choice as that of a woodcock. The mallard is, of course, the ancestor of the common domestic duck. Though wary and shy they are exceedingly inquisitive, and easily decoyed by painted wooden effigies or gay bandana handkerchiefs fluttering from poles. America is the land of the Mormons, but mallards are not of this faith. Waterton and other writers assert that the wild mallard is not only strictly monogamous, but that a couple remain paired for life.

BADMINTON 'NOTÂ BENE'

How to dress most suitably when engaged in various field sports is always a problem. The personal experience of a good many years past enables us to say that it is a problem the solution of which Messrs. Burberry (31 Haymarket) have gone far to solve. Waterproofs of the ordinary sort have their merits, especially when they *are* waterproof; but they have their demerits also, nearly every system of attempted ventilation being more or less a failure, hotness and stuffiness necessarily resulting. Messrs. Burberry, in the material used for their gabardines and other garments, suggest a method of proving their capacity for keeping the wearer dry on the one hand, without baking, boiling, or stewing him on the other. In the first place it is claimed that water thrown on them will immediately form itself into globules, which rest on the surface and may be shaken off; and in the second place that a garment may be placed close to the mouth and smoke freely breathed through it. The significance of this is so obvious that it does not need comment. The various shapes suitable for shooting, fishing, riding, cycling, golf, &c., are too numerous to describe, though it may be noted for the benefit of automobilists that a special 'Slip-on' has gained warm approval from adherents of the latest device in travel. The materials are of all sorts of thicknesses and degrees of warmth or coolness.

Other novelties which deserve special mention are the structures of the Portable Building Company, 46A, Market-street, Manchester. The company has been formed to erect all sorts of buildings in wood and iron, for human habitation, stables, kennels, dairies, and other purposes. For instance, from £132 upwards the company provide a shooting-box or seaside cottage, with living room, 16 by 12 ft., two bedrooms, one the same size, the other a little smaller, hall, pantry, scullery, and so forth. A convenient cottage can be set up for as little as £94, a pavilion for cricket, golf, lawn tennis, or what not, with a club-room, rooms for the home team and for visitors, verandah, store-room, &c., for 200 guineas. Summer houses are a speciality. Cheapness is a feature of the Portable Building Company, as also is the speed with which their work is done.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

SEVERAL books about racing have lately been published. With Mr. Sydenham Dixon's volume, 'From Persimmon to Gladiateur' (Grant Richards), I dealt incidentally in the May number. Mr. Dixon has devoted much of his life to racing, and it need scarcely be said he is thoroughly acquainted with the subject. 'The English Turf,' by Mr. Charles Richardson (Methuen and Co.), is also the work of a man who writes of what he knows thoroughly. His idea is to describe in detail the principal English courses, with reminiscences of what has happened there, and the book is rendered interesting by a number of very fair photographs of the chief homes of sport. One looks with mingled feelings at these pictures. There is Ascot, the course cleared for the Gold Cup, for which the number board shows there are six runners, and the expectant crowds are apparently waiting for the start. There is a picture of Goodwood taken from Tattersall's ring, giving a view of the private stand, the horses in the paddock beyond, and Trundle Hill in the distance. In the Epsom paddock the crowd is watching the favourite for the Oaks, several familiar faces being recognisable in the gazing throng. There, too, is Aintree, the horses going to the post for a flat race, the steeplechase course the other side of the rails, with a view of the water-jump, to see the horses cross which, the second time round, we have so often waited with anxiety. All these pictures, indeed, furnish subject for contemplation, pleasurable or the reverse, to the man who goes racing. But why does Mr. Richardson, a contributor to the Badminton Library, condescend to the low depth of calling

a jockey a 'knight of the pig-skin'? That sort of threadbare slang is intolerable. Just a little editing is the only thing 'The English Turf' wanted. Literally parsed, for instance, that is a curious statement about Herbert Jones, of whom it is said 'that he found himself at the summit of a jockey's ambition merely because a certain horse would not go kindly for the first jockey of Marsh's stable, whilst he took kindly to himself.' To whom did who take kindly? I did not begin these remarks, however, with any idea of bestowing adverse criticism on the volume. Any one who wants to obtain a comprehensive idea of English racing and English race courses may be advised to seek information from Mr. Richardson's pages.

Mr. Hodgman's book, 'Sixty Years on the Turf' (Grant Richards), had its origin, he tells me, and, indeed, states in the Preface, from a remark of the late Lord Chief Justice that the author ought to publish his reminiscences. Meeting Mr. Hodgman on a racecourse Lord Russell would ask, 'What sort of a man was—' let us say, 'So-and-so'; for to mention the name of the once potent personage about whom information was requested might be to hurt the feelings of his surviving relatives. 'What sort of a man, my lord? An infernal scoundrel.' 'And what sort was Mr. Blank?' Lord Russell would inquire. 'A wrong 'un, my lord,' Mr. Hodgman would answer, having, there is no sort of doubt, the most overwhelming evidence to support his statement. 'You really ought to publish your reminiscences, Mr. Hodgman,' would be the comment. All this I can well understand. I never met any one with so omnivorously inquiring a mind as the late Lord Chief Justice. Nothing was too great or too small to occupy his attention, and if the expression may be permitted, to excite his curiosity. I think I mentioned in writing some recollections of him after his lamented death, that he had told me on one occasion he had seventeen bets on the Cesarewitch and did not win one of them; and a man does not achieve this amount of speculation without having asked a good many questions. Mr. Hodgman, however, took the counsel to heart, and wrote, or to be accurate, dictated, this exceedingly interesting volume, which cannot fail greatly to gratify those numerous persons who like to be admitted to glimpses behind the scenes of turf life.

Mr. Hodgman is now a comparatively young man of only seventy-seven, with the energy of one half a century younger. I believe he has been racing regularly during the last few years, and as his book ends practically several years back, he may be advised to set to work on the production of another volume. I suppose the task would be impossible, but if any one could write a history of the career of Fred Archer, what an absorbing book it would be! In Mr. Hodgman's volume there are only four references to the famous jockey, three of them of the briefest and most casual description; the only one with any detail, an anecdote of how George Fordham beat him in a race which is not named. Fordham was 'cluck clucking' at his mount nearly the whole of the way, but, as Archer remarked in describing the event, 'with his infernal "cluck, cluck" he was always coming again. Two hundred yards from home I believed I had him dead settled; I will "cluck, cluck" you, I thought, and at that instant he swoops on me and beats me easily.'

This reference to George Fordham sent me to the Racing volume of the Badminton Library, to that wonderful description of Fordham's methods by the late Lord Suffolk which I always think one of the most graphic bits of description ever written on the subject. Limited as my space is, I really cannot refrain from quoting it: 'To the earlier fluctuations of the struggle, Sir Laudator'—he, it should be explained, is the owner of a Danebury 'good thing,' which Fordham is riding—'pays little heed, but when the first quarter of a mile has been traversed, one or two pessimists standing near him vouchsafe their customary growl, that "the favourite's out of it even now." As, however, the rushing phalanx approaches he sees for himself, aye, and proclaims aloud, that "the favourite is in it, right bang in it"; is indeed leading by about half a length, with a couple of light weights racing at his girths. Fordham throws a keen glance to right and left, then, perhaps actuated by a charitable desire to kindle once more a ray of hope in the breasts of the now silent bookmakers, or, which is more probable, thinking that those two boys have got more left in them than he quite fancies, he sets his shoulders higher than ever, a convulsive movement agitates his elbows, while from exultant layers rises *crescendo* a yell of "The field a hundred!" as quickly *diminuendo* into a mutter. "It's all that d——d Fordham's kid. I'll lay three to one I name the winner!" For

the hundredth time the old ruse has succeeded. The two stable lads, thinking they have the great horseman in difficulties, plunge simultaneously into the fantastic ecstasies of a flogging finish which settles their horses in the next dozen strides ; with the semblance of a shake Fordham shoots out, and canters home, the easiest of winners, by two lengths. No need to look at the numbers.'

It is, of course, to be lamented, but it is certainly true, that the subject of betting should occupy attention to the extent it does. An editor is able to ascertain what questions are uppermost in men's minds from the correspondence which reaches him, and a considerable proportion of the letters I receive deal with the struggle incessantly waged between layers and takers of odds. I have little space to devote to it this month, but one of the letters I have received is too amusing to be passed by, revealing, as it does, the methods of the ardent and energetic backer. 'My dear Rapier,' it runs, 'it is one of your counsels of perfection that a man should never back a horse unless he has what he regards as some really good reason for fancying him, and that if he does not fancy an animal very strongly he should not bet on the race at all. Of course you are quite right ; but then the mischief is that he always *does* fancy something ! Perhaps after reading the papers, and ransacking his memory for what he has heard or seen, he has no fancy when the numbers go up ; but is he not sure very speedily to acquire one ? He sees some friend dashing off to the rails, and when his transaction is completed, naturally asks him what he has been doing. "I have got a tenner on Deferred Hope," is the answer. "I am told he's a lot better than the one that won yesterday, and he was left at the post the week before last —lost half a dozen lengths at the start." The inevitable consequence of this is that you begin to fancy Deferred Hope. You ask somebody else if he knows anything about it ; he replies that he is "told it will very likely win, though it did not run very well last time out." By the light of the knowledge just obtained you are able to explain—at least, you think you are—that it did not get off then, and your fancy strengthens. You see some one else backing it, begin to think that it is sure to win, and follow suit, never suspecting that the astute representatives of another stable, none of whom you chance to have come across, have a direct line, and are quite certain that, bar some altogether unexpected fluke, they are sure to beat the animal you have determined to

stand. The chances are, however, in reading the prognostications of the various prophets you have already acquired a fancy—based, it is more than probable, on altogether inadequate grounds. At any rate, I find that a race is rarely run in which I do not gradually develop a strong fancy for one horse, with a wholesome terror—which too frequently proves well founded—of two or three others.' To this I really have nothing to say, except that, if a man is resolutely bent on 'fancying' something, he can, of course, always find something to fancy.

In the February number a picture was published of an

Italian cavalry man on horseback, descending what appeared to be an absolutely impossible slope, and in the April number I reproduced the picture, cutting off an angular strip from the bottom of it so that the slope was made to appear less incredible, but still the hill appeared one which no horse really could have gone down. Some one has kindly sent me the photograph here reproduced, apparently under the impression that this is another view of the occurrence illustrated, and here the slope of the hill at its steepest being only a few yards high, riding

down it looks a much simpler matter; but the photographs here and in the previous numbers are assuredly not of the same incident, for the horse previously shown was a white one. I can only observe that the man on the white horse must have descended the slope as shown, or else it would have been impossible to photograph him in the act of doing so.

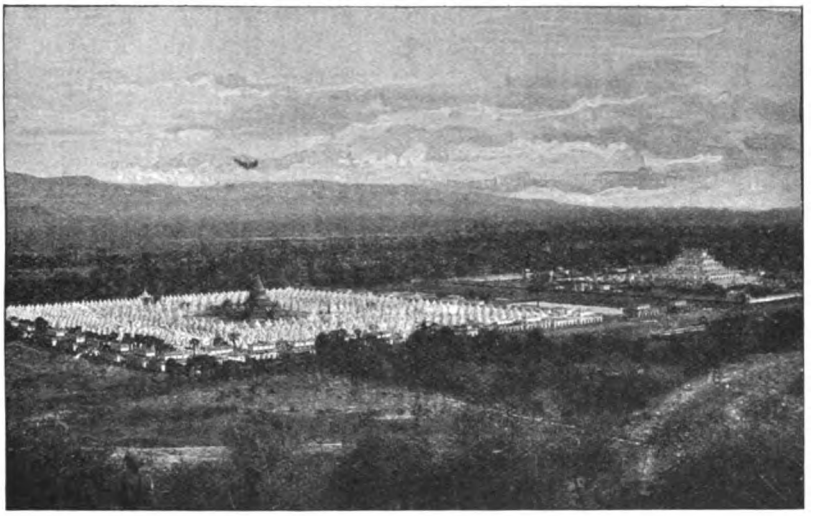
Mr. H. G. Green very kindly sends me the following pretty little story of bird life: 'The delightful article by Mr. W. H. Hudson, in the *Badminton Magazine* of last May, was read by me with great interest, and recalled most vividly to my mind an incident which occurred to me some years since when fishing a reach of the Itchen below Bishopstoke, and of which I think it may interest your readers to have an account. My attention was suddenly called to most piercing and heartrending cries of "peep-peep!" constantly repeated. On looking in the direction from which they appeared to come I saw a little round, dark, fluffy ball being carried down the very centre of the stream by the force of the current. It was evident at a glance that I could offer no effective aid in the position I was in, and that if assistance were not given promptly the little creature, which was evidently a baby moor-hen or dab-chick, would be carried downwards to the sea, and either be killed on its passage or starved to death in a few hours. It occurred to me at once that about half a mile below the stream would bear the little wanderer to my side of the bank, when I should doubtless be able to reach it with my landing net. I accordingly walked slowly down, keeping the little mite in view, and on reaching the spot I had in mind I found that I could easily dip him out with the net, which I accordingly did. I then turned and walked back with the little creature still in the net. From its extreme youth I was unable to decide as to its species—that is to say, whether a young moor-hen or dab-chick, but I gave a preference to the latter. On the way back I passed several moor-hens, and I stopped to try and attract their attention by giving them the opportunity of listening to the piercing cries of the little one, which were unremitting. I also saw two or three dab-chicks, but they too were unmindful of the cries, with the exception of one, which came hurriedly out from the sedge under the bank, but as speedily returned upon seeing me.

'I felt certain, therefore, that I could not yet have met with the parents of the lost chick ; but on arriving at a place some two hundred yards above, where I had first seen the little round ball, I noticed two dab-chicks hunting about and diving, evidently in great excitemunt. Hiding myself as much as possible, I held out the net as far over the stream as I could from behind some bushes, and no sooner were the cries of their lost child heard than they became even more excited, coming boldly across the river, almost to my hiding-place, not even going back when I rose in full view of them. Taking the little creature in my hand, I walked a few yards up the stream and placed it in the water, where it was speedily joined by the parents. Similar cries of "peep-peep!" came from the bank on the opposite side, but seeing the fate that had befallen their wandering brother or sister they had evidently been warned to keep close and not incur similar dangers. The parents safely conducted him or her to a haven of rest, and I am sure that never was there more joy over one erring wanderer who had returned to his parents' home than there was over this little waif and stray.' It is such incidents as the above that make a fisherman's days by the river so enjoyable, and send him home with, it may perhaps be, a light or even an empty creel, making the scoffer and unregenerate man exclaim, "another blank day" while it is in reality full of interest and incident ; and if this be the case at the time, how much more so is it in remembrance, when from age or infirmity the rod has to be exchanged for the walking-stick, and the river can be no more re-visited.

A friend who is a keen lover of nature and observer of natural history writes to me, on June 4 : 'You will remember the circumstances under which I had the pond at Frensham Vale cleared out last year. This had the effect of driving away the wildfowl which formerly frequented the place, and, until about five weeks ago, I saw none. Then, however, I discovered a moor-hen's nest in a blackthorn bush about eight feet from the ground and just twenty-five yards from the edge of the pond. I watched the nest. On the Thursday before Whitsuntide the eggs were hatched and the hen took the brood into the pond, where I have seen them every day since. In my opinion this case is unique, but some of your readers may perhaps have had a similar experience ?'

Writing about the Derby for the last number a long time before the race, I observed that if the stakes went to Newmarket it would probably be by the aid of Volodyovski. So it fell out. The late Lord William Beresford's colt, in a light blue jacket, similar to his formerly familiar one, but with a brown cap instead of a black, secured the great race, and that, moreover, with no little ease. I suppose the friends of Handicapper were much disappointed at his poor performance, but all the same if he had won the Derby it is inevitable that disagreeable remarks would have been made about his fourth-rate running in the little £100 Welter Handicap where Petridge and two other common horses beat him. This remark must not be misunderstood. I am not for a moment vaguely hinting that Handicapper was not what is called 'out' that day, and as for Sir Ernest Cassel, there is no reason to believe that he in any way regulates or efficiently supervises the running of the horses —that, in fact, he knows very much about racing and its ways ; but if Handicapper had won the Derby people *would* have asked what he was doing on April 18. Both the Two Thousand and the Newmarket Stakes seem to have been false-run races. With regard to the Oaks, Cap and Bells II. is beyond doubt a really good mare, as friends who were admitted to the confidence of the stable were informed some days before the race, and it would greatly have surprised those who knew most about her if she had failed to win very much in the style she did. It is a pity—from her owner's point of view—that she has so very few engagements, for she will be exceedingly difficult to 'place.' My impression of the two-year-olds this season is that they are rather beyond the recent average of merit, but it is, of course, too early yet to speak of this with anything like certainty.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
NEW YORK.



THE THOUSAND AND ONE PAGODAS

The Badminton Magazine

'MAYMYO'

A TALE OF LOVE AND RACING IN MANDALAY

BY ALAN FIELD

LAST September, on Governor's Cup Day at the Poona Races, I saw among the bookies in their new covered-in arcade a familiar name-board, which brought back melancholy memories of a Black Monday after a recent sky-meeting in 'merry' Mandalay. The owner caught my eye, and his own twinkled at a profitable reminiscence. I refused his immediate proffer of business, even though with stentorian lungs he gazetted me on the spot as a major-general.

When I found him with his half-caste clerk at the end of the day, they were both, with contented faces, packing their stock-in-trade. From their expressions (both facial and verbal) they had evidently, in their accounts, come out very much on top (Oh, my brother punters who travel to and from the east by second class, while our money is with the bookies

in the first saloon! Why, oh why can't *we* spot a winner?). I took the opportunity of asking him if he had done good business lately, and if he still included Burma in his itinerary of visits. He took the cheroot out of his mouth with a snort. 'Burma?' he said; 'Burma? No, sir! not for this firm again. They're a bit too clever over there, they are. You, sir? Yes, I recollect you. Why, the only pice to the good I took that time was when you came along with your little lot.'

Hardly flattered at the inference that I had been the only not too clever sportsman whom he had met in Burma I pressed him for details, but the wound to his pride and pocket was still too tender for discussion. 'Burma!' he went on, 'D'you see this bag, major?' pointing to his rupee-stuffed grip-sack, 'I went over last spring with, Lord love you, I don't know how much in this bag, beside the firm's credit on the bank. But I came back steerage to Calcutta, on a tramp-steamer, by the courtesy of the skipper. Well! well! and my partner he's there yet, asking to be sent home as a distressed mariner by the Charity Passage Society. No more Burma, colonel, no.'

Although he would not give the figures of his financial catastrophe in Mandalay, or the names of his particular enemies, I could, having been stationed there at the time, appreciate his professional sentiments of disgust at the state of affairs then prevalent.

This meeting with the ex-Burma sportsman reminded me of a story of the Mandalay turf which I had well-nigh forgotten.

I might call the tale 'Love, the Maid of Mandalay, and a Pony,' and I will begin it by rendering *place aux dames*. She was a really bewitching little piece of daintiness, and her pretty name was Maymyo. Her uncle, who was an old ex-minister of Thebaw, and had a pension, as such, from the British sirkar, had a comfortable little estate and pukka (brick) house by the Irrawaddy shore in Mandalay city. Maymyo had been brought up with his family until she was sixteen. Mind and body develop fast 'east of Suez,' and long before this age she had wondered under what particular disguise the winged god would come to woo and win her longing little heart. There is no 'purdah' in Burma, and the girls are free as air to pick and choose their fate. But Maymyo had a clever brain under the luxuriant mass of her blue black hair, and she knew, from what her mirror thumb-ring told her, that her prettiness deserved a lover, handsomer, or more wealthy, than any of the dusky youths who haunted her wandering waywardness. It

was her aunt who first put the idea in her head by speaking of a girl cousin who had married (in real legal Christian wedlock) a thekin, a white lord. These things, even in the modern days of quick passages home to England and beauty, do still happen in the land of lotus and pagodas.

It would be easy to cite several instances of English officials who live happily (to all appearances) with their lawful wedded little Burmese wives. Maymyo, although she possessed the affectionate disposition and innocent gaiety of mind characteristic of the Burmese, knew her world, and nothing interested her more than to listen to the tales of old Mahkin, the curiosity seller to the Europeans in the fort. These always ended by a warning to Maymyo to avoid the gay English thekins, who will give jewels and silks for a time, but only for a time, and who say that they are only going away for a short period, but who never, never come back.

Thinking of love, and possible lovers, led the little beauty to look critically from the quaint carved windows of the family trotting byle-gharry (lit. ox-carriage) at male humanity when driving through the bazaar or fort. She noted, and noting liked, the clean-cut faces and carriage of the soldier officers cantering on their ponies in the city. She appraised, too, at their value the more expensive turn-outs of the civilian sahibs when 'eating the air' (as the natives say) on an evening drive round the fort. The comparisons she drew in her ambitious little soul were not, I am afraid, in her compatriots' favour, and I think that the decision she came to was that *carpe diem* is the best motto for the young and pretty.

It was at this juncture that one day the byle-gharry had to pull to one side of the West Moat road to allow the British regiment in garrison to pass.

Maymyo admired the crash of the band, the tramp of feet, and the bronzed faces of the white men, until at the tail of the column came, as it were a 'bonne bouche' saved for the last, a gallant subaltern of the corps riding behind as adjutant. Something in her heart moved like a theatre drop-scene just about to go up, and Maymyo was in love. Bending forward with her soul in her eyes she met full the susceptible gaze of the soldier, and as far as he was concerned also the thing was done. The die was cast, the fates had spoken. He and she had met, and the rest was on the knees of the gods. My hero's name is prosaic. It is Lieutenant George Phillibert, shortened by his contemporaries and others to 'Nutts' or 'Nutty.' His

chief interest in life was his string of racing ponies, little Indo-Burmans, seven of them, cross-breeds, with more height, speed, and stamina than the native Burman pony. The pick of the lot and the hope of the little stable was 'Merman,' and Nutty's chief worry of late had been as to how much he might have let out of Merman's capabilities after a recent unwise guest-night.

Merman was entered for the Upper Burma Grand National, and on the result of the race hung the question as to whether Nutty could take leave home, or would have to sell up the string and go into the Staff Corps. And now, in addition to office work and racing, he felt the unpleasant symptoms which he knew from experience meant that he was about to fall in love. Still the stress of the training and preparing for the coming race meeting left little time for sentimental thoughts. The memory of the lustrous orbs that had met his eyes, of the sweet oval flower-crowned face, as white as his own, was pigeon-holed for future action in his busy brain.

Mr. Phillibert's head was ordinarily screwed on very tight, and as evidence of this I must quote what was related of him only a couple of years before the opening of my story. It is too good not to be told. His affairs at that time were approaching a crisis, when, as the fortune of war, he found himself appointed temporary commandant, and only British officer, of a border post in a huge teak forest in Upper Burma. The men of his command were sepoys of the military police. To his bill-harassed mind (sharpened by duns) the situation seemed a direct nvitation of Providence to relieve himself once and for all of the loan incubus. Here to his hand was untold wealth in the shape of valuable timber all unowned (because the Forest Department had not then taken over Burma). Equally handy and available were his unoccupied men, skilled labour only wanting tools and their officer's orders. They had not long to wait for the orders, and felling axes were procured post haste from Rangoon ; so the sepoys were turned for the nonce into wood-cutters and lumber men. The river, a branch of the Irrawaddy, was hard by, and a few weeks time saw raft after raft of magnificent teak logs sailing down the current to Rangoon. At this great seaport there was a ready market for the timber. When the Inspecting-General next went round the outlying stations, he found Lieutenant Phillibert under the shade of the last tree busily employed in checking his bank pass-book. No harm was done. The men were in the pink of

condition, and pleased with their liberal 'batta' (extra working pay which had come out of the profits).

The circumstances were so unusual that nothing after all remained for the general to do—except, perhaps, to regret that the idea had not struck him instead of his ingenious junior. This incident had set Nutty financially well on his legs again at the time, but all the balance left over, after paying old debts, had vanished by the time he began to train Merman for the Burma National. The meeting was only a fortnight off, when on a Sunday afternoon Nutts was lying in a long leg-rest chair in his verandah. He was resting, garbed like all Europeans during the hot hours in Burma, in loose silk Shan drawers and a thin silk vest and jacket.

The racket of wheels and sound of the tongue clicks, with which a Burman urges on his oxen, roused him from his siesta. Presently the clatter of sandals up his wooden stairs preceded the wrinkled face of old Mahkin, the curiosity-monger, peering through his shuttered door. 'Thekin, thekin,' she quavered. Nutty had picked up a considerable smattering of Burmese, and relieved to find his visitor was not, as he had feared, a money-lender with an ultimatum, allowed the old lady to spread some of her treasures on the floor. He soon found, however, that bargaining was not the business she had come about, for she broached in broken English a more delicate subject.

The drift of her message, for it was a message that she had brought, was, that if the tall thekin was not like the other Englishmen with cold hearts and horrid minds, then if he were to drive that evening to the sun-rise side of the thousand and one pagodas he might meet some one who wished to speak with him. The old lady would mention no names, and having accepted a cheroot and lighted it she clambered back into her little box on wheels, and was driven off. Although the fixing of a rendezvous on the part of the lady in a love affair might seem bold judged from our European standpoint, yet by Burmese custom the clandestine nature of the suggested interview seemed modesty itself. It would, Nutts felt, have been more in accordance with the national character if the girl had called herself with Mahkin that afternoon. He was but an ordinary mortal, and he felt that had the bolder course commended itself to the unknown fair he would have been the last to condemn her. Still the mystery of the tryst, and above all the memory of the glimpse he had caught on the day of the

route-march, brought into the affair a glamour that would not have been attached to it otherwise. He found himself after half an hour's speculation looking anxiously at his travelling clock as the burning hours crept on. At four he took his string of ponies with the riding boys up to the racecourse, and finding no one about took Merman with his next best pony Phantom once round the course. After each gallop he felt more and more hopeful of the result, and as the little cross-bred took his jumps with a dash that a thorough-bred horse might have found difficulty in emulating, Nutts felt his spirits rise till hope was almost a certainty in his mind.

Once free again from debt a year's leave at home would set him on his legs again, in health, mind, and affairs. The prospect was inspiriting. He was running over mentally the delights of England as he jumped into his trap, and turned the pony towards the road to his evening tryst. He left the tum-tum and syce beside a pagoda, walked along the eastern wall of the thousand and one temples, and soon caught a glimpse of the sheen of silk and a flutter of white behind a great clump of feathery bamboo. Nutts hurried round, but the vision eluded him with a little ring of merriment. After ten minutes hide and seek he dashed, laughing, with arms outstretched, to find he had caught in them—not Maymyo, but an aged duenna. Maymyo herself was trilling a few feet off with fun at his expression of disappointment. It was easy to talk to Maymyo, Nutts found. His Burmese was weak, and her knowledge of English was limited to a few words, but eyes can speak—and such eyes—what lips can never, never, tell. It was long past sunset when Nutts and the maiden parted, but it was not before they had mutually agreed to meet at the same time and place the next day.

This was the first of many similar meetings, at each of which Maymyo was accompanied by her chaperon, who kept most Mrs. Grundyishly near her charge, but appeared to be conveniently deaf. On the tenth evening after they had parted, Nutts felt that the position of affairs required a mental balancing, and he left mess early that night determining to have it out with himself. He analysed his position calmly and dispassionately. Here he was, three days off the meeting to which he looked to settle the eternal worry of duns, bunias, and bills. As much almost, too, his personal pride and interest in the success of his pony urged him to wish that he might see his number go up after the steeplechase. Also if Merman were to win, with owner up, it would be a feather in the regimental

cap, and *esprit de corps* was a strong feeling in Phillibert's breast. The thought that recalled the regiment led on to ambition. Once free of debt, and happily at home with his people, he could rub up forgotten connections with influential relations and friends. To come out from England to a Staff appointment—that would be the thing, and then a rich wife! A rich wife? A sweet white Englishwoman to share in his pride of position and his love of sport. Yes, but then how about Maymyo? The first vision of a possible future seemed to pass like a cinematographic picture, and another took its place on the screen. Suppose Merman were to lose? Suppose he were to come down at a jump; strain himself before the race; or any one of the hundred and one chances which might occur to prevent a win? Then, of course, the monetary loss would be great, in addition to the old loans still owing and running up automatically at monthly cent. per cent. There would not be, could not be, any leave then out of the country. But still Maymyo was in the country, and Maymyo's uncle was rich. He was an influential man, who could arrange with the money-lenders to keep quiet until he, Nutts, should transfer into a Burma battalion. Then time and better pay would settle the money question, and meanwhile Maymyo, lovely lithe laughing Maymyo, would be his. That was the rub. Would she? Would she always elude him, or did she love him as he loved her? For that the latter was a fact he acknowledged with a groan. He did really, sincerely, love this alien maiden as much, he felt, as he or any man could love. His thoughts interwove, and the potentialities of every permutation of possibilities wandered on in his reflections until he worried himself into a tired sleep.

The morning saw him determined to let events take their course, and his five o'clock visit to the stables before parade made him feel, as Merman pushed his velvet muzzle through the bamboos to sniff for lucerne grass, that his one wish was for the little horse to win the trophy. After that *ruat cœlum*. The next two days passed in the same way. Every morning saw Nutts wishing to win, and evening saw him again meeting Maymyo, and nearly longing to lose. She had realised from what he told her his exact feelings, and knew his debts from bazaar 'gup' (gossip). She saw clearly what would result if Merman pulled off the race—that her lover would go and leave her. And her passionate Eastern blood thrilled warmer day by day in proportion as she kept her feelings in restraint.

She knew fully, poor child, that to be loved by a man of the ruling race she must first make herself respected, so, with feminine intuition, she never met Phillibert alone, nor trusted herself to be with him for very long.

The race day dawned. The course was bright with flags and the gay colours of a Burmese crowd. The Burmans love racing, and any form of gambling appeals especially to them. They were present, rich and poor, in thousands. On the reserved lawn were the mess tents of the British regiment, of the gunners, and one for the Burma battalions in the garrison. The military police, too, had one, and every official from the districts and hills who could get away was present for the great week of racing and polo in Mandalay.

Now we come to our friends the bookies. They had become gradually shyer and more shy of the Burma Turf Club. The military racing bloods and the civilian bucks were such a very 'warm lot' (in sporting phrase) that a combination again the professional bookmakers, on the part of owners and jockeys, had been several times painfully successful. I am not, I must in fairness say, writing of the present time, but of some few years back. The Burma Turf Club stewards had held several inquiries, but they had been farcical rather than serious. The consequence was that bookmakers were gradually giving up visiting the race meetings in Rangoon and Mandalay. And my friend the bookie, whose embittered opinion of Burma racing I have quoted some pages back, was one of those who had been worsted in an appeal to the stewards. However, on this occasion there were sufficient layers of the odds to make the enclosure lively, and they did a bustling business with the natives, the soldiers, and the club members. The totalisator and some games of chance did a good trade, too, during the meeting. Nutts booked a few bets in the tents at five to one against Merman. The bookies gave him sevens up to a certain point, and then other men, following Nutts' lead, caused the market to drop until the following of the favourite kept things moving, and Nutts having ventured as deep as he dared, moved off to strip for the race. He stood to win just under a lac, and to lose about 20,000 rupees.

As he passed the railings by the rich natives' enclosure, he nodded to Maung Shwé Dagone (the Honourable Shwé Dagone), Maymyo's uncle, and asked him if he was betting. The old gentleman replied with smiles that he stood to win or lose heavily on the result of the Upper Burma Grand National.

That he had backed the favourite, a pony owned by a syndicate.

'Oh, by Jove! have you, Maung Shwé?' laughed Nutts. 'Well, you take my word that Merman will win by five lengths, at least.' Nutts looked to see if Maymyo was among the Maung's friends, and not seeing her he felt relieved to a curious degree and moved off.

Merman attracted much attention in the paddock, and many who took him into account now for the first time either felt anxious and hedged, or felt anxious and left matters to stand, their actions varying with their characters.

There was a large field for the steeplechase, and the excitement in the crowd of white and black (not forgetting the myriad half-shades) grew intense as the bell opposite the winning post denoted that the starting machine had set the chafing racers free on the course.

Who does not know the sigh and heave the crowd gives as 'They're off' is murmured? Merman behaved like the gentleman he was as the starting machine flicked up its ugly net before his nose. The race was twice round the course, and as Nutts sailed over the jump in front of the Grand Stand the first time, and felt the bursting little thunderbolt between his knees, he thought that life was indeed worth living. Two more-or-less outsiders lay in front, the favourite came third, then Merman, and the ruck next, with a tail of stragglers already opening out behind.

A rail and hedge brought down the leading pony, the second dropped back, and when they opened into the straight after the last jump Merman was going strong in front, with the favourite's nose at his girths. But the latter's bellows were to mend, and Nutts' trick of whipping his own boot smartly had led the native jockey up on the favourite to give his pony an injudicious cut or two with the whip more than a furlong back.

Merman was next to the rails and the crowd.

The roar of the stands began to come to Nutty's ear with a curious, dull, rhythmic sound like a chorus of 'Merman wins and Maymyo loses!' 'Merman wins, wins, wins, and Maymyo's lost!'

It seemed then quite natural to catch, in one glimpse, a vision of the girl leaning agonised over the rail. And two strides further he realised in a flash the meaning of her look.

She loved him and was losing him. She was living there by the rails, but her heart was dying. He felt as if he was a

murderer. Honour, hope, and ambition vanished, and only the lovely face of Maymyo, with straining eyes and piteous mouth, remained. Fifteen yards from the winning post he threw himself back in his stirrups and pulled, pulled his pony. Merman obeyed, and the favourite passed him, winning by a length. All the world saw it, and a sort of subdued whistle rose from the astounded throng. It was the most inexplicable thing! Every one, brown or white, knew that the owner, the rider, had backed his own horse heavily to win, and many knew what that meant to him. Yet, here they had seen, and their eyes had not deceived them, one of the most deliberate cases of pulling ever known.

How Phillibert formally weighed in, and got back to his bungalow through the staring and hustling crowds, he never knew. Had the people been other than natives and men of his own regiment the experience would have been still more unpleasant.

It was a couple of silent brother subalterns who drove back to the fort with him. The thing had been so obvious, and yet the reason so difficult to understand, that it was astonishment rather than any reprobation that kept them wanting words.

That same evening Phillibert met Maymyo in the scented tropical dusk and—there was no duenna.

Subsequent events, as far as Nutty was concerned, moved rapidly. The bunias of the neighbourhood agreed to lend him enough to square his debts of honour. Behind this complaisance Nutts discerned another influence moving. The Turf Club stewards had him up before them on the charge, lodged by a dozen members, of pulling. His defence was (oh, Nutts, where was your ingenuity?) that he had mistaken a lady's black parasol for the winning post.[1] The stewards (oh, gentlemen, where was your ingenuousness?) agreed to believe this, and the matter was whitewashed. The real reason was, public opinion recognised that there must be something else below the surface.

Some suggested brain trouble as an explanation. Maymyo could have told them better. She knew why her lover had ruined himself, and glorified in him and his action. Did it not prove his love for her? And he? He felt that, as he had blackened his reputation for love, that love owed him something in return, so he took what the gods gave him and let the world slide.

[1] A fact.

Nutty's colonel having thought the business over, and being a man of the world, had probably ascertained indirectly some of the truth, for he made up his mind that he would not have one of his officers making a fool of himself, at any rate, while in the regiment. Nutty was accordingly told to take ten days' station leave in which to set his house in order, and thereafter to proceed on language leave in India, preparatory to going into the Staff Corps.

The reason given was that the colonel did not approve of any officer getting so deeply into debt that it was a matter of public discussion, and also rendered it impossible for the officer to go home on leave without the money-lender's permission.

Nutts sold up without difficulty his racing stable except little Merman, stored his furniture, and started with his tents and servants for the lovely hill jungles. He did not go alone, nor were they other than happy in their orchid festooned camp.

Maung Shwé Dagone now began to have his responsibilities as an uncle brought to his notice by his wife and her cronies.

None of them for an instant objected to Maymyo taking up with an English thekin. The English point of view never occurred to them. But that Maymyo, a lovely girl, who was, by common consent, the prettiest face and figure of Upper Burmah, should waste herself on a ruined and pauper thekin was unheard of, a thing to be stopped at once.

And so Maung Shwé Dagone's life became a burden to him. He became a dusky Mr. Caudle. Now a Burman is not like the Hindoo, for the love of money is not the ruling passion with him. A life of ease and comfort is the one thing desirable. Consequently Maung Shwé Dagone, in seeking a way out of the difficulty, in no way shirked the one feasible solution because it would entail pecuniary loss.

He went round to the money-lenders and bought up all Philliber's paper. He got it at great reduction, practically all interest being taken off, as the bunias began to feel more than anxious as to their victim's solvency. They were glad, moreover, to oblige the Maung, who, as a municipal councillor, could do them a good turn on some later occasion.

He then made certain, by an indirect channel of information, that Nutts would be given leave to England if he could afford to take it. So he wrote to a firm of agents and booked and paid for a passage from Rangoon to London.

The agents were instructed to send the ticket and receipt, in Lieut. Phillibert's name, to him, through his colonel's office.

It was a clever scheme.

At the end of the ten days Nutts came back from the Garden of Eden, and, walking into his bungalow, found a fat envelope on his table.

'Lord!' he groaned, 'here they are! Writs and summons, threats and torments.' He tore it open, to see his own promissory notes, I.O.U.s, and notes of hand, tumbling in a sheaf at his feet.

He was still in the dazed condition consequent on attempting to understand how this miracle had come to pass, when an orderly arrived to say that the colonel wanted him at orderly room. 'The colonel's compliments, sir, and you are to come as you are.'

At the orderly room the colonel greeted him with a cold handshake, but added a word of commendation at his (Nutts) sense in taking a passage home.

'If I were you I would be off at once. I will see about it at headquarters.' Saying which, he handed the amazed Nutts the steamer ticket, and Nutts found himself back in his bungalow.

Hopes and ideas, which he had thought dead or dormant, came tumbling over one another in his brain.

Maymyo's quick wit was not long in finding out the new state of affairs, nor was she more dense in reading her lover's face ('Alas! for me, my good days are done'). She felt the struggle going on in his mind.

The temptation, the relief from worry, and the brightening future were too much in the scale, the other balance of which held only Nutts' and Maymyo's hearts. Hers, poor butterfly, was heavy enough, it is true, but his grew momentarily lighter.

It is needless to prolong my story.

Nutts made up his mind to go, and, having made up his mind, tried to make his going easy. He lied to her, and Maymyo created no scene, and affected to believe he was only leaving for a day or two.

He bade her farewell the evening before he intended to start, but she was insensible before he had taken her into his arms. He left her fainting in the bungalow adjoining his, and endeavoured to fill his mind by making the final arrangements for his luggage and property.

Merman was to be taken care of by a brother officer.

Nutts dined out that evening, returning late. Next morning, very early, the luggage was on the gharry (cab), and Nutts turned, for a last glance, at the verandah of Maymyo's temporary quarters. There was no sign of life. He ran for one last word to the stables, but in Merman's stall the pony lay dead, cold and stiff, with a bucketful of poisoned meal at the doorway.

There was no time for inquiry, no time for aught but to go. And almost weeping Nutts drove from his compound to the station.

The Fates had not yet done with him. As the cab passed over the bridge, across the moat, his attention was attracted to a knot of wailing women and men by the bank. He felt that perhaps this was a distraction, an interest which his mind could dwell on rather than on the thoughts of himself and his past.

So he stopped the cab to ask the reason of the confusion, and the group of natives parted to his questions. They showed to his seared and burning eyes the dainty little figure of Maymyo, his Maymyo, lying lifeless. She was on the bed of water-weeds with which they had lifted her body from the moat.

. . . . .

The 'boxers' of the district of Shang-chi-Lao could, if they wished, tell of a foreign devil who died under the torture six months after the events I have related. But the *Gazette* only mentioned as 'Missing, since last month, Lieutenant George Victor Phillibert, of the Indian Staff Corps, Special Service Officer.'

THE HAUNT OF THE EAGLE, THE HOME OF THE GROUSE

BY ALBAN F. L. BACON

'THE long Vac.' There are few words that convey more meaning in a small compass than these three. The University terms with their crowded hours of work and play and social intercourse are as delightful as they are short-lived, but the full charm of undergraduate life cannot be realised if we confine our attention alone to them. The first long vac. is perhaps the happiest of all. The first University examination safely surmounted, there rises before the freshman's eyes the vision of more than three months holiday, with just a sufficient quantum of work to take the edge off that undesirable charge of idleness which may otherwise be brought against him.

It was the writer's good fortune to spend this happy period at a shooting lodge in one of the most beautiful districts of the Scottish Highlands, of which some attempt shall be here made to set forth the description.

Driving out on a cold April day from the nearest town (nine miles off) to inspect this lodge and its accompanying moor, though the leaf was still off the trees, there was yet a grandeur in the scenery which made one feel that here indeed was the very heart of the highlands, the real Scotland of romance.

Below the cleverly engineered road ran a river, roaring

among its huge boulders, while on the upper side great rocks reared themselves almost sheer up to the moor above. Following the river-bed for some seven miles or more through scenery the grandeur of which would appeal to the most prosaic of mortals, we came at length to the large loch, on the southern shore of which the house lay, nestling close down to the waterside. Grouse prospects for the year were good; and after a row on the loch with the keeper, to get a rough idea of the lie of the ground, and a short visit to the nearest point

THE LOCH

of the moor, we were satisfied that our journey had not been made in vain.

If the lodge and its surroundings were beautiful in April they were doubly so on our return in August. No longer was the rushing river so much in evidence, bowered as it now was in its leafy screen; and the lodge peeped out from a belt of graceful birch-trees whose slender outlines were reflected in the waters of the loch.

The picture was perfect in every detail.

In the foreground lay the calm and beautiful loch, shut in to the north by the giant mountains of the Forest of Atholl, only a short stretch of green sward interposing between its blue waters and the very walls of the lodge itself. Above the fringe of birch-trees at the back rose the moor, in its early

August habit, towering majestically above the little house like some great protecting genius, while away to the west stood out the cone-shaped peak of Schiehallion.

The whole place seemed typical of what the ideal shooting lodge should be. Ten minutes climbing brought you from your front door to the best beat of the whole moor. Here was no necessity for a long drive every morning before commencing operations. When shooting was not the order of the day, you could step into a boat almost out of your drawing-room window, and either devote yourself to the more gentle art of fishing or row about revelling in the glorious scenery.

The moor ran for some two miles due south of the lodge, trending ever upwards, until it culminated in the peak of Farragon (2500 feet in height), a true mountain of romance in that it has been immortalised in the pages of the great Sir Walter Scott himself. For its size the ground was as well stocked with game as you can find in all Scotland. Five hundred brace in a good season on a small moor of 2000 acres is hard to beat. Any quantity of blue hares, particularly numerous on the high ground, added sufficient variety to the sport. Seamed with burns, and covered with springs of clearest water, this ground would, even in a dry season, yield a heavier bag than many a moor of greater pretensions and extent but less natural advantages. The surface of the ground was well broken, and thus, even when birds were wild at the back end of the season, you would often get the chance of a walked-up shot, as you quickly rounded a corner—as sporting a shot as any advocate of the old school of shooting could desire.

After a terrible thunderstorm in the early days of August, the 12th broke calm and beautiful. The mountains that had reverberated the deep-voiced thunder were now to give back the sound of man's engine of destruction, the double-barrelled breech-loader.

By ten o'clock a small but ardent party might have been seen winding slowly up the steep hill above the lodge between the birch-trees. The three guns first, then the kilted keeper with the dogs (for this man still affects the garb of his forefathers), and the man with the horse and panniers to carry the game, bringing up the rear. Past the birches, and over a small burn, till we come to the first stone wall; and here a brief halt is called, while we pull ourselves together after the stiff climb and fill our pockets with cartridges.

THE GROUSE.

Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum
(*Natural History Section*).

i

se
the
with
fathe
game,
small b
brief hal
stiff climb

Soon a pointer is uncoupled, and away he springs, as keen as any member of the party, as anxious for a good bag on 'the Twelfth' as the keeper himself. Working slowly round the face of a hill, it is not long before we get our first point, and the gun on the right begins the day well with a right and left. Soon the shooting becomes general, and by lunch-time it has grown evident that this day will be reckoned as a successful 'Twelfth,' even by the keeper, who is not easily pleased.

Then comes lunch, but it must not be spun out too long,

THE LODGE

however pleasant it may be to lie back in the soft heather, fanned by the gentle breeze, by the side of the murmuring burn that rushes down to add its small tribute to the great loch below. Soon we are again tramping along over the springing heather, and the bag gradually mounts up till, as we slowly descend the hill again, as the evening closes in, it has reached the respectable total of some thirty brace or so of the finest game bird that the British Islands can produce.

It is perhaps only fitting that this bird, which we regard as peculiarly our own, which the great ones of the earth come from afar to shoot, should sometimes fall a victim to the

monarch of all our birds of prey. The golden eagle justifies this title by his princely appetite.

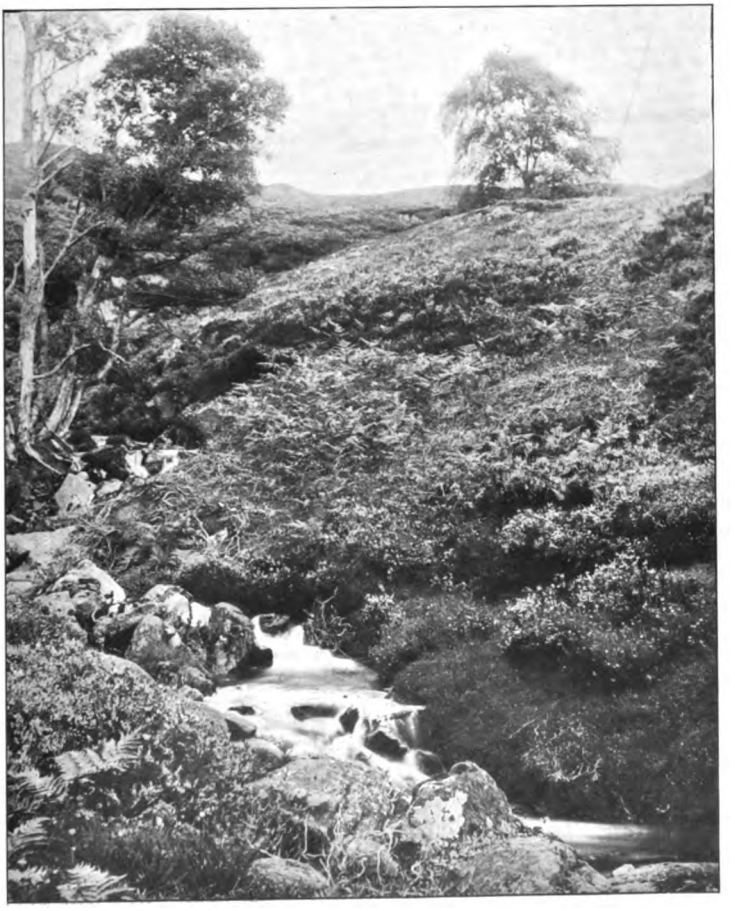
Many a time has this magnificent bird visited this small moor; but alas! in the year of which I write, he came only to meet his doom. On a bold mass of rock, which we got to know as 'The Eagle Rock,' it had always been the keeper's custom to set one of those circular hawk-traps, which are only too commonly used. Cruel though it undoubtedly is, it is only in the fulfilment of a gamekeeper's duty that these engines of

THE LOCH AND BOAT

destruction are employed, and we can hardly blame him if we look at the question from his point of view. This particular trap had been set for years, on a small cleft in the rock, where birds of prey were in the habit of settling; to shelter, no doubt, from the wind after a long and tiring flight.

Attracted by the marks of other members of their tribe, it is their habit thus to select the same spot time after time as a harbour of refuge. Before our arrival in August the old keeper, who had been all his life upon this place, and who knew the habits and haunts of every bird, had, to his great surprise, found a magnificent golden eagle caught in this small trap, that had been set to catch a far humbler representative of the family

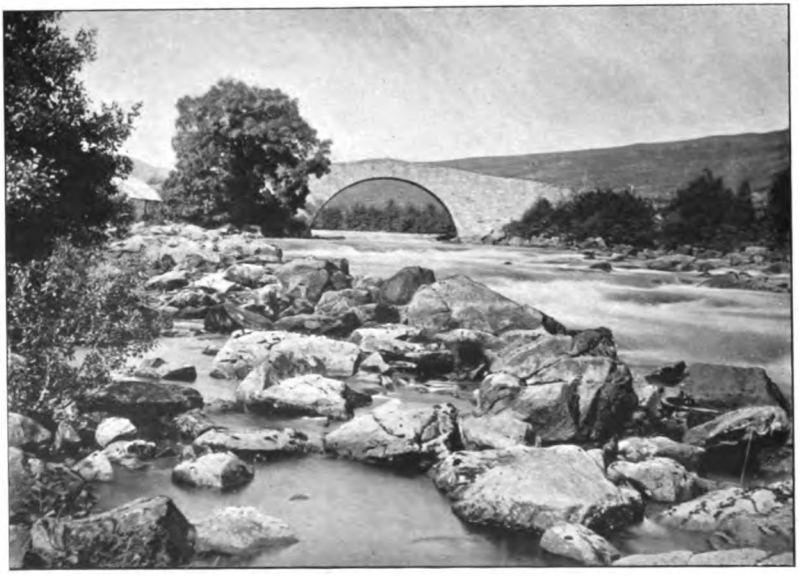
of falconidæ. In all his wide experience such a thing had never before occurred. In the early days of August, when ranging the moor to see the working of a new pointer dog, we passed this identical rock. As we approached, the keeper was about to point out the small niche where the unfortunate



THE MOOR

monarch of the moor met his end, when, with an exclamation of astonishment, he shouted, 'There is another of them in the trap!' It was only too true! Six feet in spread of wing, he was a fine specimen of his great race. But how much better that he had still been able to sweep for mile after mile, over the great heather tracts, the terror of the denizens of the moor, the admiration of all beholders!

Once, in the Deeside district of Scotland, the present writer had the privilege of seeing one of these birds on the wing, on slaughter bent. The guns, stationed in butts, were awaiting the advent of the drivers, or, more correctly speaking, of the grouse which they were to drive, when suddenly there appeared, on the opposite face of the neighbouring moor, a great bird slowly hovering. With stately bearing, unruffled by the mobbing crowd of 'Hoodies' that circled screaming round him, he swept along the ridge, driving the grouse in terror

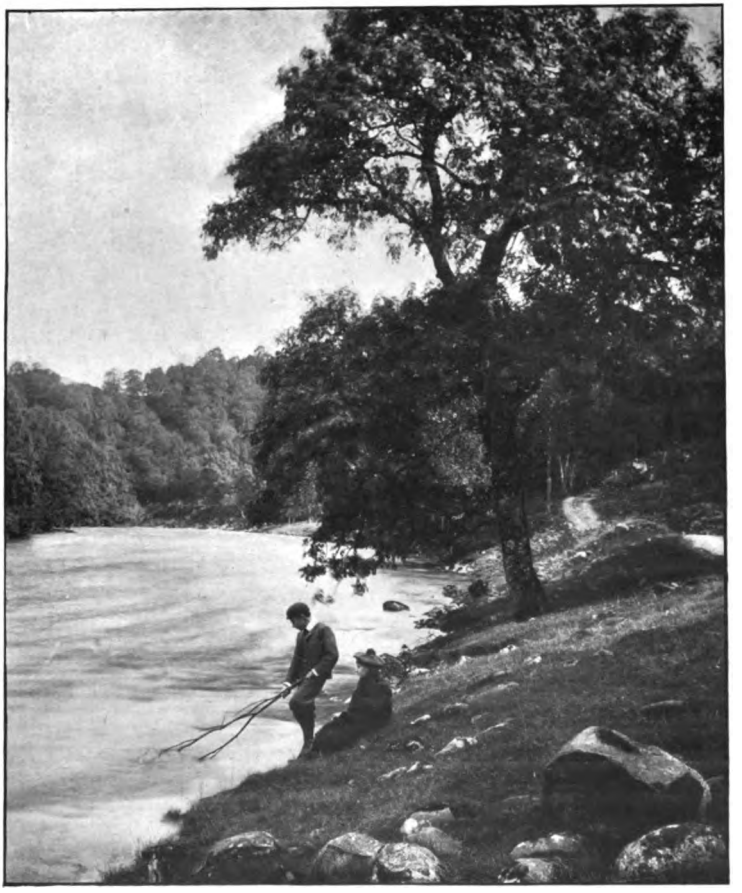


A GENERAL WADE-BRIDGE UP RIVER

before him (one only escaped the clutches of the eagle to fall a prey to the gun of the writer), and then vanished over the brow of the hill as silently and composedly as he had come.

On the small moor on which this magnificent bird was caught the innumerable blue hares were, no doubt, the chief attraction. Grouse only occasionally serve the Golden Eagle as a change from his ordinary diet, which consists chiefly of hares, rabbits, and occasionally the fawns of the red deer. He does not pursue his quarry in mid-air, but sweeps suddenly down, like a bolt from the blue heavens, upon crouching grouse or cowering leveret, and catching his victim between his strong claws squeezes it to death, when, if not required for his own present use, he carries it off to his distant eyrie. It is

useless for the sportsman in pursuit of grouse to traverse any portion of the moor that has lain directly in the track of one of these eagles. His labour will be all in vain, not a grouse will he see. Though so few actually fall victims to the eagle's talons, they are so well frightened by the great bird's approach



THE RIVERSIDE

that, wherever his shadow has passed, a blight might have fallen over the land, so barren does it seem of any signs of animal life. There is one of Archibald Thorburn's lifelike pictures that very effectively illustrates the eagle's awe-inspiring power. A covey of ptarmigan are cowering close to a mountain top, whilst over them, reflected against the snow, appears the eagle's ominous shadow, the bird himself being still out of sight. It is

called 'The Shadow of Death.' Ravens, and the peregrine falcon too, were occasional visitors to the moor ; smaller but naturally far pluckier birds than the eagle, who is at heart somewhat of a coward, and there can be no doubt much more destructive to the game and injurious to the livestock of a grouse-moor.

On the fringe of the moor, just where the birches gradually thinned out into a straggling line, and blended finally with the heather, a pair of woodcock reared their downy offspring. At the beginning of August, while carefully picking our way along the sharply sloping sides of the large burn that formed the 'march' on the west side of the moor, we saw one of the prettiest sights in Nature, and one, too, that has caused much discussion amongst her devotees. Coming suddenly, with the sound of our footsteps deadened by the soft moss-grown heather, upon a little glade in this fringe of birches, we walked close past the site of the nest, and caught mother woodcock somewhat unawares. In mortal terror for her brood, she determined to save at least one of them, and taking him up between her legs bore her favourite child away to safety.

By August 1 the close time for the woodcock comes to an end, but this incident serves to prove that, in the case of this sporting bird, as in so many others, it is well for the humane man to hold his hand until the birds are well grown, and not to adhere too closely to the letter of the law while transgressing its spirit. Sceptics have raised doubts as to the credibility of the fact that 'cock' ever do carry their young in this way ; and there is a lively feeling of satisfaction in being able, thus personally, to have ocular proof of so interesting and touching a trait in bird-life. The flight of the mother, owing to her precious burden, was necessarily more clumsy than usual, and it was hard to realise that this was the same bird who later in the season would twist and turn with such quick lightning-like flashes among the tops of the trees, the delight and at the same time so often the despair of the gunner.

On this moor the comparatively modern practice of driving grouse had been introduced, and August had barely run its course before we had to take to the butts.

Though the season had opened well with a beautifully calm twelfth, the preceding thunderstorm had thoroughly broken up the weather, and till the end of August it was wet and wild. Needless to say, so were the grouse. The great difficulty in these parts was the scarcity of drivers. A boy might perhaps be procured for a day's driving at a ruinous price, considerably

higher than that obtained by the English beater of mature age. Even so he had to be retained for the purpose for several days in advance. It must also be added that, whatever the reason, the Scot, with the exception of the actual keepers and gillies themselves, does not appear so keen or willing an assistant in the shooting-field as the Englishman. Perhaps he looks at the matter more from a professional point of view, and the Southerner is possibly more of an amateur out for his holiday. The Scotchman makes his harvest out of the sporting tenant, who in other matters has very little to do with his welfare ; whereas

A PERTHSHIRE CROFT

the English beater is as often as not the hereditary retainer of his master, to whom he looks for aid in sickness and advice in trouble.

Grouse-driving was occasionally varied by a hare-drive, a form of sport for which there is not much to be said. During our three months tenancy we killed some two hundred or so, a number which we could have doubled without any difficulty, but, except as an occasional variety, they were not greatly to be desired.

To take your post near the top of a bare peak hidden from view behind a rock, and shoot deliberately at these poor beasts sitting up in front of you, or 'lopping' slowly away, is neither

a great test of skill nor a very healthy or exhilarating form of exercise. To put them up in front of you as you walk along is infinitely preferable.

There are few things colder than shooting driven game on a keen October day in a high wind; and there can be nothing more difficult to shoot than a cock grouse coming down wind, when it is blowing half a gale, late on in the season, when he has gained the full use of his powerful wings; but if success attends your efforts, the result atones for all. Down

SENDING GAME OFF BY BOAT

he comes, and falls very often some 150 yards or so away. In some years a ptarmigan or two are shot on the highest point of this moor—Farragon, to which reference has been made above—but we were not fortunate enough to come across any. One or two blackcock, shot among the birches close to the loch, required a great deal of circumvention before they could be brought to book, and lent a pleasant variety to the bag. My last day on the moor will long remain imprinted on my memory. An early start from the little lodge, the usual sharp burst before we came to the moor proper, and then, what a glorious view burst upon our eyes! The mists from which we had just

emerged still lay clinging to the sides of the valley and covering the loch in their white shroud, but above them to the north rose the beautiful blue peaks of the Atholl Forest, with the sun just beginning to touch up their glistening summits with his rosy beams. The usual order of things was reversed ; at that time in the morning the mist had left the mountain tops, where it so often clings throughout the day, and they stood out clear and pure against the sky, while the sun was as yet unable to pierce the white clinging fog and release the valley from its thrall.

It was one of those perfect October days, still, clear, and bright, which persuades the grouse, in some cases, to lie almost as they do at the beginning of the season.

On such a small moor it would seem very unlikely that in the middle of October there should be anything left worth the trouble of walking after. On this day, however, our bag totalled 28 head (9 grouse, 16 hares, 2 rabbits) ; and quite enough too. Few would wish for more ; just enough to give an excuse for being out all day, clearing the heather, with a vigour engendered by over two months existence in as healthy a spot as can be found ' within the four seas.'

We have but dwelt on one side of life in this ideal shooting lodge. Much fun could be got from fishing in the burn for the small brown trout that swarm there, and from a row on the loch, sometimes swept by a sudden storm that makes the boat pitch and toss like a mad thing, but more usually placid and still, reflecting the mountains, the lodge, and the trees at the margin, in its pellucid depths. Or on a clear, still night you could push gently out in the boat, calm settling down on your soul, when, in the words of Matthew Arnold,

> Raised are the dripping oars,
> Silent the boat ! the Lake
> Lovely and soft as a dream,
> Swims in the sheen of the moon !

THE WOODCOCK AND THE SNIPE

BY THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY

PROBABLY the most popular card game at this moment is 'Bridge,' and in that game the combination of cards generally accepted as the strongest is one usually described as a 'woodcock.' The reason for this nomenclature is, I believe, that the hand in question is a rare one to hold and one not often seen, which peculiarity attaches also to the bird—the woodcock. Hence the application of the name. Indeed, the woodcock—*scolopax rusticola*—is becoming, in England, at any rate, rarer and rarer every year. Exceptional bags are still occasionally made, but taking the country as a whole, places which formerly were haunted by this attractive bird now yield very few in comparison with what they produced in not far distant days.

Nor can this condition of affairs be wondered at, for many woodcock are annually destroyed during the breeding season in the countries to which they resort for this purpose, while the great increase in the number of sportsmen, improved guns, and better shooting, all tend seriously to deplete the ranks of this long-billed bird. Norway and Sweden, Russia,

and Northern Europe, are perhaps the parts of the world where they mostly breed: a certain, but still comparatively only a very small, number do so in Great Britain and Ireland.

But notwithstanding the increasing rarity of the woodcock in the British Isles—or possibly for that very reason—the cry of 'Mark Woodcock!' is still the most exciting of all sounds in a day's covert shooting, and the one which is productive of wilder and more erratic marksmanship on the part of both young and old gunners than any other of those welcome cries which enhance the appreciation of a well-managed day's sport. And this reminds me that not long ago the head keeper of an estate belonging to a friend of mine became the proud father of a first-born son. As soon as my friend's wife heard of this she sent word to the keeper that she hoped he and his wife had not decided on any particular name by which to christen the child, as both she and her husband were strongly of opinion that he, the child, *must* be called Mark!

The keeper and his spouse cordially agreed, and so in due course the infant was christened by the singularly appropriate name, and became Mark Woodcock. This is about the most fitting name for a keeper's son of which I have cognisance.

It is curious how the sight of a woodcock seems to upset the accuracy of aim of even the best of shots. Not many years ago I saw two of these birds missed within a couple of minutes by two men, one of whom was, and is still, acknowledged to be one of the finest of English game shots, whilst the other was then but little his inferior. Both woodcock presented simple, easy marks, for they came straight over the guns at a most convenient height, across a broad ride. I would willingly have wagered a fair sum that both the birds would have been added to the bag, but not a feather of either of them was touched. It was a case in point of over anxiety brought on by the cry of 'Mark Woodcock!'

Undoubtedly he is the reverse of an easy bird to kill, for he flits and twists and glides in a wonderful way; and to the man who does not get much practice at them, woodcock are very deceptive objects at which to shoot; but, nevertheless, this does not quite account for the number which are missed in the course of a season's shooting.

Personally, I have not been fortunate enough to take part in any of the great woodcock days which occur in parts of Ireland, the West Coast of Scotland, and to a minor degree on the East Coast of England; but I have had the luck to assist

in many days shooting both in England and Scotland where a fair number of woodcock were secured; and on these experiences possibly I may be permitted to make a few remarks.

Woodcock have, at any rate, one peculiarity which is convenient for the gunner, and that is they seem to entertain a family affection for particular spots in woods, spinneys, or other places they may inhabit. Though the whole of a wood may seem to the eye of man to be just as likely to hold a woodcock as any individual place therein, that bird itself does not, as a rule, hold the same opinion. He and his tribe will probably select one section only, and to that part therefore the gunner will probably repair—that is, if he is not shooting the whole wood for pheasants and other game, but is out after woodcock only. There may be damp spots in different parts of a wood which would appear as if they should be most attractive to the woodcock, but although a stray one or two may be found in them the main number collect in one selected quarter.

This was forcibly brought to my notice in a large, wild wood in Bedfordshire, to which every year a certain number of woodcock resorted. Ditches, half-drains half-natural streamlets, ran through the wood in several places, and nearly all of it seemed equally likely to hold these birds. Certainly an occasional woodcock was found in other parts, but it was in one quarter of the wood that, if there were woodcock in the country at all, they would certainly be flushed. During the seven or eight years I shot at this place I never found this rule fail; and so, after the regulation day's covert shooting had been accomplished, whenever the keeper told me that there were woodcock 'in,' I used to go straight to this small section of the wood and could almost invariably count on finding three or four of them there. Although I often carefully examined the ground I could never discover any peculiarity of growth of either grass, shrub, tree, plant, or of nature of soil which would account for this partiality on the part of the woodcock. Of course in most cases woodcock are attracted to a particular spinney or wood by the fact of there being some damp boggy spot or small stream which provides them with opportunities of procuring those insects and worms on which they mostly feed. A young plantation is also a favourite haunt: one which has been planted some seven or eight years or thereabouts is, perhaps, the most popular. When the young plants have grown above a certain height, and before they have had their first 'thinning,' woodcock seem to avoid them, probably because

the trees being close together prevent them from rising easily and so clearing them.

It does not seem necessary to allude here to any of the record bags of woodcock made during past years in either England, Ireland, or Scotland, for are they not recounted—at least many of them—in the pages of the Badminton Library and in many other books and articles on shooting? But I doubt whether any one ever enjoyed woodcock shooting more than did the writer of this article in the days of long ago, when the foothills round the gate of the Highlands and the heathery bogs near by yielded some ten or fifteen cock in the course of a day's shooting; while amongst the contents of the game bag might be found a dozen other different kinds of fur and feather. Brilliant, crisp, late October or early November weather, and sport such as that: what more could a sportsman's heart desire?

What unexpected places woodcock sometimes select as their habitation! Only last November when playing golf in a park in Buckinghamshire, my adversary, much to my silent satisfaction, played his ball into a rushy, swampy patch of ground not twenty yards square. He made one ineffectual stroke with a mashie at the nearly hidden ball, and then essayed a second. The only thing which rose in response to his effort—save some fragmentary expressions—was a woodcock, which must have been sitting within two yards of the ball all the time the golfer was taking up his position, examining the aspect of his 'lie' and playing one stroke. It was not till the second had been undertaken that the woodcock left, and even then it may be that it was not the golfer, but his crisp language, that induced him to shift his quarters. But these things rarely happen when one has a gun in one's hands.

For some reason or other woodcock seem to take an interest in railways. They do so in some parts of Scotland, at any rate, for I knew several places on the Highland railway where that line ran through cuttings which were almost certain to yield a woodcock or two if carefully beaten. The banks of these cuttings were usually comfortably covered with broom, heather and dwarf birches, and if there were any woodcock in the country at all, one was nearly sure to find some of them in these localities. They never seemed to be in the least disturbed by the passing trains—of these there certainly were not many—and this peculiarity they share in common with so many other of the wilder animals and birds.

Whether from a gastronomical point of view the woodcock is as desirable a bird as is usually supposed and assumed, I diffidently venture to doubt. Certainly when his legs have been promptly and properly 'pulled,' when he has been 'kept' to the right moment, and when he has been *really* skilfully cooked and served—a feat one does not often come across, even where the cook is supposed to be first-rate – he is distinctly an appetising adjunct to a dinner. But even then he does not approach in excellence—to my thinking, at any rate—his small relation, the snipe. We all know the old saying:

> If the partridge had but the woodcock's thigh,
> It would be the best bird that ever did fly;

and I fancy there was a second couplet which ran somewhat in this fashion:

> If the woodcock had but the partridge's wing,
> It would be the best bird that ever did sing.

Fancy a partridge or a woodcock singing!

No, the wing of a woodcock always has a 'mousey' flavour to me, and I confess to appreciating only his thigh and 'trail' —and *then* much depends on the toast on which he is cooked!

Probably with regard to his culinary value I am in a large minority, but I think I prefer shooting to eating woodcock.

And having thus avowed my partiality for the snipe over the woodcock as regards his edible value, may I be permitted to say something about that fascinating small game bird's attractions, considered from a sporting point of view?

If the woodcock is a bird which escapes death at the hands of the gunner more often than he ought, what shall be said as to the difficulty of making good practice at snipe? For the latter bird is so much smaller than the former, and possesses so many more startling variations of flight, that it is given to very few to attain to a high degree of success in its pursuit.

Colonel Hawker has something to say on this. He states that 'the pursuit of snipes is declined by many, who plead their inability to kill them; than which nothing may be easier acquired by a pretty good shot.' Now I do not for a moment deny this dictum of the Colonel's; but it is not so easy nowadays for the ordinary sportsman to find the snipe at which to practice, and thereby attain accuracy of aim. What has been written in the earlier part of this article regarding the increasing rarity of woodcock—in England, at any rate—applies equally if not even more strongly to snipe. Every day draining

becomes more common ; all over the country more wells are being sunk ; more huge reservoirs are being constructed for the supplying of towns possibly a hundred miles or more from the sites whereon the reservoirs are placed ; swampy stretches, burns, becks, rivers and streams of all sizes and sorts are being laid under contribution to meet the water demand now so dominant. In consequence, the spots in which snipe delight, and without which they will not remain, are almost daily disappearing, and with them the snipe, whether of the 'full,' or 'Jack' kind. Of course, in Ireland, Scotland, and in the wilder districts of England, there are still plenty of snipe left, but, nevertheless, I myself know of many a place which has been within the last few years so 'improved' by draining and reservoir-making that where before these works were undertaken there were under ordinary conditions nearly always a certain number of snipe, now nothing is left but the memory of successful days long gone.

Snipe are most uncertain, shifting birds. They arrive at a place, and just when one hopes and believes that they have settled down and are going to stay for a reasonable time, some subtle atmospheric change, which very probably is unperceived by human beings, warns them to be up and off ; so when their favourite haunts are searched, instead of a fair sprinkling of snipe nothing but a stray bird or two is found.

They are most abrupt, too, as regards leaving their breeding grounds. On a moor-edge in North Derbyshire with which I am well acquainted snipe yearly breed in fair numbers. This ground is in reality a large rushy, swampy, tussocky stretch of land, with, in addition, some small heather patches interspersed. Snipe like this particular locality, and during the nesting time are moderately abundant. But as soon as ever the 1st of August comes, the great majority of them quietly disappear, and when one goes over this ground on the 12th August, only a very few belated birds are to be found. This is their invariable rule, and an annoying one it is.

If any one will tell me the best way to approach snipe when 'walking them up' I shall be greatly obliged. I have tried every conceivable method, and seemingly have hardly ever gone the right way to work.

I have essayed the 'up wind,' the 'down wind,' and the 'cross wind' plans, but have almost invariably done the wrong thing—at least as far as I could judge. Except on one or two very far divided occasions I have never fairly got into touch

with whatever snipe there might be on the ground over which I was shooting.

It really seems to me that, given average weather, it is a matter of pure luck whether snipe rise within a conveniently killable distance or not—walk them up, down, or across the wind as you will. At least, that is my experience, and it seems to tally with that of many other persons, judging from what has appeared on this subject in many works on shooting.

Naturally, an observant and thorough knowledge of the exact places in a district which are mainly affected by snipe is a great factor towards meeting with happy results. But even then the greatest expert may fail egregiously. He may have ascertained overnight that there were a number of snipe in the country, and have gone out feeling almost certain of having good sport ; but when he has traversed his ground he will have discovered that in the course of the past few hours all except a few straggling birds have taken their departure, and a day that had been already marked as an assured success, results therefore in nothing more than the usual disappointment. Why was this ? As far as man could discern there was no change in the weather sufficient to cause the snipe to shift their quarters so suddenly. Yet in reality it must be concluded it was so. Some catch of frost ; some extra-violent shower of rain ; some faint alteration in the temperature, some sudden change in the wind, must have 'moved' the majority of the birds, and caused the sportsman's heart to be sad instead of joyful.

But when the snipe *has* been secured what an admirable bird it is ! I have already in this article expressed my deep devotion to it, as being about the most delicious of English game birds regarded from an edible point of view, though in my opinion it is closely pressed in this respect by the golden plover.

How rarely, however, does one find a snipe properly cooked —usually it is sent up either raw or in a state of extreme dryness. Either of these conditions ruins the bird. In fact, in very few places except a London club can one have snipe cooked so as to obtain their full and proper excellence. A snipe should be cooked just enough to preserve its succulence, and at the same time it is not enough merely to show it the fire. Foreign *chefs*, as a rule, have apparently an idea that in the cooking of the smaller game birds, the nearer one approaches to a condition of absolute rawness the better it is.

I believe no greater culinary mistake exists than this. What is required in the cooking of snipe, golden plover, woodcock, or quail, the happy medium is just as much as it is in almost any other matter. *Over* cooking is, if possible, worse than *under* doing game. But when a good, fat, 'full' snipe has been properly and skilfully dealt with by a sensible cook, then, in my judgment, no better bird can be found on an Englishman's dinner-table.

But to effect this laudable object it is necessary to first of all secure your snipe.

I have already endeavoured to show with what difficulties the process of 'walking up' snipe is surrounded, and the only other method left to be adopted is that of driving,

To do this usefully, by which I mean in a manner sufficient to produce results satisfactory enough to justify the necessary outlay upon drivers, &c., a considerable extent of swampy land is requisite. It is of no use solemnly to drive fifty yards of bog up to three or four guns posted forward.

Swamps and bogs such as those found in many parts of Ireland and Scotland are the places whereon snipe-driving may be most profitably practised; and, given a favourable day—that is, one which is neither too rough nor too still—what sport can be then enjoyed! For where there is a large tract of snipe-holding ground, there also are duck, teal, widgeon, to be found; while on the heather-covered edges of the bog, partridges and grouse—in Scotland at least—are often in evidence, and, by their presence in the bag lend yet another added charm to the day's shooting.

The best plan I have come across for driving snipe is, I think, the following: Should the ground to be driven be sufficiently, extensive three or four guns should be sent forward to the rush or fir-branch covered hurdles, or other shelters behind which they are to wait, while the other guns walk as best they can with the drivers. It need hardly be added that the youngest and strongest shots of the party should be told off for this latter very damp duty, it being no holiday task to wade through the shallower parts of the swamps, to jump from tussock to tussock, to chance finding oneself sinking up to the very arm-pits in a bog hole, and yet all the while to keep ready to take a quick—and it is to be hoped an accurate—shot at a twisting, darting snipe, or a far-rising 'full' duck or teal.

If the rushes and reeds be thick and high in places it is a

good thing for the drivers to have stretched between them a sufficiently strong rope, which can be dragged along so as to disturb thoroughly the thicker patches. By this means also it is practicable to employ a smaller number of beaters than would otherwise be the case.

These preparations having been made, the forward guns having reached their butts, or 'caches,' as a Highland keeper once called them to me, and the line of drivers having started, let us leave the sportsmen to enjoy what we hope will be a good and sporting day's shooting; the guns to whom the bog is being driven to the enjoyment of their rocketing snipe and duck; and those walking with the beaters to the task of stopping such birds as may break back or fly towards the flanks of the advancing line.

This plan of driving answers very well on many occasions, though sometimes, even when the wind appears favourable, every bird seems inclined to fly anywhere except over the forward guns; and then great is the wailing and gnashing of teeth of those who, having as they fondly thought and believed been selected for the best places, find themselves instead almost in the position of spectators instead of actors in this small sporting drama.

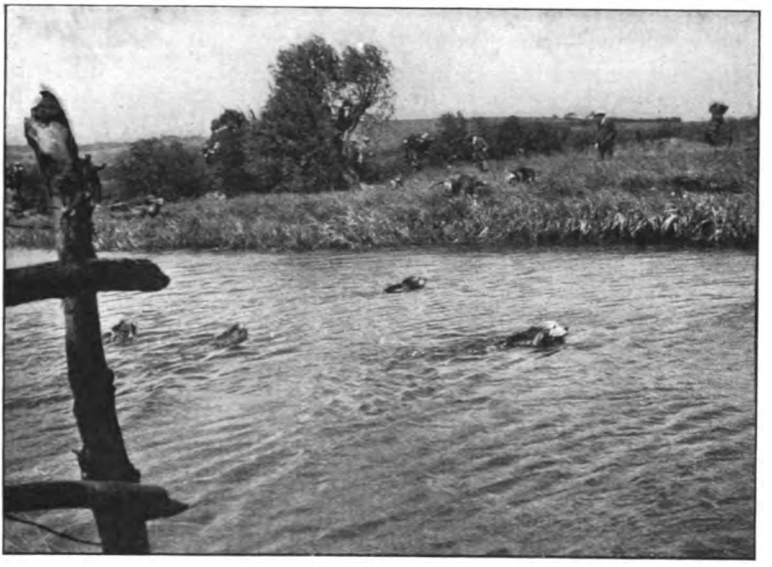
I have heard of, though I have never seen practised in the case of snipe, a plan which I am informed works admirably in some places, viz., that of driving a snipe bog directly *away* from the butts wherein the guns are posted.

The snipe in these particular spots—presumably also when the wind is in a particular 'airt'—swing round after their first swirling rise and come *back* over the line of batteries in preference to going forward; and I am told that excellent results are often in this way obtained.

But whether you may attempt to circumvent snipe by walking them up, by driving them, or by any other method you can contrive, you may be certain of one thing: which is, that successfully to attain your object you will have to work hard, to bring all your store 'of backwoodsmanship,' if I may use the word, into play, and that in any case you will, at the end of the day, be blessed with the knowledge that your hard work has earned you that most desirable of all things, a night's sound repose.

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietor of the Copyright and Publisher, C. Klackner, 12 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Also 7 West 28th Street, New York, U.S.A.

SOMETHING THERE.



A DAY WITH THE OTTER[1]

BY CAPTAIN T. W. SHEPPARD

'MR. BLANK'S Otterhounds will meet at Crumlin Bridge on Tuesday, the 5th, at 5 A.M., to hunt the Bourne, weather and water permitting.'

Thus ran the Master's dictum, and in obedience to his mandate a heterogeneous collection of sportsmen are assembled in the old inn at Crumlin on the evening before the day appointed. There is old Timpson, the wandering sportsman of no particular occupation, but with a nice eye for a fly, and a reputation of being able to last out the longest day with the simple aid of gin and hot water at its conclusion! The Master is there, looking hard and fit, as he may well be, for the Bourne is no mean river, and its bed is not a cricket pitch to walk on.

In earnest conversation with him is old Ike, a noted water-bailiff, one of the right sort, and a staunch preserver of Otters, though in conversation he maintains a kind of armed neutrality

[1] This sketch comes from South Africa, and is at the same time a reminiscence and an anticipation by a devotee of the sport now engaged on sterner business.—ED.

about them. 'Plaguy beasts, plaguy beasts,' he will tell you, 'Eels—Pshaw!—Bless your 'eart, it's eels that rise to a "silver doctor" or a "blue dun" that finds their way into their stomachs!' In his heart old Ike knows perfectly well that the much-abused Otter prefers eels when he can get them, and is extremely partial to frogs, water-hens, young rabbits, and moles, but he will not admit it to strangers, and will spin blood-curdling yarns of a perfect holocaust of salmon destroyed by Otters on his beat.

In the inn parlour the local doctor and several anglers are holding learned debate over the vexed question of the unaccountable disappearance of a hard-pressed Otter during a recent day of exceptional excellence, and the curate of the parish has looked in to discuss prospects for the morrow. The talk is all of 'seals' and 'spraints,' of the precocious capacity for 'marking' displayed by young Rosemary, and how it will be remembered that her mother exhibited similar talent at an early age; of 'putting down' and 'gazing,' of 'chains' and 'drags' and 'holts,' so that the remaining occupants of the parlour, two commercial travellers, are completely bewildered and forced to 'give it up.'

From a neighbouring yard a subdued whimper and occasional bay tell of the presence of the pack, and old Isaac, the whipper-in, is discussing local affairs with several sportsmen in the yard, after seeing his charges disposed for the night. All hands turn in very shortly after dinner, for the Spartan hour of 5 A.M. fixed for the meet, and the probable hard day in prospect, warn all wise men to get the longest sleep possible to prepare them for the fray.

At 3.30 A.M. the Master's horn, echoing through the dusty passages of the Angler's Arms, 'gives dreadful note of preparation,' and the sleepy and protesting forces are ruthlessly tumbled out of bed in the half-light. And so to breakfast with what appetite we may.

A triumphal baying gives glad answer to these warlike blasts, and at ten minutes to five old Isaac appears before the door with his charges, with difficulty subduing their boisterous spirits, just as the sun smiles a large 'good morning' over the purple tops of the distant hills. How fresh the meadows look. How wholly delightful is all Nature as we sally forth armed with our poles to greet the pack!

'Down, Harbinger, old bouy—down, old man. Yeuy Brevity bitch!' The Master distributes a judicious largesse of

biscuit to divert the pressing attention of his friends, and away we go across the short space which separates us from the bridge. On the way we are passed by cyclists, traps, and conveyances of every description, and even the evil-smelling motor with its warning 'Toot!' contains a group of cheery sportsmen and women, who wave a hearty 'good morning' as Isaac brings the pack over for them, and disdain to be drawn by the Master's

BREAKING INTO DRAIN

exhortation to keep their conveyance down wind of the river, lest its odour spoil the drag.

On arrival at the bridge the Master, who with his whippers-in is, of course, attired in full canonicals, draws up his forces, and prepares to give late comers a little law, thereby allowing us to make a closer examination of the pack than their boisterous exit from their night's quarters permitted.

He has ten couple out, and in their ranks we note the solemn, pure-bred hound, with his shaggy coat, pendulous ears and dignified expression, the brisk, business-like foxhound, and the handsome cross-bred type, a blend of both, and admirably adapted for their work.

There is old Prodigal, with his long taciturn face, sitting

gravely between two youngsters, and rather bored with their evident anxiety to be doing. No doubt the old dog is pondering whether they will mark him in Hank's Shaw, or in the old root below the fall, or whether that infernal drain will beat them again, as it did two years back. Chorister is thrusting his grey, war-scarred muzzle into his Master's hand, and gently insinuating that there is more of that delicious biscuit left in his pocket. Pretty little Brevity, with her soft brown eyes, is wheedling old Isaac, with whom she is a prime favourite, and young Bellman is busy plastering his great paws on the curate's coat in the exuberance of his joy. There too, are the terriers Pom-Pom, Grip, and Wasp, led by Jim, the second whip and general factotum, and engaged in desperate endeavours to tow their janitor towards the local cur-dog, the light of battle gleaming in their eyes.

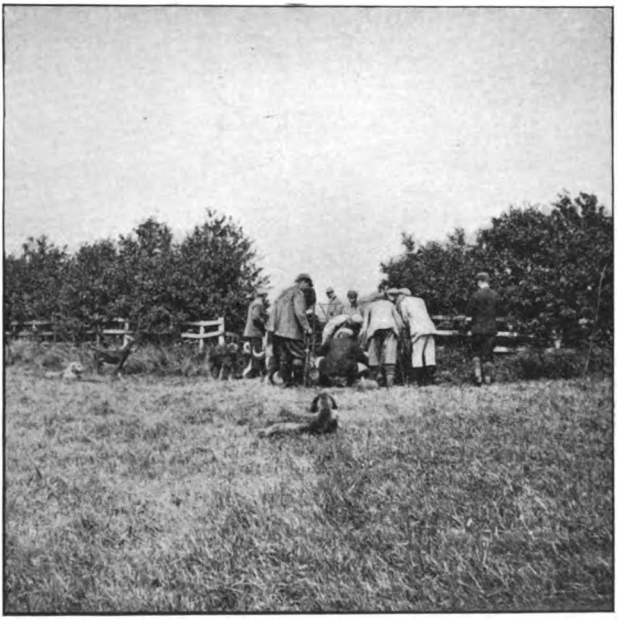
Old Timpson, armed with a businesslike thong—for he helps to whip in—shows by his ruddy face that the gin-and-water story must be a libel, and the doctor, who is also going to officiate, is brandishing his weapon in the direction of young Harkaway, who is endeavouring to snatch an undesirable breakfast from some offal in the gutter.

Our survey of the pack shows us that all in charge of them have not studied condition in vain, knowing, as they do, that to kill an old dog Otter in fair water hounds must be as fit as art can make them, and also that to stand long swimming in moderately cold water they must not be too fine drawn, or they will get starved and perished long before their gallant enemy begins to hang out signals of distress. The lusty muscles stand out in bold relief under the many-coloured coats, shining in the bloom of health. A good hard-looking lot, and not a dog under twenty-four inches, or a bitch under twenty.

And now Isaac's 'Hounds, please gentlemen,' warns us to make way, and off they go down the bridge, followed by Jim and the terriers. Behind them troop the motley 'field,' arrayed in every kind of kit, from the running 'shorts' of some young gentleman, unentered as yet to Otter, and blissfully ignorant of the rough rocks and uncompromising briars of the glen, to the businesslike 'miner's breeks' of the old sportsman, who, with his trusty bamboo and strong shooting boots punctured scientifically with holes, looks fit to defy any undergrowth, however dense.

We strike the river immediately above the bridge, where the peat-stained stream, divided by a little grassy islet, breaks

into a thousand ripples in a characteristic 'stickle.' The doctor takes one bank, Timpson the other, and away they stride, subduing with difficulty the impatience of Bellman and Harbinger, two young foxhounds who, after hastily ascertaining that the banks are so far blank, betray evident disgust at not being allowed to proceed at a gallop to try the water above. Old Prodigal and Racer have made an equally fruitless, but far more critical examination of the little islet, and are paddling



FIRST VIEW. PASSING DOWN DRAIN

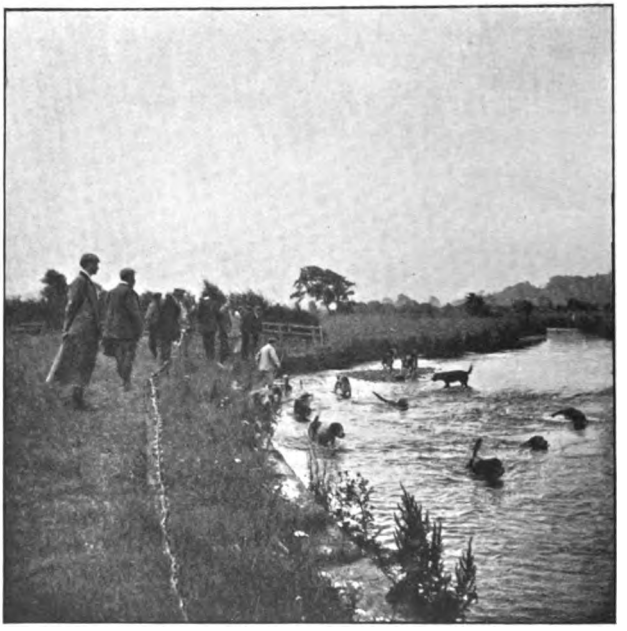
gravely through the shallow to make all sure by a scrutiny of the spit of grass which runs in a promontory into the far side of the pool.

'Tr—y—'ot ; —Yeu, tr—y my lads, wind 'im !' comes the cheery voice of the Master, and every hound is hard at work. There is no pause in the rapid advance. Pool after pool is drawn, and the pessimists are already loud in their prophecy of a blank day, when the prophetic figure of old Ike is seen leaning on his pole in the distance, surveying the advancing forces with well-feigned indifference.

'Mornin' sir ; mornin' gentlemen,' is his laconic greeting ; but old followers of the pack note with complete satisfaction

that the Master is examining with evident delight some substance which Ike is holding out on the palm of his hand for his inspection.

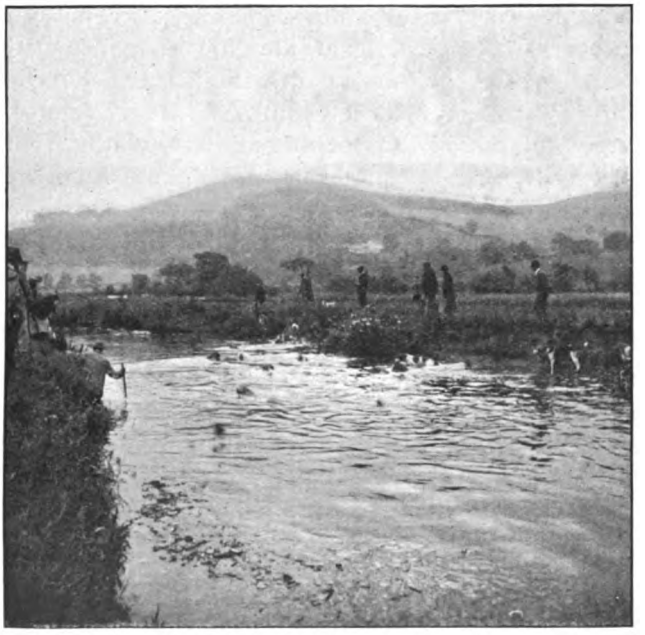
'Where?' queries the Master. 'Rock End pool,' ejaculates Ike. 'Plaguy beast,' adds he, in seeming ill-humour, 'Plaguy beast, no fish live long where he be, I reckon!' with which mysterious communication old Ike looks with an air of great wisdom at the youth in shorts, and falls back to talk to Isaac.



JUST TAKING THE WATER

And now what ails the doctor that he should brandish his pole and point in triumph towards the long spit of sand running parallel to him in the river? Why does old Timpson make mystic signals to the Master, and cease to repress young Harbinger, who is swimming with frantic strokes towards this same spit, impatient whimpers breaking from him as he goes? Full well the Master knows that one beast, and one only, can have been on that spit to cause this excitement, and it is therefore with a conscience free of all thoughts of riot that his cheery holloa, 'Y—oo—t, Harbinger bouy!' causes every hound who has not noticed the youngster's tactics to gallop headlong towards him, and plunge tumultuously into the pool.

A whimper, a doubtful note from Bellman, and then what a crash of sound proclaims the drag hit off! How tremendous is old Prodigal's confirmation of the finding of the jury! How his grand, deep note rings up the vale, echoing in the quiet hills! How Timpson skips along the rocks to check the fox-hound element, who are already striding up stream with lashing sterns to get to the other end of the pool, where they know full well that they will hit it off again! What ecstacy is written in



GOING UP STREAM

the face of Rufus as he presents his solemn old head to heaven, and with half-shut eyes trumpets forth his sworn opinion of the matter!

Yes; he was here during the night beyond all question, and a portly old fellow his seal proclaims him, as it lies eloquently imprinted on the sand. 'Huic together, Huic!' a few inspiriting notes of the horn, and away we go up-stream, the enthusiasm of the man in shorts taking him into the nettlebed; but who cares a dump about nettles when hounds have hit off a line? Certainly not, nor for rocks, briars, blackthorns, undergrowth, or any other of Dame Nature's obstacles. Even young Diana, in the businesslike skirt, with leather round the bottom of it,

cares for none of these things, and away we all swarm, only to be steadied by an admonitory 'Ge-ently lads, gee-ntly,' from the Master to the pack, as they show an inclination to hurry past a strong looking pool, whose steep, rockfringed sides compel us to form single file. The only people who betray no hurry whatever, but preserve an impenetrable calm, are Prodigal, Rufus, Cruiser, and Chorister, who, with complete indifference to any other person's opinion except their own, are oaring themselves gently along the sides of the pool, thrusting an investigating nostril into the hollow spaces between the mighty rocks, and eventually arriving at the line of stones at the top, where they take up the line again with a satisfied 'Ough,' as much as to say, 'We haven't left him *there* at any rate.'

And now, in spite of the doctor's activity, young Trumpeter has slipped past him, and after a momentary flicker on the shore by the shallows, is racing away over the neighbouring water-meadow with a sharp, business-like cry which betrays the fact that old man Otter has been a-frogging. Trumpeter is quite correct, and in a moment the pack are swinging after him, their cry redoubling as they catch the strong line in the luxuriant grass. Round the marsh they press with such a head that the inexperienced Mr. Snooks has already given out his opinion that we have found, when Timpson's pole is seen upraised in signal that he has hit off the seal far up-stream, and this is presently confirmed by the pack as they bring the line back to the river. So we go on past many pools until we have brought the line several miles from the place where it was first made out.

The pack dash in and swim tumultuously across the stream, and their dripping sterns disappear over the top of the far bank, as they race over a big bend of the river. On rush Mr. Snooks and the man in shorts, but old Ike, hugging the bank, walks slowly on a certain distance, and then stops abruptly and leans upon his pole. These mysterious tactics are followed by several old otter-hunters, and all Mr. Snooks' sporting ideas are suddenly outraged by a few notes on the Master's horn, and the doctor's peremptory 'Garrr—away—baa—ick, to him, baa—ick!' as with considerable trouble he is aided by Timpson to turn the leading hounds.

But what can be the matter with the curate that he is standing up to his knees between two rocks which mark the exit of a still, deep pool lying at the angle of the bend? You will see, Mr. Snooks, in one moment, for old Prodigal is mark-

ing at a gnarled old root, where the creaming water whirls in a backwater below the great rock at the pool's entrance.

'Huic to Prodigal, Huic to Prodigal, *Huic!*' yells the Master, as the pack come raving to the old hound's fierce, deep-throated roar, and in a moment there is such a crash as fairly shakes the trout at the bottom of the river. The Master, up to his waist in water, is blowing many a long blast, punctuated by scarce-heard and quite unnecessary exhortions to 'Wind 'im,

BREAKING BACK

yeeu, wind 'im, yeu, w—i—n—d 'im!' The doctor, in some unaccountable fashion, has joined the curate at the tail of the pool. Timpson is standing at its head, as motionless and as observant as a heron. Isaac has got his mouth wide open, and is apparently holloaing too, as he pokes his pole into the root; but the furious baying and splashing of the pack drown his voice utterly. Old Ike is standing on a commanding rock whence he can view the pool, and Jim has appeared with the terriers, the latter adding to the din with their fierce, short yap.

The man in shorts has been stationed by the doctor in three feet of water to stop the bleeding caused by the last briar patch. Mr. Snooks is wondering what will happen next

when he is bidden to join the forces at the shallow, and to stand next the curate, and on no account to look at anything but the smooth, shallow water just in front of his nose. With great difficulty Isaac whips off the pack, and the Master joins the curate's division, keeping the hounds well below the line of watchers at the shallow, so as to leave the pool quite quiet.

Into the holt slips little Pom-Pom like a tiger, and a moment's silence ensues. Then there issues a mysterious

IN THE RUSHES

rumbling from the bowels of the root, resembling a miniature earthquake, and accompanied by a constant, muffled, 'Yap, Yap, Yap,' which shows that the little warrior is hard at him.

A pause, a sudden movement on the part of Ike, and a simultaneous yell from Jim above the root. 'Ta—a—a—l—e—o!' there he goes, and Mr. Snooks is knocked head over heels into deep water by old Challenger, as the pack swarm furiously into the pool. What a crash! Mr. Snooks is barely righted ere he runs great risk of being again upset, as young Harbinger leads the body of the pack in an overwhelming charge down stream. Fighting, churning, ploughing their way in the water, down they go, the young hounds throwing their

tongues furiously as they surge through the shallow. Yet, in spite of this, the watchful curate and the doctor remain as motionless as pillars, allowing nothing to distract their attention from the water in front of them. Messrs. Prodigal, Cruiser, Racer and Chorister after a quick glance at the youngsters have turned their backs upon them abruptly, and old Ike is already pointing with his pole to the far side of the pool, and seems tracing with its tip the course of the enemy, as the tell-

GOT HIM

tale 'chain' informs him of his whereabouts. The Master leans on his pole without a word, his eyes fixed keenly on Chorister as the old dog swims warily across the pool with his clever head held sideways, and his nostrils just touching the water.

There is a moment's silence in the pool, but down-stream Isaac's harsh tones are heard rating the youngsters in a hopeless endeavour to turn them. To Mr. Snooks and the man in shorts all this is quite inexplicable. The former would infallibly have dashed off down-stream had not the curate stopped him. The latter cannot for the life of him dissuade himself of the conviction that the Otter has gone off and will never be seen again,

when suddenly a deep sonorous note, and a cheery 'Huic to him, old bouy; Huic to Cruiser, Huic!' and the doubling horn combine to show him that he was wrong after all; and he is still further enlightened by the curate, who courteously explains that though the Otter is still in the pool, his 'wash,' as it is called (*i.e.*, the surface scent rising from his breath, &c.), has been carried out of it down-stream by the current, and it is that which the young hounds are hunting.

Meanwhile back race the pack to Cruiser, and now they have settled down and are swimming the line handsomely up the pool to the far end, where Timpson is still impersonating a heron. Here they turn and cast themselves very prettily in the foam-flecked backwater until little Brevity hits him off with her squeaky voice, and down they sweep again in the strong current.

And now alas for the man in shorts! He has been told to watch a certain deep runnel of water, and to do so has had to remain in a very chilly position until his scantily-clothed nether limbs feel as petrified as the rocks he stands upon. Alas for his fame as a sportsman! A gentle wave in the water above him, and a few insignificant bubbles pass totally unheeded, and to his utter discomfiture he has the mortification to find the doctor with his finger in his ear, waving his hat in a gentle and mysterious way over the shallow behind him, and holloaing 'Tally-ho,' as if the safety of all present depended upon it.

Alas! I repeat, for the man in shorts; he has let him through, and Miss Diana is looking at him with an air of quiet scorn, and, worse still, Mr. Snooks is making clumsy efforts to help her over a rock (help which she needs far less than her would-be assistant).

There he swims, like a long grey shade in the rippling water, and unfortunately there is a strong clitter of rocks just below, with deep water in front, and it is soon evident that he has got to ground there.

Fresh shallows are manned by the indefatigable curate, Jim introduces Wasp through a crevice, and a battle royal is soon proceeding in the holt. Any sanguine hopes, however, of Wasp's speedy success are put abruptly to an end by the appearance of that hero bleeding profusely from a nasty wound, and much subdued in spirit; and after all the terriers have done their level best the enemy remains entrenched in his position. He has had quite enough of the exciting scenes in the water

of the pool above, and now determines, like a wise beast, to try his luck inside ; and small blame to him.

With the aid, however, of willing hands, stones are moved, roots torn aside, and after further investigations with a crowbar and a spade, fetched from a neighbouring farm, out he goes again, and sails away down-stream with the pack in hot pursuit. So for another hour or so he is hustled from point to point until he begins to show visible signs of tiring. Old Prodigal's

PAYING HIM OUT

unrelenting nose, and the unerring precision with which he and Cheerful have moved him from hover to hover have told their tale. He rolls heavily on the surface and can no longer remain beneath it for more than a moment at a time. The excitement produced by his constant appearance eventually proves too much for Mr. Snooks who, fired with ambition and Miss Diana's bright eyes, attempts in an untimely moment the feat of tailing the Otter, as described in the Encyclopædia, and gets soundly bitten in the wrist for his trouble, to the unconcealed joy of the man in shorts.

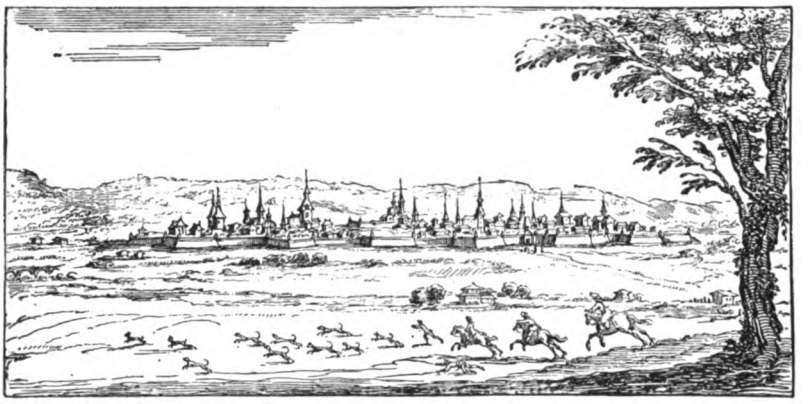
And now little Brevity has seized him in a shallow, but the plucky beast fights his way clear again and makes a last effort

to reach a drain he knows of, only to find it has been stopped by Ike; and as he turns the whole pack surges over him, and the horn is sounding his doom. But like the gallant gentleman he is, he debates the matter with them to the bitter end, and dies silently with his grim fangs fixed in Thunderer's throat.

And now how the Master wakes the sounding echoes with his horn! How shrill the doctor's scream as he maddens the pack with a soul stirring 'Who—oooop.' How old Timpson chimes in with his 'Yeu, worry—wooorryyy—woorrryyy—ww—ooooory.' How they tear him. What rage is written in Ranter's face as he buries his keen white teeth in the yielding skin. How terriers snarl and sneer as they tug convulsively at the 'pole' of their conquered foe.

Even Ike is moved by the pluck shown by the gallant beast. 'Died game, didn't 'e; hard pluck'd un, eh?' he queries of Isaac, as the latter at length rescues the carcase from the furious pack.

So off we troop to the farm, where the scales proclaim the goodly weight of 25 lb., a fine dog Otter in tip-top condition. Then the Master distributes the mask, pads, pole, &c., and decides not to draw again, as hounds have had a rare gruelling. In triumph we march down the glen, and punish the resources of the Angler's Arms right handsomely, ere bike, pony trap, motor, or the humbler 'Shank's mare' take us on our homeward way, well satisfied with a first-rate day's sport.



ON TOURING

BY HOME GORDON

THE original intention of the present article was at least ambitious, for the aim was a more or less profound survey of the history of the principal wandering cricket clubs of England. The out-matches of M.C.C., the peregrinations of I Zingari, the fixtures of Incogniti, Authentics, Yorkshire Gentlemen, and the various Old Boy organisations of Public Schools seemed to offer a tempting subject, not only for a single paper but for a volume. But, on mentioning this to one of the most prominent amateurs of the day, a cricketer whose name might draw a big attendance even at Southampton, and who could not be left out of the Gentlemen, the idea was stoutly opposed.

'Much too solid for the dog-days! People are holiday-making, and only want to read something light. Don't deal with tours, but touring. It's topical in August, whilst the other subject is suited to colder weather and more leisure for careful reading.' So I accepted the advice.

On the charm of the ideal tour there is no need to expatiate. Absolute perfection can no more be attained in touring than in anything else in this life. But one or two blissful tours have come very near it, and to the cricketers who have taken part they have formed a standard for evermore. Young Robinson, a 'fresher,' enjoying his first 'long,' on the evening when he has scored a century against a side with two county bowlers

leading the attack, pronounces the present tour as 'the most ripping on record.'

'Not a bit,' growls old Thompson, who has made under a dozen, and is unpleasantly conscious that the stiffness in his limbs must be ascribed to *Anno Domini*, 'you ought to have been on the Henley Lambkin Western Tour in 1877. *That* was something like, my boy!' After which it is a mercy if the flood of his reminiscences is stemmed before bedtime.

Now, it is more than probable that old Thompson would not be comparing notes to this disadvantage of the new century, even though he be getting a veteran, if some trifles had not ruffled him. Indeed, it was only last year that I heard of a gallant young warrior back from the front who point blank declined to continue a cheery tour if he was again to have a bedroom facing north. Yet he had fought with great pluck, and had during several seasons regularly played county cricket.

All of which brings up the great ethic of successful touring: *make things easy*—the maker being, of course, the manager or skipper.

Whoever has an easy time on tour most assuredly the captain has not. He sacrifices peace for the honour of being the 'boss.' All the rest of the team, in their own opinion, know more about the game itself than he does, and all misfortunes — including wet weather and missed catches — are illogically ascribed to him. It is his fault that it rains—he fixed the dates just at the time when it would rain, and arranged so as always to be where it pours heaviest—though in reality the rainfall at then may be abnormally low. Whilst if anybody misses a catch on tour he invariably says it is the fault of the captain for putting him in the one place he is not used to field in—though in the morning he specially asked to go there. However, after all, the captain has the consolation of being the captain, and if he is a good fellow he may get some such character as the testimonial presented to Mr. P. F. Warner after the American tour by his cheery followers:

'To Plum, in memory of a great time in America, an unbeaten record, perils by sea, ditto by fair women, a few broken hearts, wine and wassail, pig-killing, blood and bush-rangers, and other horrible adventures, and lastly, in memory of his astounding affability as "skipper."'

To render things easy, several suggestions may be made. That keen sportsman, Captain Trevor, so widely known as 'Dux,' advises a staff of sub-managers, one to see to the

baggage, another to the hotel bills, and a third—if there is card-playing—to whist and bridge. This is a capital hint. Nothing annoys men more than having to be constantly putting their hands in their pockets for 'tips'! If all give something there is over-payment, and if only some do there is an uneasy feeling that one or two are not paying their share, whilst one or two others are paying over much. Usually it is the men with least money who are the most generous. Whereas if the sub-manager collects at the end of the tour from everybody the financial score is 'all square.'

Few men know more about touring than Mr. L. E. G. Abney, and he writes to me:

'Travel overnight always, if possible; many a match has been lost by the visiting side going in to bat directly after a journey.' Much of the comparative lack of success of the Australian tour of 1893 was due to much railway. One flagrant example was the two-day match at Truro against a scratch team, which was merely a gate-money affair and not remunerative, by the way, to the speculators. After all, amateur tours are holiday functions for the most part, and the majority of men loathe an early start. So Mr. Abney's next suggestion is also sound: 'Arrange tour so as to have the minimum amount of railway to do.' Those who have to take part successively in the Scarborough and Hastings festivals each September will devoutly appreciate the wisdom of this. At the same time, Mr. Abney must not be understood to mean that a team should undertake a long journey prior to beginning the tour; only that the matches should be geographically as close as I trust the finishes will be.

Look on this picture.

'I travelled from London to Dublin. It rained all the first day after one o'clock. The captain declared before I had a knock. I missed two catches, was not put on to bowl, and saw the other side twice out under seventy.'

And on this:

'Had a capital day at Windsor. We knocked up a good score, and had eight of the other side out a quarter of an hour before time, with only twenty runs to be made. The beggars managed to do us after all, and I was back in town in time to see the ballet at the Alhambra.'

Neither of the two is a touring incident. But they are both instances culled from my correspondence in the same week of the present season, and both deal with matches a long way from

the home of the writer. Both were eminent cricketers not often seen in a minor fixture.

The next suggestion is one from a very ripe experience indeed, and is obviously the result of many vexations: 'Always get twelve men at least to play in every match; there is an inevitable "chucker" at the last moment; also some one generally gets hurt or ill during the tour; one man is usually ready to stand out for one match if the other side won't play twelve.' Until quite recently it was the boast of the Uppingham Rovers that they have never gone short on to any ground. I can personally recall a game in which the opponents wondered if Mr. Gregor Macgregor or Mr. Orford would keep wicket, the selected stumper having to face Mr. Hugh Rotherham at one end and Mr. Whitwell at the other. On the other hand, there are numberless instances of the visitors arriving only ten and finding salvation in the odd man picked up on the ground. There is the classic instance at Brighton of the man who looked a likely sort of fellow and agreed to play if he might bowl a bit. He captured fourteen wickets for about four runs apiece, and turned out to be Mr. Lipscombe, who was then the best fast bowler in England. A more recent case occurred near Cork, when some wandering team from Galway asked a spectator to play, and then found it was Mr. D. Q. Steel, who took a century, kept wicket at one end, and bowled half the home side out. Another example is that of a touring side, who had lost their first two fixtures, and were going on the morrow to meet a terrifically hot country-house side in Notts. At the hotel where they stopped for the night they fell in with Mr. L. C. Docker, and enlisted him for the encounter, actually making him an honorary member of the club. As he exceeded three figures off his own bat before lunch a reward was reaped; but the home side were rather vexed. Two notable instances of prompt election may be given. On the morning of the Jubilee fixture of I Zingari *v.* Gentlemen of England, Mr. A. E. Stoddart was invited to play for the former, being, I believe, actually a member of the other side. Mr. C. J. Kortright was elected a member of M.C.C. on the night before the encounter of the club with the Australians in 1893, when he bowled in such fine fashion.

The composition of a touring side is of the utmost importance, for then good fellowship is almost as necessary as fair ability in a cricketer. The man who can play the banjo is forgiven if he makes spectacles, and the dear fellow who really

has droll stories which he is not always volunteering to tell is a boon and a blessing, though he runs out the big hitter. I could give two authentic cases in the past ten years in which a man was not given his University 'blue,' simply because the others would not associate with him in the out-fixture tour. On the other hand, several men owe their colours to their geniality, and one or two real good fellows are cordially welcomed whenever they have time to play for their counties, even though they are comparative 'passengers.' Probably only they themselves have no suspicion of the fact, and so it would be unkind to pay them the compliment of naming them.

One anecdote of a cricketer rarely seen in first-class cricket may be told. He is what is commonly called 'one of the best,' and for that reason was asked to go as about fourteenth man on an extensive tour. Before the first match the chief stumper was injured, and the reserve had hurt his hand with a soda-water bottle. So the fourteenth volunteered to take the sticks. Quoth the fast bowler when sending trial balls, 'You had better get quite eight yards back,' to which the wicket-keeper responded nothing, but stood as close as his gloves could get to the stumps. In the first over he caught out a batsman left-handed from a ball played to leg. 'How the etcetera did you do it?' asked the delighted captain. But the wag of the team cut in with Chevalier's phrase, 'The quickness of the 'and deceives the heye,' and the fourteenth remained principal wicket-keeper for the rest of that tour. I think this little story will be promptly identified.

It must be remembered that some cricketers of proved abiiity select tours for other reasons than the pursuit of the game. I remember one man who annually for his club used to make tremendous scores in the Sussex tour against such sides as Hastings and Eastbourne. But he persisted in saying each year that he only 'came for the bathing,' and no one ever saw reason to contradict his veracity.

The evenings are the time when the influence of the captain has to be exercised with the greatest care. He has to remember that his men are not schoolboys, but he also must take care that they are in bed at a reasonable hour. It is so pleasant to sit yarning with a chum over a pipe and a whisky and soda until the small hours, but the form next day is not improved. Still more insidious is a cheery house party. There are a few seats where the jolly old host puts up the whole team, has a batch of pretty girls to entertain them, and each evening winds

up with a dance. After that, flirtation becomes of more importance than cricket, and when somebody's turn to go in arrives, that somebody is often walking in the shrubbery with one of the partners of the previous night. Country-house cricket is, of course, the *acme* of pleasant cricket. Happy the tour in which such a fixture can be considered an annual event.

The excuses men make for chucking a tour are often irritating to the harassed manager. An old Etonian wrote: 'I am sure you will forgive me, but the fact is I have got a week's fishing.' I regret to have to add that this angler was most successful. An experienced captain is always suspicious of that hoary chestnut, 'An illness in my family prevents me.' A useful fast bowler telegraphed, 'Can't come, am summoned on a jury,' to which the captain wired back, 'Rot! you are not a householder.' However, the trundler did not appear, and the other side declared, having made over 300 for four wickets. One man had always gone on the western tour of his club, but in 1899 he wrote to say he could not, because that very time was to be devoted to his honeymoon. The bride was the sister of another regular member of the side, so the skipper wired, 'Spend your honeymoon with us; tell your wife to score.' The lady was apparently amused, for she and her husband joined the rest of the party on the fourth day after the wedding. Speaking from memory, I am under the impression that that excellent batsman Mr. Lionel Palairet scored a century for his county whilst on his honeymoon.

On tour, as well as in other matches, it does not do to count on victories before they are won, as the following story sent me by Mr. L. E. G. Abney goes to prove. 'On one occasion seven Incogs. were out for 90 when we had gone in for 221. Some members of the fielding side sent in for time-tables to see what earlier train they could catch. The narrator warned one of them that the next man, D., was one of the best bats, who was only going in late because he had not come off on the tour but was liable to knock up a lot of runs. Well, a comrade kept up his wicket with D. until only 11 more were required, and then D. hit ten runs in the next over, exactly making his own century, and a bye landed the Incogs. victors by two wickets. A more disconsolate set of fieldsmen never caught their original train!'

This recalls an anecdote my dear old friend the late Mr. C. F. Reid used to be fond of telling. He annually took a team from the Node to some Essex village where he had been

locally christened 'Old Batter.' On the occasion in question, being one short, he had enlisted the services of a very small Etonian of about fourteen. Some thirty runs were needed to win and nine wickets were down. The diminutive schoolboy was being joined by the cheery old skipper, when the latter overheard the wicket-keeper say to short-slip: 'It's all right, there's only Old Batter and the young shrimp.' To which Mr. Reid retorted: 'I bet you half a crown you won't dish us up.' The boy blocked every ball, and the veteran made the whole thirty off his own bat, after which he triumphantly handed the coin to his small partner, who dissolved the victory in ginger-beer.'

Another form of touring serves to cement the ties of different generations, and that is when teams of old schoolboys are out together. Whether it be Eton Ramblers, Harrow Wanderers, Old Wykehamists, Rossall Rangers matters not. On such sides the boys of various ages get together. It is a capital thing for the school captain just going up to the University to come into contact with the cricket lions he has revered from childhood. For instance I am sure it benefited the cricket of Mr. T. L. Taylor to be out on tour with the Uppingham Rovers and to see Messrs. A. P. Lucas and S. S. Schultz go in first. Men who have been three or four years senior to others at school—the biggest proportionate gap in any part of life—can now meet their juniors on terms of equality which ripen into friendship. This can here be only thrown out as a suggestive hint; the subject may be expanded in the leading articles of any number of school magazines.

The atmosphere of a jolly tour is much more congenial to most crack cricketers than the chill importance of first-class county-matches. There is no large 'gate' fixing a critical conglomeration of eyes on errors and the scoreboard. The statistic fiend is absent. No bowler cares a rush for the number of maidens he bowls on tour, whereas for Notts Attewell used to remark he had sent down so many maidens for each wicket he captured. Numbers of batsmen who are stiff and constrained in important fixtures will hit with blissful energy if playing for Free Foresters against Sidmouth or Bexley. I am tempted to quote a delightful anecdote from Captain Trevor's 'Lighter Side of Cricket,' and if any one has not read this diverting book I hope it may induce him at once to purchase it.

Mr. A. G. Archer had been a big scorer for the Incogs. Then he went with Lord Hawke's team to the Cape, and on

his return had changed his style and could get no runs. So Captain Trevor plucked up courage enough to suggest that he should forget he was now a first-class cricketer, and that he should perform as of yore.

'You want the golf shot?'

'Certainly.'

'And the scoop towards third man?'

'If you please.'

'Right!'

He proceeded to the wicket and made ninety without a chance, just in the old, sweet way. Oh, first-class cricket, you have much to answer for!

Another boon on a club tour to a jaded county amateur is that if he misses a catch he is good-humouredly chaffed, and nobody notes what the opposing batsman's score was then, and subtracts it from the final amount of his contribution. Can you imagine any one interested in I Zingari, observing '300 catches have been missed this year, and 10,000 runs have thereby been, in consequence, scored against the wandering club'? Why, such a man would be excommunicated by all the impressiveness of the white hat of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, by all the lurid glow of the cigars of Mr. W. E. Denison, and by all the legal anathemas of Mr. Chandos Leigh. Such criticism might sow discord into even that cheery cricket coterie the Band of Brothers. On the other hand, the jolly chaff of fellow-cricketers never wounded the susceptibilities of any one but an ass. If A. is the butt because he has let off the local W. G. at short slip, he will certainly be the hero when he winds up the innings with the hat trick. As a matter of fact, when there are no 'gallery' and no Press representatives, the standard of fielding in a touring side which has become acquainted with the mutual capabilities of its members, would often put a county eleven to shame.

One final hint for touring. If possible, take your own umpire. The local umpire is not only in many instances the most valuable man on the side of the home team, but the extra man who stands for the visitors has no sympathies except for the locals. Country teams are most sporting, but many country umpires are the reverse. The umpire, who was also the refreshment caterer, and refused to give the local crack out first ball of the match 'because I want him to have an appetite to eat more of my pies; I be famous for my pies, sir,' has thousands of parallels. 'No ball, h'out, and I wins my five bob,'

has become a classic example of how many ought *not* to give decisions. But with a good man standing for the touring side the local umpire will for sheer local credit be impartial.

As for the hospitality which those 'on tour' receive in all parts of England, that can only be duly appreciated by those who have had the good fortune to enjoy it. Should this concluding observation of my desultory article serve to suggest to countless hosts a little of the gratitude expressed to them by touring cricketers of all ages and varying degrees of skill, at least one object will have been attained. Strangers have been treated like old comrades, and so have become new friends, for the bond of union formed by again recalling games of cricket by the hearth is one of those healthy ties which bring different generations together. I feel a lively interest in a man who can tell me about George Parr. In 1950 I hope some grandson on tour with the Eton Ramblers will care for an old fogey's reminiscences of Alfred Shaw or Ranjitsinhji.

LIFE ON A SUGAR PLANTATION

THREE DAYS WITH A GUN IN GUIANA

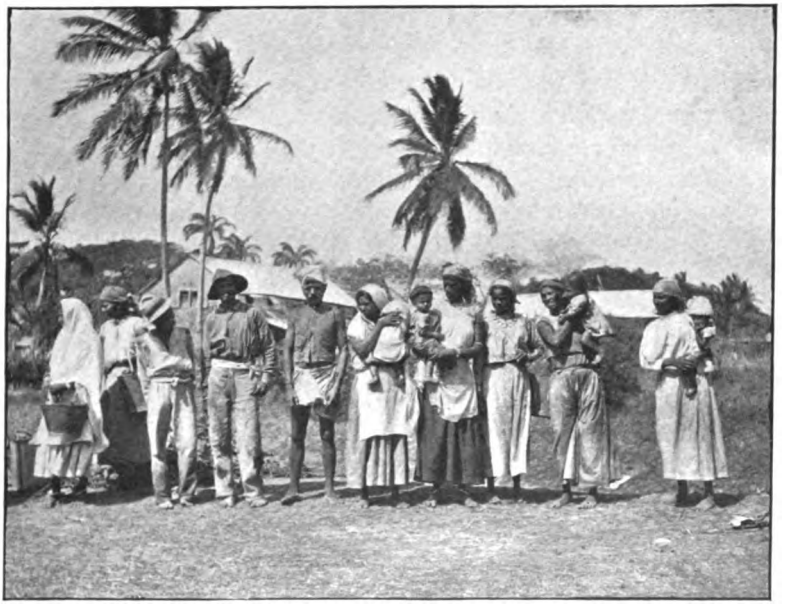
BY EDWARD RAE DAVSON

LIFE on a sugar plantation will doubtless suggest to the lay mind a vision of tropical luxury, of lolling lazily in palm-shaded hammocks, and of exercising for the most part that unique heritage of the Briton, the cursing of the negro into righteousness. But the reality is far removed from this imaginative and idyllic picture ; so when I suggested to the manager that he should for a time give up trying to solve the problem of how to water his plants in the middle of a drought, and cease preaching philosophy to the coolie whose wife had eloped with a Madrasi Lochinvar, he agreed, with a most untropical enthusiasm, to leave the cares of life for a season and accompany me on a three-day shooting trip up the Abary Creek.

A creek, be it known, is the local name for a small river, but smallness on the South American continent is a big term,

and the Abary would be looked on at home as a river of most respectable size. The source is marked on the map with that refreshing vagueness which shows that the surveyor does not fear contradiction, and it flows down ten miles aback from the estate referred to above, before discharging itself into that particularly muddy part of the Atlantic which washes the Guiana coast.

A water supply canal connects the estate with the creek some twenty miles above its mouth, and as the casual gunner of the



PREACHING PHILOSOPHY TO THE COOLIE

colony would usually start at this latter point, and could seldom get much beyond the canal watch-house, the shooting above had in a measure become the preserve of those who were permitted to go through the estate's waterway.

Unfortunately, this was being cleaned and dug out at the time of our intended expedition, so that water transport was out of the question, and all our stores had to be 'headed' through the savannah and forest which separated the back dam from the creek. Here two batteaux were to be ready for us, and we proposed to paddle as far upstream as we could, and be back again at the manager's house on the third evening.

After an afternoon spent in packing up baggage and

hammocks, and an evening devoted to superintending the black boys loading cartridges—one of the most perilous pastimes I have ever enjoyed—we sought our couches until cockcrow.

The black men then took up the white men's burdens, after it had been proved to each bearer's satisfaction that his load was undoubtedly lighter than that of his 'matties'; and when the manager had given farewell instructions for the welfare of the estate during our absence (for it is always a manager's privilege to feel that his departure means ruin to the plantation), we quaffed the seductive egg-swizzle and mounted our mules. As this article purports to be of a sporting nature, it behoves me not to write of the internal joy of an egg-swizzle; suffice it to say that its composition is a mixed and daring one, but, as a patent-pill paragraph might put it, its strength-sustaining qualities are unrivalled.

Down the estate dams we jogged and along by the now dry canal, where hundreds of labourers were delving as though to disprove to the Backras that the black had ever a thought of idleness. Then we got clear of the forest and, after a gallop along the savannah, eventually came in sight of the watch-house, where Sears, the black ranger and most accomplished bushman in the colony, was awaiting us.

Sears was once younger than he is to-day, and many are the tales told of the mighty hunter who could stalk the jaguar as skilfully as he could round up other people's cattle; and one can even now bring the blush to the cheek of a certain stalwart police-officer by asking him what became of Sears when he surrounded his hut with a seemingly impassable posse of 'the force.'

An hour was spent in breakfasting and loading up the batteaux, and the sun was well overhead when we dipped paddles, the manager sitting in the bow of one boat with half a dozen lusty paddlers and Ogeah, a coolie Nimrod with an impossible gun which showed daylight through all its joints, to steer and shoot astern. Sears and I shared the other boat, and his black boys were trained, no doubt in a painfully simple way, to watch his every motion, and turn and twist the boat at his almost imperceptible gesture while we crept stealthily up the stream.

For the first few miles the scenery was of a somewhat monotonous character. The flat banks scarce rose towards the wide savannah, where the wind played over the pampas grass, bending it in willowy waves, or driving for miles a column of

bush-fire smoke, which left a track of charred vegetation behind it. This was the haunt of the savannah deer which we were to stalk later on, but for the present we were content to search the clumps of mocco-mocco, a tall aroid of the Caladium family, the mangroves, with large roots rising four feet from the water, and the couridas which fringed the banks on either side. Schools of alligators basked in the shallow waters around, with snouts just showing above the surface; but, unless we

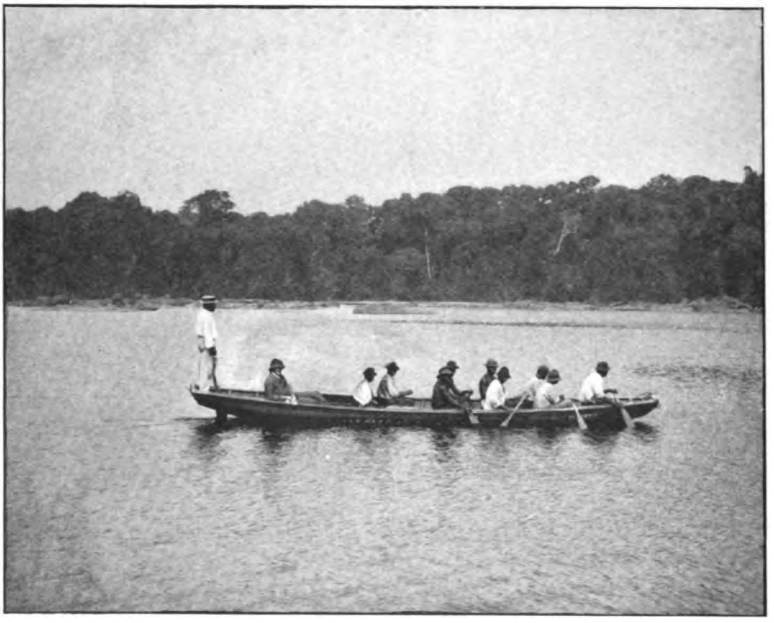
THE BLACK MEN THEN TOOK UP THE WHITE MEN'S BURDEN

wished a little rifle practice to pass the time, we did not interfere with them.

The *Hoatzin Cristatus*, or Canje pheasant, was most in evidence upon the trees. This is the most interesting, and at the same time the most unsporting, of all South American birds, for it is the one form of life extant which shows the change from, or the connection between, the reptile and the bird. It is able to use its breastbone as a limb to rest on, and to crawl up trees, especially in its youthful days, with the help of the claws on its wings; while, on the other hand, it is given to dropping its young in the water to teach them to swim, calls with a hoarse and sibilant voice, and flaps heavily and continually from tree to tree, although always on a downward grade. Its rate of pro-

gression is therefore slow, as it has always to climb up the next tree it reaches in order to continue its flight. It has earned for itself the local and well-merited name of 'Stinking-bird,' and is as impossible to eat as it is to miss.

Kingfishers, toucans (to see these sit and yelp is rather quaint, as they accompany the sound with a jerk down of their little heads, while the tail is lifted almost at right angles to the body), blue and white cranes, carow, tiger-birds (brown spotted



WE DIPPED PADDLES

like bitterns), and ducklars passed over us continually. These last are the darters or snake-birds of England, their length of neck compared with the body suggesting the latter name. Mocking-birds (*Cassicus persicus*) were also much in evidence, and their long purse-like straw nests swayed in the wind as they hung from the branches of the trees around.

We pushed on, however, after one battue of Quaacks, which came over the mocco-mocco in the most enchanting way for a gunner, and it was only when we flushed two fine Muscovy ducks that Sears ceased sniffing at the absurd waste of powder on birds which did not appeal to his gastronomic desires ; for the negro, like the Indian, is very sparing of his ammunition.

These duck, the Anas Moschatus of science, were of a black or dark green plumage, with white bars on the wings, and were to my mind the best sport on the trip; but being extremely shy they had sometimes to be followed for hours. Again and again we crept up the side of the river only to see them rise out of range and fly higher up the stream, to entice us farther and farther on in a seemingly hopeless pursuit. Happily the eagle eye of the manager marked down a clump of trees in which they appeared to show a more than ordinary interest. And so, as the sun was setting over the savannah, we headed the batteaux for the bank, and, each attended by a black boy, made our way to the edge of the Mora wood, where, one on each side, we cleared a spot in the high razor-grass and bracken and waited for the flock; for it is a peculiarity of these duck that they roost in the branches of trees, this being no doubt their natural precaution against the snakes and reptiles which abound.

The wait was long and not pleasant. The razor grass cut like knives, and the boys, who were barefooted, groaned audibly until threatened with extermination, while the mosquitoes, who considered our advent their millennium, buzzed round and feasted on us in the most businesslike and zealous way.

But suddenly a speck appeared in the distance, and on came an old drake, sailing peacefully over the manager's head. Down he pitched with a thud that raised the dust (for he scaled over eight pounds), and immediately afterwards a pair favoured me with a visit. Then we had a half-hour of intermittent sport, and at the end counted up eleven head, which taxed our powers to carry to the boats.

Sunset was quickly followed by the dark, and we were scarcely able to select a suitable grove of trees wherein to sling the hammocks and make the camp before the night closed in upon us. Then the fire flared up and the birds were plucked, and the stock-pot bubbled on the sticks. We sat on the leafy carpet with our plates between our knees and feasted right royally on duck and stewed guavas. Our pipes were finished in the hammocks, while the men's voices sank lower and slower in their gossip round the embers, until each one carefully swathed his head in a towel and lay down round about us on the ground. In all one's life there is, to my mind, no time more delightful or soothing than when lying beneath the stars of a tropical sky, when the cayman alone breaks the stillness

by bringing his tail down on the water like a pistol-shot, and when the song-birds of the forest, even in the night, pipe around one in varied and flute-like melody.

But instinct told the men when the dawn was near at hand, and the fire was once more crackling in the dark as we turned out to drink our morning coffee. And soon the day was flushing in the east, and the light was battling with the raw cold mist that had risen from the river in the night, and made everything wet and heavy as with rain.

TO SLING THE HAMMOCKS AND MAKE THE CAMP

To-day we were to go up as far as we could for breakfast, that is, the midday meal, and then to return to pass the night on the same camping-ground. So James and Jupiter were told off to guard our belongings and have the evening meal prepared for our return.

With lightened boats we started off while the mists rose slowly off the water like steam, and the pigeon darted across the creek to find their morning meal among the berries of the Eeta palms. Parrots screamed shrilly as they flew over in pairs high out of range, and this was a source of grief to Peter the steersman, whose appetite was ever insatiable, and who whispered hoarsely that they were divine in a pepper-pot.

We had decided that this morning we would try and slay a waterhaas, and so we let the birds pass over while we searched the banks and sent Sears' two dogs—ask me not what breed they were—through all the likely spots.

The waterhaas, or capybara, is a large rodent like an enormous guinea-pig, which is equally at home on land or in water, and has, as we found out, a particularly tough epidermis. It is, no doubt, a giant member of the guinea-pig family, for that familiar little animal is indigenous both to the bush and the coast. It may well be that the very name of guinea-pig is but a corruption of Guiana-pig, although this is only conjecture, and is not, to my knowledge, endorsed by zoological authorities at home.

At last, after much waiting, the dogs gave tongue, and we rested on our paddles while they rustled through the undergrowth. Then there came a squeal and a crashing through the rushes, and a hog dashed down the bank into the water with a dog hanging on to each ear. Now the fun began; the dogs were shaken off and the hog dived deep and far, while we urged our paddlers wherever we guessed that he would next appear. Up he came (always in the wrong spot), bang went the guns, for rifles were hopelessly out of place in the scurry, and down he went for another submarine trip. Up this time right behind us; round went the boats, the men yelling like children. More buckshot and down and up again, this time in yet another direction. So we went on, the hog bobbing up in unexpected places, the boats swinging round and rocking in the most unholy manner, while guns were loosed off in 'independent firing' of the most refreshing description, to the peril of every one present except the waterhaas. Then he popped up near the bank, and in a second was up the side and into the brushwood, with the dogs once more in close pursuit.

Sears gave a howl of rage, and throwing up his gun across my shoulder blazed into the hog's, and the dogs', quarters as the Mahoe bushes closed behind them. Finding that I was still alive, I hurled rude, wicked words at Sears, which were interrupted by another crash through the brushwood as they tumbled all together into the river once again. The blacks were now mad with excitement and the boats swung about in the most inconsequent way. The manager had been screwed off his feet and seemed to be balancing himself on Benjamin's head, while I was dodging Sears' muzzle and wondering why Peter threw a paddleful of water over me at every stroke, when up

he rose again, this time quite close, and we poured in a duet on his snout, which dyed the water red and sent the haas on his last dive down below. The body would not float for an hour or more, so we paddled up stream till we reached the place for breakfast, when we sent the boat back to bring along the spoil. And then we babracoted him under Hangman's Tree, where, as the story goes, the old Dutch planters tracked down and strung up some runaway slaves, and Peter told me confidentially that waterhaas steak in cassareep was a delicacy fit for the gods.

We were preparing for a swim in the river after our exertions when we were interrupted by Sears, who rushed up in visible horror and consternation.

'Massa, you no go swim a' creek?'

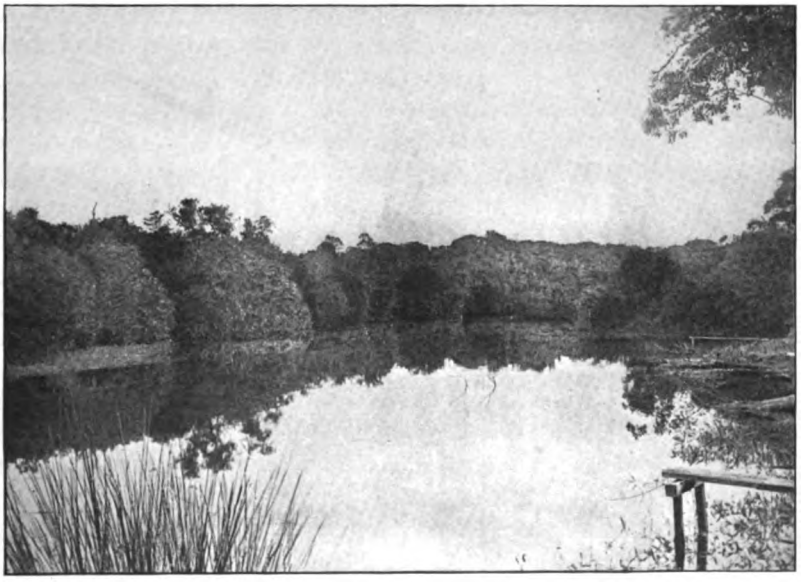
We replied that such was our intention.

'Me beg of you, Massa, no go a' water. You too much far up de creek. De water-mammies will mek you drown fo' true.'

It appeared that few had been so far upstream as this, and that some of these had met with disaster, no doubt because of the snags and tacoubas below the surface. This, however, was sufficient to give the place the reputation of being haunted by water-mammies, a specimen of which, we explained to Sears, we were very anxious to capture.

Now there are two kinds of mammie believed in by the Creole, both, needless to say, of the feminine gender. One is an extremely beautiful siren, who warbles so seductively that the traveller throws himself into the water and disappears for ever; while the other is a hideous hag, with snakes twined round head and bosom, who, with clawlike hands, drags the poor mortal down to a watery grave. The prospect of meeting a golden-haired Circe did not seem to strike the expected amount of terror into the manager's heart; but, apart from spirits, bathing in a Guiana river is a more exciting business than a dip in English waters. The alligators, which usually abound, do not trouble one much; at least, I have never been deterred from going in by their presence, nor do I know of any one who has suffered, except, perhaps, an occasional black boy. But the perai, a voracious fish with a circular body and the sharpest of teeth, has a great partiality for human fingers and toes, or, failing these, is content with iguana and alligator tails and also its smaller brethren. It is curious sometimes to see, when in shooting one drops a bird in the water, how they drag it down below before even an alligator can swim out and seize it. Then

there is the sting-ray, a large flat fish, whose tail is armed with a much-barbed spine which strikes into the unwary bather with sometimes fatal effect, and the electrical eel, whose acquaintance in the water it is most desirable to avoid. But I am inclined to think that the tacoubas, or roots of submerged trees, are as great a danger as the more animated ones, for it is quite easy to spit oneself against one of their points when swimming along in a perfectly peaceful way. However, as ofttimes before, we took the risk, but although not dangerous, our experience was



THE PIGEON DARTED ACROSS THE CREEK

not a happy one, as the bottom, in this instance, consisted of a rich pegass, which rose up in the water and enveloped us in a coating like cocoa-grounds, making us considerably more unlovely than we were before. As the manager remarked, there were more unpleasant things than Circes in the creek.

Deerstalking was the programme for the afternoon, so we ran the boats in where the savannah had been burnt and the fresh young grass was shooting up amid the ashes. Here we found many tracks, and, spreading out widely, four of us trudged across the plain on the look-out for fresh slots and venison.

After some time we found the former, but had a long tramp before we sighted a deer. At length, however, we viewed a buck standing near a covert, and we forthwith proceeded to stalk.

We had now got on to a part of the savannah which had been on fire more recently, and here and there the trunks of trees still held a smouldering flame, while the ground was covered with two or three inches of fine white ash. A long circuit took us to leeward, and then a creep on all-fours brought us yet more near. The last stage was somewhat trying, as we had to wriggle along by elbows and toes, with rifles balanced on back of neck, while the sun raised water-blisters on our skins and the still warm ground seemed to burn through our clothes. The manager led the crawl, and I followed close behind, the consequence being that every time he moved his boots I got a fresh mouthful of ash. The wind, too, took up a little cloud of dust at every wriggle, and I feared that the deer would notice us; but a doe which we now saw on the farther side seemed to occupy his masculine attentions more than the strange reptilian band which was slowly creeping near. At last we got well within range, and after a moment's pause to try and steady nerves, a rifle-bullet made him leap forward in the air and stagger towards the covert. A second one brought him to his knees, and he rolled in a cloud of dust, while the doe bounded into the thicket, a sporting shot after her failing to diminish the ardour of her flight.

Then we sat down and drained a flask of whisky pani, which merely hissed and fizzled in our lime-kiln throats. We each deplored the appearance of the other, but as the few handfuls of charcoal which we scraped off seemed to have little effect, we decided that we were too Ethiopian for the moment to think of changing our complexions.

We then crossed over to the other side of the river, and here we had wonderfully good luck, as after a comparatively short stalk forward to a thicket of tall agaves and bracken we roused a doe and had no trouble in pulling her down.

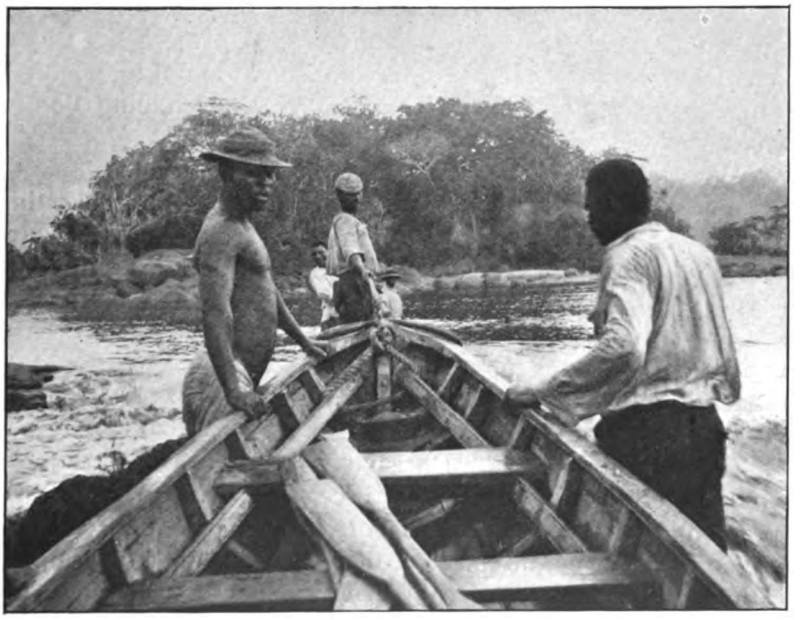
The men now loaded the boats with a sufficient supply of venison to stock the larder for some time, so, as the afternoon was getting late and the camp was a long way off, we headed down stream with a long swinging stroke of the paddles.

The sunset died away in wonderful bands of purple and gold, and the twilight was already around us, when the psychological moment arrived, which the seeker of big game always looks for, and is frequently not ready to seize when it does turn up. We had been lying back at ease with pipe in mouth when a sharp hiss from Sears aroused us, and there, right along the bank in front, stood a large tapir or maipurie drinking his

evening fill. And then some one who shall be nameless—for there are moments it were better to forget—fired, and the tapir crashed away into the undergrowth. Then the crew looked in reproachful silence at the gunner, who had missed the golden opportunity, until Benjamin, who always took a practical view of things, muttered fervently :

'Tank the Lard, he no kill he. Maipurie too heavy for we poor paddler carry a' boat.'

For a good-sized *tapirus Americanus*, as this one was, takes



TUMBLING ON BOARD AGAIN

seven or eight men to lift, and the extra work would hardly have been appreciated by the paddlers when so far from home.

So we swung down stream, while the twilight turned to darkness, and the high trees on either bank made the night so black that the few stars overhead alone showed where lay our midstream course. Now, too, we heard the beasts of the forest at the water's edge, but we could only clutch our rifles and guess that it must be jaguar, manatee, peccarie, or waterhaas. Now, too, we felt glad that the bright camp fire was to welcome us, for going down stream in the dark was different from going upwards in the daylight, and we were somewhat at a loss to recall where the camp was really pitched.

Still no light ahead! The darkness was almost uncanny, and the men spoke in whispers, as if in fear of breaking the great hush of the forest around. We peered into the night and tried to distinguish the shapes of the tree-clumps, while Ogeah consolingly announced that the camp had been spirited away and that we were well on our way down to the coast. And now we easied, and the batteaux drifted rippling on the stream, while the alligators dropped their snouts below the water as the strange black vision floated by. Suddenly from high in the air floated a strangely humanlike cry.

'Ow, me Gaad,' muttered Benjamin, 'dar Jumbi fo' true dis time,' and the men wiped the sweat from their foreheads. The Backras, more prosaically inclined, holloaed loudly, and after a strange breaking of twigs and a sound as of falling bodies, two figures were dimly seen at the water's edge.

'What on earth have you been doing?' we cried.

'Ow, me Massa, you so long time for come, and eberyting so still, we too frighten for Jumbi, so we climb a' tree, and listen till we tink we hear you boat. Tank de Lard you come at last.'

'You silly owls, go and get the fire lit at once!'

So we put in, and soon the camp was reddened by the glow of burning wood, and we were busy unloading the boats and cooking the evening meal.

The superstition of the Christian negro is always ready to come to the front, but this experience was more harmless than a previous one, when two men, who were left alone in a camp, were so alarmed by the spirits of the forest that they determined to throw a dynamite cartridge, which we used to use for 'exploding fish,' among the ghostly visitants. The fuse did not seem to catch at the first attempt, and the man was just going to apply another match when the cartridge went off in his hand, leaving nothing of it but a shattered stump. This he grasped tightly with his other hand in order to stop the hæmorrhage, and, getting into the boat, was pulled down-stream by his mattie for a day and a night, until help was reached and he was lifted from the boat in a fainting condition, just in time to receive the necessary medical aid.

The roaring of the so-called baboons—for, in spite of the loud noise they make, they are only the *Mycetes Seniculus*, or red howling monkey—aroused us on our last morning, and, as we had to reach the estate by night, we were soon rolling up the hammocks and tumbling on board again. We afterwards

sighted some of these monkeys throwing themselves headlong among the lianas and creepers that tangled up the forest trees, and Peter earnestly besought me to shoot. But I sternly reproved him.

'Is it because you are commanded not to slay your brother Boer that you want to eat your brother monkey instead?'

'In—what, Massa?'

'In Stead,' I said.

'You no able for get boar here,' he murmured reflectively,

INCITING OUR RESPECTIVE CREWS TO RACE

'but'—this rather plaintively—'monkey taste too good wid stewed papaw.'

There was yet one other form of sport before us ere we laid away our guns, and this was a morning in pursuit of Vicissi duck. These, sometimes in flocks of forty to fifty, whistle in a curious way when flushed, or when, in ever decreasing circles, they alight on the ground again. They are much smaller than, and not so difficult to approach as, the Muscovy, but they give one good practice in stalking in the peculiar and clever crouching manner of the Creole. Several times we crept almost within range, when up they rose in a sibilant cloud, and we had to lie and watch them fly far down the water before they circled round and settled down again among the rushes.

Fourteen was the biggest bag I got at one shot, but it was difficult to retrieve those that fell in the water before the alligators and perai seized them. One of Sears' boys was very good at this work, and used to tear through the water and pick them up in fearless competition with the hungry alligator.

When we had got all we wanted we set the men to paddle their hardest, for we had a mule ride through the forest in front of us, and this had to be done before darkness set in.

So we pushed along, now and again inciting our respective crews to race, when, although the contest lacked the importance of a Putney to Mortlake fixture, the enthusiasm and excitement on the part of the dripping competitors was impossible to surpass.

At last the watch-house hove in sight, and at four o'clock we were ashore once more. Then the mules were saddled up and away we went by the trench towards civilisation again. We plunged into the forest belt when the sun was setting, and as the dark crept on we rattled along the earth embankment thrown up by the shovelmen of the estate. As may be imagined, the going was very bad, and the earth slipped down the side as our mules' hind legs now and again dropped over, but we got through just as the night turned black, and up the estate dam we hurried, trusting more to the knowledge of the mules than to our own powers of guidance. At length we saw lights ahead, and soon were clattering through the coolie yard. The people looked out with a deep 'Salaam, Sahib,' ere they turned to rest again, and the mule-boys shouted and called the others as we trotted across the manager's bridge. Then, as the lamps appeared in the gallery, we threw ourselves from the steaming mules, and a hasty bath took off the top layer of dirt and pegass before we fell on our dinner with unseemly but pardonable greed.

We had not been bushmen long enough to lack appreciation of beds and mosquito-curtains, and there is nothing more left to chronicle of our three-day sport but a soothing dream, in which fourteen maipuries fell at one shot, and Peter was devoured by alligators in his valiant attempt to retrieve them for the pot.

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietor of the Copyright and Publisher, C. Klackner, 12 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Also 7 West 28th Street, New York, U.S.A.

RUNNING WILD.

THE ART AND SCIENCE OF THE SWORD

BY THEODORE ANDREA COOK

IN a land where the Duel has long ago fallen into disfavour, the forms of exercise and recreation which originated in the constant necessity for personal combat have naturally suffered certain changes and deteriorations. The art of foil-play thus became more academic and less vitally interesting when it was considered alone and apart from its intimate relation to the actualities of frequent encounter with the 'sharps.'

Much the same subtle alteration may be observed in the methods of the modern boxer as compared with those of the old prizefighter who used his 'mauleys' far more often than is the custom nowadays. The human hand, hard though its knuckles may become by constant use and treatment, is not composed of inexhaustible materials, and the surface with which it can administer a telling blow is far more restricted than the unwary might imagine. These facts were fully appreciated by Figg and all his successors, and their fighting was the logical result of these anatomical limitations; for boxing-gloves were only invented to save the knuckles in a practice bout, just as singlesticks were used instead of broadswords. At the present time the singlestick has become a weapon itself, without any reference to the cutting sword of which it was originally the foil; and in exactly the same way the boxing-glove has become a recognised instrument in a game of its own, which has developed corresponding changes from the old bare-fisted prize-fight. I need not emphasise these changes in detail, for they are foreign to my subject, but it may be noticed that the knock-

out blow, especially that variety which is aimed at the point of the jaw, is almost entirely the development of the tactics necessitated by a boxing-glove; while in matters of defence, as opposed to offence, the larger surface of a glove, and its powers of resistance without injury to its possessor, have each modified the science of protection to no inconsiderable degree. Men can, in fact, stop more blows with the gloves, and can deliver a higher percentage of successful hits with them, than was ever possible in the days when gloves were only a preliminary to a fist-fight.

In just the same way, and to almost the same degree, fencers will often attempt strokes or parries with the foil which would not only be far too dangerous for a duel, but might be absolutely impossible with the heavier blade of a sword. Frenchmen have perhaps felt the restraint that must be natural to any nation which finds a perpetual solution of its social difficulties in the duel. But Englishmen have not experienced this mental attitude in their foil-play. For us it has been merely a pleasant exercise in which you keep the rules and try to hit your adversary. Even the area on which you may score a point has been so limited that the most delicate and complicated feints have been invented to deceive an opponent's guard; and the manner in which a hit is delivered is almost as important as the spot on which it lands. This is as much as to say that the restrictions of an academic conventionality are at their height in all foil-play; but that in a country where the foil is not likely to be exchanged for a more lethal weapon, it is used—in addition—with a licence that is as illogical as it is inartistic.

It may be thought from all this that I desire to champion the cause of the *Epéiste* as opposed to the *Fleurettiste*, and thus to contribute to a controversy which has lately divided Paris—for her own amusement—into two opposing camps. But this is far from my intention. That controversy in Paris has served its turn in bringing to the front such masters of the weapon as Spinnewyn and Ayat, or such brilliant pupils as M. Willy Sulzbacher, and in thus demonstrating that the merry iconoclasm of the Baron de Bazancourt rested upon far more solid foundations than is usually the case with such a literary *tour de force* as was his inimitable series of 'conversations.' The bold Baron was no prophet in his own country for a long time, and he was treated with scant respect even by such writers on this side of the Channel as the authors of the *Badminton* volume on Fencing. But he had something that was true to say, and so he has outlasted the

attacks both of domestic and of foreign critics. He was indeed the necessary voice of protest against a scholasticism that threatened to become as utterly unpractical as any of the laborious artificialities of the sixteenth century.

In those far-off years the art of Fence was still in its infancy. Men had not long found out that a blade could be shield as well as sword. They were astounded at the discovery. They very naturally exaggerated its mathematical possibilities until the bubble of their theories was pricked by the sword of some untutored 'natural fighter,' who suddenly demonstrated that the human body was not a machine, but a sensitive compound of muscles, nerves, and temperament, which might be thrown out of gear at any moment by an unforeseen occurrence.

The same mistake that was made by the old masters of Fence is being constantly repeated by those who approach any unfamiliar form of sport and try to perfect it in theory. We all know what theory has to say about the breeding of blood stock. The animals refuse to be treated as a kind of four-legged multiplication table, and the foals thrown every year baffle every prophecy that has been hopefully deduced from their careful and expensive parentage. It is the same in rowing. Whatever may be thought of the English style of oarsmanship, it recognises at least that human beings, with the thews and sinews that we know, will have to pull a boat along; and therefore we are so taught that at the end of a hard race, when the man's back in front of us becomes a swinging cloud, and even the shouts upon the bank sound distant and unreal, we can still heave the weight of our panting bodies on to the handle of an oar, still shove our blades through with the mere momentum of so many hard-trained pounds of flesh and bone. But the American has looked at the problem from the theoretical point of view without giving much consideration to the fact that human arms are not made of rolled steel driven by a tireless dynamo. He has, therefore, developed a style in which the mere weight of a man's body counts for very little, and in which the strength of his arms and the fresh energy of his unexhausted frame count for everything. You will have seen what I am trying to describe at Henley, and I shall pursue the parallel no further. An oarsman is but human; and the humanity of a fencer is more patent still.

It has been said in French, far more prettily than I can write it in English, that you can never guess the personal peculiarities of a man till you have fenced with him. The

observation could only have been made by one who knew the sword and loved it; it can only be understood by one in perfect sympathy with both that affection and that knowledge. For a true fencer's blade is but the prolongation – firm and yet supple, sensitive yet full of stimulation—of that bunch of nerves which is palpitating in his wrist and hand, of all those veins that are pulsing with the hot blood of his heart, of the very muscles that contract and spring with every movement of his arm.

Very early in my fencing days in France—and I have so long lost their excellence that I may be permitted to speak regretfully of their delight—I was blindfolded for the last ten minutes of my lesson with the foil. The clumsy darkness of it all at first I leave you to imagine. Then, by degrees, after many days and weeks of groping, came that *sentiment du fer* which is the fencer's touch and eyesight both. The blade became as sensitive as a bared nerve. It felt even the pulsations of the heart that stood opposed to mine. It searched with delicate instinctiveness for the opposing blade, found it, played with it awhile, deceived it, and leapt forward to success. Those were moments of happiness indeed; for it was no mere manual dexterity that was involved. In that alone my antagonist would usually be infinitely my superior. But there was the unknown factor of personal temperament, of my mind against his, my patience against his, my desire for victory against his. And it is these things that are inexhaustible. In yourself they vary, not from day to day merely, but from hour to hour; and the most unchanging personality can perpetually meet new surprises in them by varying his opponents.

As the definite and material expression of purely psychological forces the art of Fence has not yet received the attention it deserves either from the surgeon or the philosopher. The lambent play of electric individualism across the glittering blades is often strong enough to pass beyond the pair immediately in contact and flood the fencing-room with subtle and intangible emotion. A winning hit comes upon the spectators like the shock with which a wandering current darts suddenly towards its pole. The point seems to have been guided as irresistibly as the flying needle to the North. To imagine that the energy of such natural forces can be cribbed and confined by an external code of artificial rules is to betray as little knowledge of the thing we call a Man as of the art which is described by an equally convenient abbreviation as Fencing;

and it is therefore not so paradoxical as it may seem that the advance in the latter has kept very fairly step by step with our appreciation of the former, and that, too, without any regard to the mere lapse of time. We may know little even to-day of that complex entity which is ourselves ; but, at any rate, we have advanced our knowledge at a much greater rate during the last hundred years than at any previous period of recorded history. And the same thing is true of swordsmanship, though the history of fighting might lead you to expect exactly the opposite.

Before people could kill each other from a long distance, with instruments which permitted their employer to conceal himself from danger, you might have thought that the art of using the hand-weapons which were naturally the chief factors in the decision of a battle would have been brought to a high pitch of perfection. Not at all.

Mr. Oman of All Souls has discoursed so learnedly of classical armies that I can confidently leave the soldiers of Greece and Rome to your indulgent appreciation. But when we come to less ancient fighting, in the murk of the Middle Ages for instance, what do we find ? A phalanx of mailed knights do most of the business, clad in armour that will resist blows, and carrying weapons that will inflict them by sheer strength. In hot countries, where men had to wear the lightest of chain-mail if they would not be fairly roasted, it is significant that the temper of the steel and the science of swordsmanship itself are heard of far earlier than in colder climes. Bows and arrows made very little difference to armour, and the English skill of archery had no effect upon either the apparel or the fencing of its contemporaries. But the moment gunpowder was invented an enormous change was seen. Till then the art of defending their bodies as well as inflicting wounds with the same weapon had been practically confined to men who had no other means of protection, and were obliged to go down to battle lightly clad. But against 'villainous saltpetre' the cumbrous carapace of chivalry was useless ; a cannon ball proved singularly democratic in its influence, and bowled over the armoured knight as surely as his uncaparisoned attendant. So the knight threw off his useless trappings, and at once the swordsman saw his opportunity. The point could find its home at last, and as the edge was more and more recognised to be inferior, the Art of Fence began. Those were the days of Duelling with a vengeance, and you may imagine

that the paradoxes of the sword ceased when gunpowder introduced the Fencing Master. But they continue. It was just during the period when a man literally carried his life in his hand that he developed the possibilities of the sword most slowly. The Encyclopædic treatises to which I have referred well nigh smothered Fencing at its birth. But being necessary in one form or another, and being—as we have seen—an essential expression of human activity, it persisted in its growth. By the time duelling had almost vanished in a large portion of the habitable globe, the Art of Fence reached its perfection with the development of the true riposte and the offensive parry. It had taken at least three hundred years to reduce the commonplaces of a modern *salle d'armes* to their complete system of deadliness and simplicity.

These two last words should not be passed over lightly. I am far from saying that a complex thing is invariably either harmless or ugly. But it is a profound principle in Fencing that a simple thing done perfectly is far more effective than any complicated feint ; and this is for the reasons I have already noticed in comparing the development of other forms of sport, because the human body cannot be considered as a machine, and its instinctive motions must be simple.

It is a strange consideration that the gift of life had only been passed on to a single generation before the first murderer appeared, and that in every age to which that gift was multiplied the growth of murder was contemporaneous with the advance and increase of the species. The Duel at its best was far from being murder, and without going too deeply into ethical disquisitions we may perhaps congratulate ourselves that a neat sword thrust is now the final argument of a pair of angry men instead of that uncleanly battering with a stone which no doubt ended the first recorded quarrel. But there is more in the sword than this. It is one of the most deeply rooted instincts in human nature, at all events in our Northern nature, that we should occasionally give rein to the lust for personal encounter that possesses us. When Englishmen ceased to settle their disputes with the sword, they had to revive boxing ; and if they could not box themselves they had at least to look at others doing it. But we cannot all of us risk a black eye or a swollen ear merely for the sake of exercise. It may well be that we have suffered both too often to repeat the experiment if we may honourably avoid it. Yet that lust for a fight remains ; and Fencing in its latest form is the one thing that will not only

satisfy it, but will also give the fencer just as hard exercise as anything else he ever tried, in every muscle of his body, without forgetting to employ to the full the better elements of his intellectual capacities. I shall be told at once that the foil has long ago been tried and found wanting. That may be, reader, in your case or another's; but if so it is your loss, and even so it is the sword itself to which I now invite you. I promised last month to give you a few more details of the way in which such a pool with the duelling-sword is managed as that which was to be seen in Gray's Inn Gardens, or at Hurlingham, last June. Bear with me a few moments more and you shall know both the weapon and the way to get the best enjoyment out of it. I shall give French measurements, as they are both more natural and more exact.

The sword employed may be mounted either in the Italian or the French method, and is similar in all respects to that with which M. Laberdesque kept M. Max Régis dancing wrathfully impotent in front of him for two hours and a half on one day, and pinked him in a few moments on the next. By those who do not understand what is involved there has perhaps been too much inclination to mere merriment over such an encounter. They would do well to remember that useful old proverb, *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* It is better to receive a prick in the forearm than to take a foot of cold steel through your body. Well, then, the maximum length of your weapon must not exceed 113 centimètres over all, and the maximum length of the blade 90 centimètres. It must not weigh over 750 grammes, with its centre of gravity not more than 3 centimètres from the point where the blade issues from the round shell of the hand-guard. This shell must be continuously smooth and convex in form, with a maximum diameter of 13 centimètres, and a curve of from 3 to 5 centimètres; and in the Italian form of weapon the cross-bar is not allowed to extend beyond the shell. The blade should be of the usual triangular form, with a curve not exceeding 3 centimètres. The ordinary gloves and ordinary walking shoes of every-day attire are recommended. The ground selected for the fight may be either grass or gravel or the floor of a room, and should be 5 mètres wide, with a distance of 15 mètres allowed, if possible, behind the rearmost foot of each competitor when both are on guard. When twelve competitors enter there should be two pools of six each, the three best in each pool to form the final round of six. No pool should contain more than nine com-

petitors. The winner is that fencer who shall have been touched the least number of times; and one hit on any part of the body, limbs, or head is sufficient to conclude a single bout. If both men make a hit at the same instant the bout is ended, and each has a point scored against him. Each competitor draws a number by lot, and the fights are arranged (in a pool of seven, for instance), as follows:

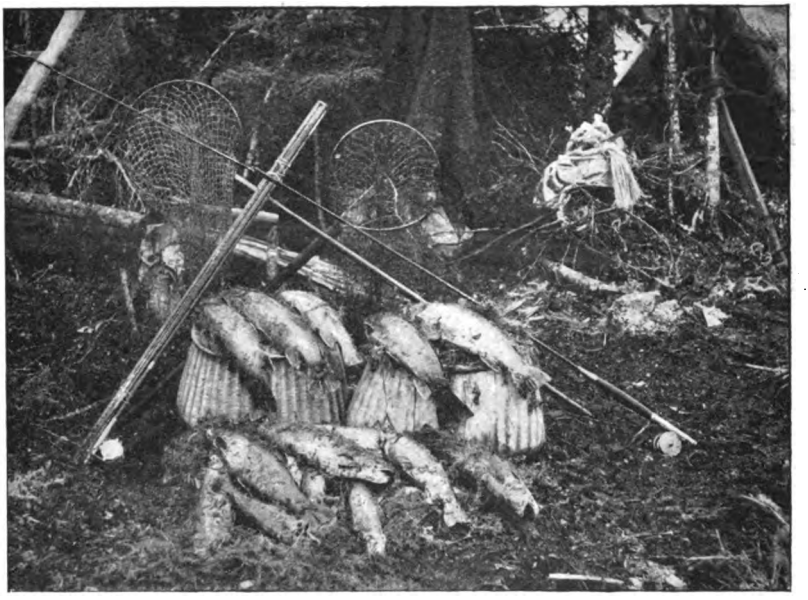
(1) 1 *v.* 4 ...	(8) 1 *v.* 5 ...	(15) 3 *v.* 5
(2) 2 ,, 5 ...	(9) 3 ,, 4 ...	(16) 1 ,, 6
(3) 3 ,, 6 ...	(10) 2 ,, 6 ...	(17) 2 ,, 4
(4) 1 ,, 7 ...	(11) 5 ,, 7 ...	(18) 3 ,, 7
(5) 4 ,, 5 ...	(12) 1 ,, 3 ...	(19) 5 ,, 6
(6) 2 ,, 3 ...	(13) 4 ,, 6 ...	(20) 1 ,, 2
(7) 6 ,, 7 ...	(14) 2 ,, 7 ...	(21) 4 ,, 7

In this way every man fights six different antagonists with a properly apportioned interval of rest between each bout; and with quick fencing such a round as the above will take about an hour and a half, every five minutes of which gives the spectators a fresh pair of adversaries to admire or criticise. The thing may be varied by taking a team of six to fight another half dozen men; in which case every man on one side will fight every man on the other, without meeting his own comrades, and the side which has least hits scored against it as a whole is the winner. I had intended to suggest a few of the differences between the sword-play, for which these arrangements are suggested, and the old-fashioned competition with foils in which one man has to hit another either three or five times to beat him; but I fear I have already exhausted both my reader's patience and my editor's space, and it is with the briefest recommendation that I conclude.

Such fencing with the foil as was shown by Camille Prévost last June at Steinway Hall can only result from a fine natural temperament combined with many years of practice. It is one of the most exquisite and fascinating arts I know. But I am deliberately descending from the ideals of academic perfection to the reality of a Londoner's possibilities of exercise. A very short training with the foil is sufficient to lay a good foundation for the duelling-sword. I would as soon think of 'beginning' a man with the sword as I would of putting a freshman on sliding-seats in a light boat the first time he ever held an oar. The foil is as essential in the one case as the fixed seat and the clinker-built craft are in the other. Nor should the pupil in swordsmanship be too anxious to fight before he has so far

mastered certain simple, correct, and indispensable movements that they have become instinctive. By degrees he may be permitted the joy of putting his lessons to the practical test of an assault. It will be some time before he can tell exactly what either his opponent or himself has done. Until he can describe and reproduce every attack and every defence made in the heat of combat he is not ready for a serious encounter. Until he can distinguish various styles of play and adapt his own fencing to meet them, he will not do much good. But his self-denial and his patience will reap a rich reward ; and with the duelling-sword far sooner than with the foil he will be able to create a fresh enjoyment for himself with each new adversary he encounters. The developments of the last few months will now permit him to get all the preliminary instruction necessary with the greatest convenience and ease, and to give him all the subsequent practice in fighting he can possibly desire.

And if I have not said enough now to tempt the laziest of you to give the sword a trial, I shall be tempted to discard the proverbially mightier weapon altogether, and to argue with you only in good quarte and tierce.



SEA-TROUT

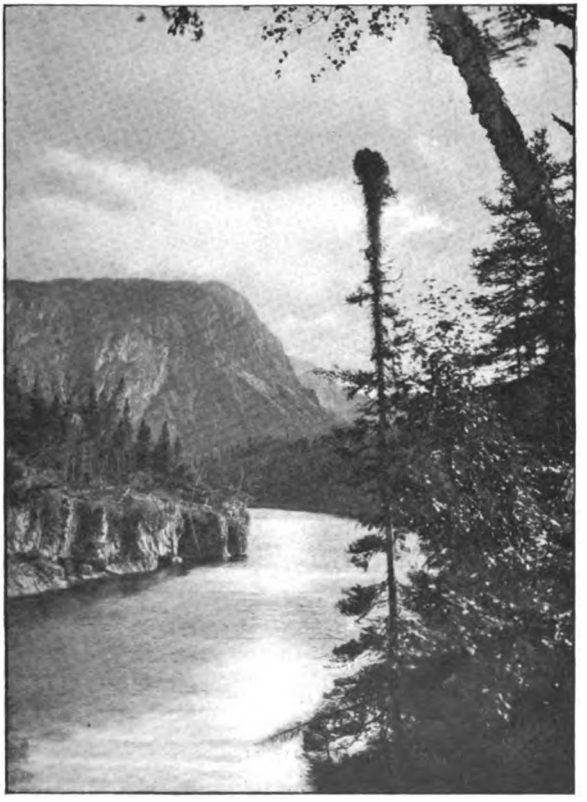
THE SEA-TROUT AND SALMON STREAMS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

FEW indeed are the regions of the world more prolific in fishes than the coasts of Newfoundland—vast eddies from the contact of the Gulf Stream with two branches of the Arctic current from the great submarine deposits known as the Newfoundland banks, stocked with an inexhaustible supply of marine fish life; while inland every tumbling brook and blue lake is populous with trout. Salmon would be very abundant in numberless fine streams were it not for the merciless methods of fishing which have been too commonly practised. Cruelly trapped, netted, speared, snared, and even 'barred,'[1] many of them have ceased to rank as salmon-breeding rivers, though still yielding excellent sea-trout fishing.

[1] The method of 'barring' a river is to stretch a net clear across from bank to bank, which again is usually 'backed' by another net of smaller mesh directly behind it, so that if a small fish gets through the first barrier he is certain to be stopped at the second.

The magnificent Humber, pursuing a course through the immense lake know as Deer Pond, and lapping the base of precipitous cliffs, offers many a likely looking pool amidst enchanting and even noble surroundings. Yet, although salmon are seen ascending in large numbers, they are hardly ever known to take the fly in its waters, although it is said that they will some-



SUNSET ON THE HUMBER

times rise well far up, near the watershed of the west branch. In this respect this fine river offers a singular exception to the general rule in Newfoundland, as in every other salmon stream fresh-run fish will take the fly greedily, though I am aware that statements exist to the contrary.

The alleged reason for their refusal of the fly in the Humber is that they are disturbed and harassed by the seals, which are seen to ascend in large numbers as far as the Big Falls of the Willow Steady, while some enter Grand Lake by

way of Junction Brook, and even travel for a short distance up Sandy Lake River, in pursuit of the schools of sea-trout which abound in this stream. On a calm summer evening their human-like whinings and croonings, or a loud splash as they slide off some rocky ledge, startles the fisherman encamped on its shores. Wherever there is a particularly enticing salmon pool the frequent flop, as a round glittering head emerges for a few moments, or the flash of froth and bubbles beneath the surface, betrays their presence.

It is well known that salmon, after the fatigue of a battle with the rapids, require a rest before they will play with the fly; but in the Humber waters, thus deprived of the needful interval of repose by the unremitting attentions of the seals, they do not linger long enough to recuperate, but are kept incessantly 'on the move.' Salmon caught in nets are frequently found with raw wounds, caused by the sharp teeth of these dreaded enemies, whose alertness exceeds that of any fish. The sealers say that they are known to swim a hundred miles from their young on the ice-floes to catch fish on the banks, returning the same day, and are seen to vault up on the edge of an ice pan with agility far surpassing that of the salmon.

The seals do not appear to pass up the west branch of the Humber above the Big Falls, and it might be worth the while of some enterprising angler to try his luck in the pools beyond.

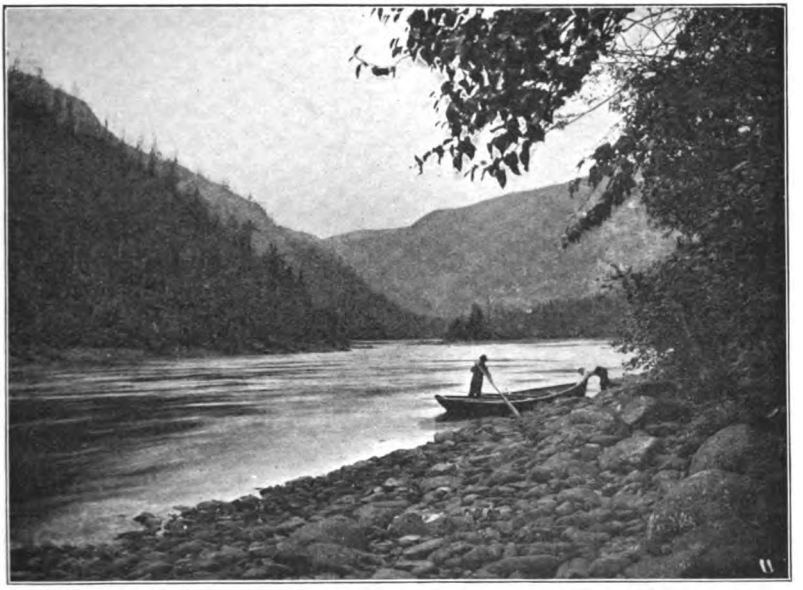
All along this branch, from Big Fall to Junction Brook, there is a succession of most enticing salmon pools known collectively as the 'Willow Steady.' It is most aggravating to see fish leaping the falls, and the water fairly 'boiling' with their play, as it often does in such charming spots, for instance, as Larrigan's Pool; or watch some settler filling his barrels from net fishing with splendid salmon, and yet get never a response to the most skilful casting. Were it otherwise, the Humber would rank among the most noted salmon streams of North America.

The great Cod Roy is easily reached from Port aux Basques, the western terminus of the railway. Its valley is one of the most fertile portions of the island. It is a shallow stream, but broad, often affording very fair sport. The long estuary at its mouth allows the nets to get more than a fair share when salmon are running in from the sea.

Among the other easily accessible streams on the west coast there is Harry's Brook, where there is a good sportsman's hotel known as 'The Log Cabin'; the Greater and the Less Barachois;

Fischel's Brook ; Robinson's Brook ; Crabbe's Brook and the little Cod Roy—all of them near comfortable houses, so that camping out in the bush though desirable is not an actual necessity. The pools seldom in breadth exceed a fair cast even for a fifteen-feet rod.

It may here be explained that on the island the terms lake and river are only quite recently being applied even to large bodies of fresh water. The early settlers who here won for England her first foothold in the new world were hardy



FIRST RAPIDS NEAR SHELBIRD ISLAND, HUMBER RIVER

mariners from Devon and the West country. Consequently they had no other word for an inland expanse of still water save *pond*, or for a bit of running water save *brook*, without regard to dimensions. A visitor receives a shock at hearing a sheet of water fifty-six miles in length referred to as Grand Pond. If this is a pond, he asks, what must the lakes be like ?

Along the Newfoundland coast salmon begin to press in toward fresh water about the twentieth day of June. They follow the enormous schools of that curious fish the caplin, which frequently crowd into the shores in such numbers, for purposes of breeding, that tons of them are often picked up dead and used for manuring the soil. There are several later runs

depending altogether on the state of the water. Most of the rivers being short, readily run off in a dry season. Then the fish will hang about the estuaries until the arrival of a freshet, which invariably impels them up-stream.

Often a pool near the tide which on the previous day contained only an odd salmon or two, blackened by a long stay in the fresh water, will be found to have become filled during the night with a large school of sea-trout. These fish do not run

GRAND FALLS, EXPLOITS RIVER

up-stream in force until about the middle of July, although a few large ones come in with the salmon.

They are said to come on in larger numbers at the full of the moon, when possibly higher tides enable them to pass over the sand bars and rapids with greater freedom. In low water they play about near the mouth of all the rivers, moving with the ebb and flow of the tide.

If one cares for that style of fishing, he can take a boat and often secure excellent sport in channels which are cut through banks of sand by the racing tides. He must use a large white-winged fly, which should have a bright claret or scarlet body. If the trout refuses this lure he must spear a few small flounders in the shallow water, where they lie with outline hardly

distinguishable from the sand, and, cutting a long strip of white from the underneath of the body, attach it to the fly. This invariably proves effective.

This form of sea-trout fishing cannot compare, however, with the skilful cast of a fly flung to descend like thistle down just outside the margin of some lily patch in a quiet pool fringed with alder bushes, where now and again large vibrating circles keep breaking the still water slightly curled by a gentle

THE LOG CABIN, HARRY'S RIVER

zephyr. Then to take a four-pounder a man must be a long remove from Dr. Johnson's famous definition of an angler; he must be a being of parts and erudition.

After a run of sea-trout has made a river, for several days and nights they will press eagerly up-stream, seldom lying many hours in the same pool. Suddenly, some fine morning, the angler finds that the run has gone by; but should the water be right, not many days will elapse before another arrival will take the place of those which have passed up-river.

In the little Cod Roy River, abounding in magnificent well-stocked trout pools, with a charming range of blue hills standing out against the horizon in two directions amid a beautiful sylvan environment, the trout fisherman can revel in his favourite

pastime. Here fish after fish may be landed between three and four pounds; and rare beauties they are; very close of kin to the aristocrat of the stream—the lordly salmon.

See them on the grass in the red afterglow of a July evening; rich in colour beyond description; their backs of mackerel-green, shot with zig-zag streaks of glittering bronze; sides of molten silver; bellies like pearl, and sometimes touched

TROUTING UNDER KILBUDE FALLS

with a blush of faint pink or rose; and fins delicately streaked with carmine. Many of them drag the steel spring down at four pounds.

With what unalloyed pleasure one gathers up such rich spoils at the end of the long sweet summer day, and trudges happily off to Tompkin's comfortable hostelry, with its wide-spreading acres of cultivated intervale land—rather a rare sight in Newfoundland—and hands over to the cook a couple of the shining beauties for his evening repast!

When sea-trout are newly arrived they will rise, even on a bright day, at almost any description of fly. Above the rocks,

forming a sort of dam, where the outlet of the pool begins to curve before it breaks away in a wild dash to the rapids below, the biggest fish are likely to be hooked; and they are often found graded in size as you walk higher up the pool towards the inlet. A fish about two and a half pounds generally fights more gamely than his larger brethren.

The streams of Newfoundland are becoming better preserved every year; hence the fishing will undoubtedly improve, and already has improved. In the streams mentioned, and in some

A BIT OF INTERVALE LAND, LITTLE COD ROY RIVER

of their branches, should the fisherman hit good water, he may have the good luck to land a couple of salmon a day; but where has not salmon fishing its glorious uncertainties? *Salmo salar* is the same uncertain, capricious creature in Newfoundland as elsewhere: one day rising greedily, on the very next sulking indifferently at the bottom of the pool for no assignable reason.

The streams are all free and open, without any fee whatever. The first rod holds possession—that is the rule of the river. A camp may be occupied just as long as the owner of it chooses to remain.

Several noble rivers discharge into Hawke Bay, far north on

that strip of coast known as the French shore, where conflicting claims of ownership have resulted in an international complication not easily unravelled. Amid grand scenery, closely resembling some portions of the coast of Norway, some American gentlemen have erected a fishing lodge, where they resort annually and command the fishing of two good streams, which have been not quite ruined in the past by poaching and overfishing.

One of the very best salmon rivers of the island at the present day is Hare River, away up on the extreme north-eastern apex of the island, flowing into Hare Bay. To reach this stream it is necessary to take camping outfit, and proceed from the railway terminus at Burnt Bay by coasting steamer as far as Tilt Cove Copper Mine. A small steam tug carrying mails is sometimes available, whereby to cross White Bay, and to proceed within easy reach of this attractive river. The little boat hugs the rugged coast, and often threads a pathway through an archipelago of interesting islands. Good caribou hunting may also be had on the neighbouring plains, and as the Newfoundland deer season opens July 15, a fishing party need never be without plenty of good venison.

Some fifty miles from the capital city is the noted Salmonier, which is the home of a small but gamey salmon that never outgrows the size of a well-nurtured grilse. There is a fine surrounding country, where willow grouse may be shot on the high barrens in the season, and where an occasional snipe marsh is found alternating with thick evergreen forest.

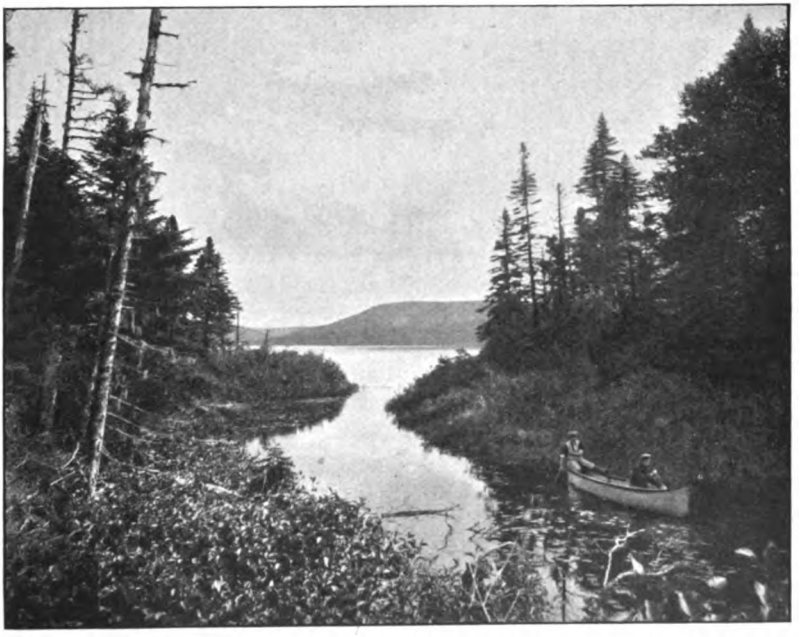
One of the best known as well as the largest rivers of the island is the Exploits, falling into an arm of the Great Notre Dame Bay. It has its source in Lloyd's Lake, known only to the lonely fur trapper, then pursues a course through steep rock gorges into Red Indian Lake, noted for its excellent deer-hunting, and afterwards winds along through a well-timbered country to the sea.

Along its shores the now extinct tribe of aboriginal Indians were accustomed to make huge enclosures by felling trees in order to impound herds of caribou when on their spring and autumn migrations. Near Grand Falls the remains of these ancient fences are still to be seen, though crumbling to decay, as well as the circular mounds which mark the foundations of rude birch bark wigwams.

The Grand Falls of the Exploits are heard rumbling and roaring at a very long distance, and are at least 125 ft. in

height. An immense volume of falling water, compressed into a comparatively narrow space, is rent in many places by large projecting rocks, while a short distance below the stream is divided by a wooded island, which is used as a breeding-place by countless gulls. The scene is striking and wild in the extreme.

Although the Falls afford an imposing spectacle they bar the ascent of the salmon, which seem thereupon to turn their course up Great Ratling Brook. This brook, or river rather, has three



APPROACHING GEORGE'S LAKE. A GOOD PLACE FOR TROUT

very good pools within a distance of two miles from its mouth, so that a party camping near the mouth can easily fish them every day ; and often excellent sport is to be had here in the month of July.

Say that there has been a gradual falling of the water, and the fish are disposed to linger as they arrive in the pools from the main river, awaiting the advent of rain, careful fishing with a small 'doctor' or 'ranger' or 'admiral,' in the early morning or towards evening, is sure to be rewarded with success.

Besides the actual fishing, the disciple of Walton will find much to interest him in a trip to Newfoundland.

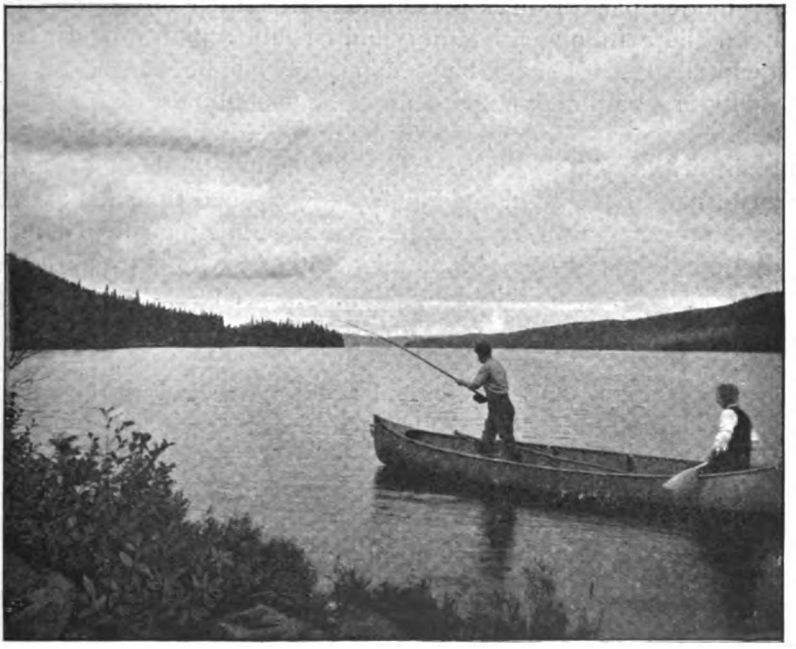
Countless as are the lakes of the islands, of all dimensions

from fifty yards to fifty miles in length, either on the open savannahs or else embosomed among the pines and firs, each one seems to contain a distinct variety of *S. fontinalis*. Various accidents of environment develop novel forms and colours. Trout are sometimes met with which seem to defy classification under the existing system of nomenclature. In one lake I know of, with no shrubbery on the shores, surrounded by a dreary, glaciated waste, the trout, apparently dwarfed by starvation, never exceed six or eight inches in length.

A GOOD FIGHTER

In the Museum at St. John's there is a curious fish labelled a 'smut' salmon, which is said to be a hybrid form not infrequently met with. The oüananiche on calm evenings startles the deer hunter as it leaps up in the waters of Red Indian Lake, and is also found in the Terra Nova, Badger, and Great Gander Lakes. Rainbow trout have been successfully introduced by the St. John's Angling Clubs in more than one lake, as well as the agile trout from the waters of Loch Lomond, spotted like the pard. Local conditions change these fish somewhat from their typical character—especially the over scarcity or abundance of insect food. There is no doubt that a thorough ichthyological exploration of the inland waters of Newfound-

land would furnish valuable and interesting results. On most of the streams of Newfoundland the air is very fragrant in the early summer with the bloom of the balsam poplar, or Balm of Gilead tree. There are many rare and beautiful wild flowers —some deliciously fragrant, such as the pink bells of the *Linnea borealis*. That most charming of wilderness songsters, the white-throated sparrow, pours forth its cheerful melody from numberless tree tops. If one puts aside the rod and



TROUT FISHING. OUTLET OF HARRY'S BROOK, GEORGE'S LAKE

strolls upon some neighbouring 'barren,' or dry upland marsh, he will see perhaps a cock willow grouse burst from the moor, or possibly a ptarmigan exactly like the Norway ryper, leading him away from its young brood with a plaintive cry of distress and a pretended broken wing, drooped and trailed along the moss-covered ground. The harsh 'honk' of the Canada goose may often be heard, as she takes her young to some grassy 'tussock' in the middle of some secluded pond, where a fancied security is obtained against all enemies. If the sportsman wander into some sequestered meadow through which a still brook glides noiselessly, fringed with a dense mass of shrubbery, he is

very likely to startle a caribou hind with her April fawn, or a stag carefully nursing the soft, gelatinous, velvet-covered sprouts presently to develop into forms of beauty coveted by the hunter.

No account of fishing in Newfoundland waters is complete, however, without a reference to the flies, the *aliquid amari* which detracts materially from the pleasure of the trip. These indefatigable creatures must be felt in their furious attacks before their power can be realised. They rush with energy at every undefended part of one's person, and after their fangs are withdrawn there follows a burning and irritating pain not pleasant to experience. Night attacks can, however, be warded off by netting or very fine wire screening.

On the whole, since salmon fishing is growing so difficult to obtain in most localities, the rivers of Newfoundland are well worthy the attention of the sportsman who can time his arrival at the proper season, and carefully mature his plans. There is often good sport to be obtained by any one who is prepared to rough it, and not afraid of exertion. Superb sea-trout fishing is merely a question of being on the right water at the right time.

'Fisherman's luck' depends largely upon finding the water in proper condition. A heavy spate is quite as unfavourable as very low water, which often occurs during the fishing season, and mars all chance of good sport. After salmon have remained for some length of time in fresh water they rise tardily or refuse altogether in Newfoundland as everywhere else.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CRICKETER

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

SPEAKING at the Foresters' dinner at Hale last August, Mr. St. John Brodrick, an old Etonian and a keen lover of cricket, remarked *inter alia* that, so far as politics were concerned, he got more fun when he was in Opposition and could bowl a bit than at the present time when the Ministry was having its innings: he further stated that notwithstanding the varied attack he had had to withstand for a considerable number of years, batting had become rather monotonous and he would not object to having a turn in the field. The country, however, apparently did.

Putting aside metaphor, and looking down the list of names of the candidates for places in the Parliamentary Cricket Eleven, it must be confessed, however, that if matched against a fairly strong batting team that the Opposition, if they once got possession of the wickets, would in all probability retain possession of the same until they applied the 'closure' to their own innings, unless, as happened many years ago, when playing for the Peripatetics against West Kent, Lord George Hamilton's fast underhand bowling came off. In the match in question the old Harrovian in the second innings of West Kent took six wickets all clean bowled, and the extraordinary sight of a future prominent Conservative batting at one and the same time as a future notorious Socialist, Mr. H. Mayers Hyndman, who played for Sussex in 1864–65, was presented to the gaze of the spectators.

It must be admitted, however, that the Parliamentary side would be a very difficult one to get out, for the side would

comprise a number of famous bats, one at least of whom, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, has represented England against the Australians. In addition to his prowess with the bat (against Oxford in 1876 he scored 43 and 47, in 1877 4 and 6, in 1878 5 and 64, and in 1879 53 and not out 12) and with the wicket-keeping gloves, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton represented Cambridge University in the Inter-'Varsity Athletic Sports of 1876 in the Throwing the Hammer event (on the Opposition or Oxford side we find that the runner up the same year in the Three Miles was Mr. W. H. Grenfell, now Member for the Wycombe Division of Bucks); in 1875–76–77–78 he played forward in the Inter-'Varsity Association Football Match, in 1876–77 he assisted Mr. E. P. Bouverie to beat Oxford in the Racquets (Doubles), and in 1877–78–79 he was on the winning side in the Inter-'Varsity Tennis Match.

When last year Mr. Cripps, K.C., then Member for the Stroud Division of Gloucester, offered a bat to the local player who obtained the highest average in local cricket, the winner was Mr. C. P. Allen, then Radical candidate, whereupon the Liberal party regarded the capture of the prize by their representative as an omen of success, declaring, as afterwards proved to be the case, that Mr. Cripps would be beaten off his own bat. Mr. Allen, though not quite first class as a cricketer, represented, at three-quarter back, as befits an old student of Rugby, Oxford University in the 'Varsity Rugby matches of 1881–2–3, in each of which years the Dark Blues were successful.

Although Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett is not accounted as forming part of England's backbone in the cricket-field, he can at all events point to the fact that his enthusiasm in the game has laid him up for two days. It was early in 1900 that the mishap took place, and the scene of the accident was not the tented field but the quarter-deck of the *Dunottar Castle*, upon which he was playing cricket to while away the time on his famous journey to South Africa, where, by the way, Mr. G. M. Kemp (Cambridge University and Lancashire), the member for South-East Lancashire, was serving his country in the Yeomanry.

It is frequently stated that the President of the Local Board, Mr. Walter Hume Long, was not only a member of the Harrow Eleven, but also a representative of the Dark Blues. This statement, which implies that the Right Hon. Member for South Bristol received his 'blue,' is not borne out by fact, for notwithstanding that he is a very keen cricketer, and has

in his time scored a great number of runs by hard hitting, his name does not appear in the annals of Inter-'Varsity cricket. Playing in the Harrow team that defeated Eton in 1873 by five wickets, Mr. Long, who had as colleagues in the team the celebrated cricketer Mr. A. J. Webbe and Mr. W. H. Grenfell, scored 36 in his first and 17 in his second innings. As a matter of fact, Sir William Hart Dyke (a member of the famous team of I Zingari, who included in its ranks our King, then, of course, Prince of Wales, who defeated the Gentlemen of Norfolk at Sandringham in the late sixties) has a far better claim to be considered a 'blue' than the President of the Local Board, insomuch as he represented Oxford in the racquet matches with Cambridge from 1858 to 1860, inclusive, and, what is more, won not only the doubles, but also the singles for his 'Varsity in each of those years. At school, and to his immediate friends, Sir William was known as 'Billy,' which is pretty conclusive evidence that he was extremely popular ; it is on record that on the cricket-field he rarely permitted the game to become wearisome, even if to obviate this he was obliged to return the ball with such rapidity to the wicket-keeper that over-throws, and consequently excursions and alarums, followed as a matter of course, until some one with befitting gravity secured the ball and placed it in his pocket until the field had recovered its placidity.

Amongst those in high places who have represented 'Lords and Commons' in their annual fixtures there must be accounted Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who, against I Zingari in 1867, was stumped by the late Sir Courtenay Boyle (Oxford Eleven of 1865-67) off the bowling of Mr. Drake (a quondam Cambridge 'blue,' if we are not mistaken) for the modest score of 0. The Marquis of Salisbury, we believe, never took part in this fixture, though at the time he was Member of Parliament for Stamford (1853-1868) he played fairly frequently with the members of the St. Albans Cricket Club. Another member of the Governmental inner circle who has done good work in minor cricket is the Right Hon. Aretas Akers-Douglas, who, as A. Akers, played on various occasions with the Eton Ramblers, when Lord Harris and Messrs. C. I. Thornton and A. Lubbock rendered it one of the most difficult elevens of the day to get out.

Although he has never played in any Gentlemen of England team, the old Cliftonian, Mr. A. H. Heath, who now represents Hanley in the Conservative interest, formed a member of the

Oxford University cricket eleven for four years, 1876-79, inclusive, and so far as the Inter-'Varsity match is concerned, had an experience as unique as it was unfortunate. In 1876 he earned 'spectacles'; in 1877 he had only one innings, but scored a 'duck'; in 1878 his innings were 14 and 8; and in 1879 he scored 45 (top score for his side), and yet another 0. His best score in first-class cricket was 71, in 1876, for Oxford against Middlesex, on the old Prince's Ground. In 1875, 77–79-80, Mr. Heath represented Oxford at Back in the Inter-'Varsity Rugby match, thereby securing a place in the abbreviated list of 'double Blues.'

Although the Member for North-east Devon, the Right Hon. Sir W. H. Walrond, had a place in the Eton eleven in the sixties, and there secured a great reputation as a long-leg (against Winchester in 1866 he scored 14, and against Harrow 3 and 0, whilst the year following he scored 16 against the former school and 17 and 27 against the latter), it is more in connection with shooting that his name is known in the annals of sport. In 1878, when only sixty marksmen shot in the final stage of the 'Queen's,' Sir William, of the 1st Devon, formed one of their number; he is now an honorary colonel and a member of the council of the N.R.A. In most books of reference the Member for Deptford, Mr. A. H. A. Morton, who played for Eton in 1854, is represented to have been a member of the Cambridge eleven of 1857-58, but it is noteworthy that he did not play in the Inter-'Varsity match of those years.

Of the two elevens taking part in that famous match at Lord's, on July 29, 1893, between the Government (Liberals) and the Opposition (Conservatives), quite a large proportion are in the House to-day. On the Liberal side Mr. J. A. Pease, now Sir Joseph, represents Barnard Castle; Mr. J. F. Leese (at one time member of the Lancashire eleven), who scored 22 (he was not knighted for this feat alone), is still Member for the Accrington division of Lancashire; Mr. H. J. Gladstone, a good bat and a fair bowler, is yet keeping a good length in the House; Mr. (now Sir George) Newnes, having been stumped at Newmarket in 1895, made no mistake in winning the toss in Swansea town last year. Although an enthusiastic cricketer, Sir George has gained even greater renown on the chess-board. Mr. A. E. Hutton, Mr. William Allan, Mr. R. K. Causton, Mr. C. E. H. Hobhouse, and Mr. (now Sir) R. T. Reid, who was absent in the first innings, comprised the remaining members of the eleven, who only secured three Conservative wickets for

243 runs, and only put together 104 runs in their first innings between them. Sir Robert Reid, by the way, got rid of two of the Opposition himself, stumping Viscount Curzon and catching Viscount Chelsea ; he was the Oxford stumper in 1866, '67, and '68, and also represented his University with the racquet in 1867.

Of the Conservative eleven some have been translated like Viscount Curzon, against their will, to an unappreciated 'Lords,' and others were not able to bat, or rather to stand, at the last General Election. Of those members of the victorious team of 1893, who are still keeping up the Conservative wicket, there are Mr. H. W. Forster (Oxford University, Gentlemen of England and Hants), who scored 81 in the match in question, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport (Oxford University Association football team of 1884), Mr. E. W. Beckett, and Sir William Walrond.

Of other good cricketers in the House there are, in addition to those already mentioned, Mr. P. M. Thornton, once secretary of Middlesex County Cricket Club, who represented Cambridge in the mile and the quarter the same year (1864) as Lord Alverstone, then R. E. Webster, ran second for Oxford in the two-mile steeplechase. Mr. J. Round, who played for the Gentlemen of England at Lords in 1864, 1867, and 1868, and at the Oval in 1867, when he stumped two and caught three of the Players, and only allowed one bye in an innings of 249 runs, in addition to which feats he assisted to run out three others of his opponents. Mr. Arthur Priestley (Liberal Member for Grantham) is also well known in the cricket-field ; but, so far as the public is concerned, chiefly on account of the fact that he took a team out to the West Indies in 1896, which included such well-known players as A. E. Stoddart, S. M. J. Woods, and R. P. Lewis. Mr. Priestley's average at the end of the tour was not overwhelming; he scored 94 runs in twenty innings. The junior Member for Portsmouth, Mr. R. J. Lucas, is also a good cricketer, though he did not come off as a bat in the great school matches. For Eton against Harrow at Lords in 1881 he scored 8 and 30 ; in 1882, 4 and 6 ; in 1883, when he was captain, 12 ; and in 1884, 3.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

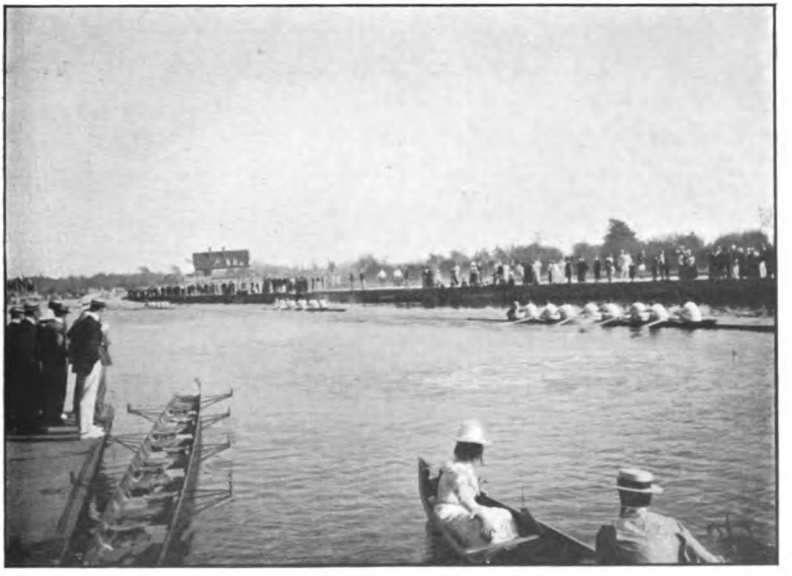
THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE JUNE COMPETITION

The First Prize in the June competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. W. R. Prior, Manchester; Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, Manningham, Yorks; Lieut.-Col. C. N. Simpson, Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham; Mr. Hugh Rotherham, Coventry; and Colonel Barklie McCalmont, Ravenswood, Hamble, Hants. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

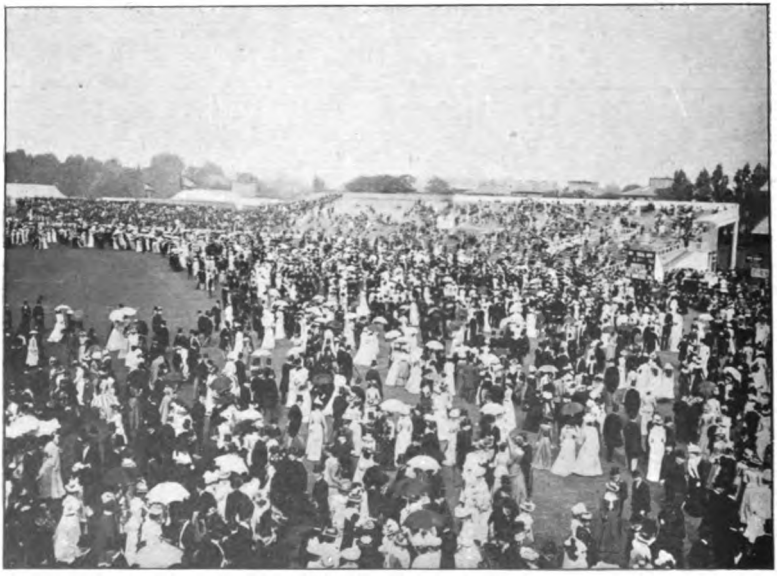
MR. J. DAWSON'S RAMBLING KATIE WINNING MANCHESTER CUP, JUNE 1901. J. CHILDS UP
Photograph taken by Mr. W. R. Prior, Manchester



'EIGHTS WEEK' AT OXFORD. FINAL DAY OF THE SECOND DIVISION
Photograph taken by Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, Manningham, Yorks

MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB IN HYDE PARK, JUNE 1901

Photograph taken by Lt.-Col. C. N. Simpson, R.F.A., Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall

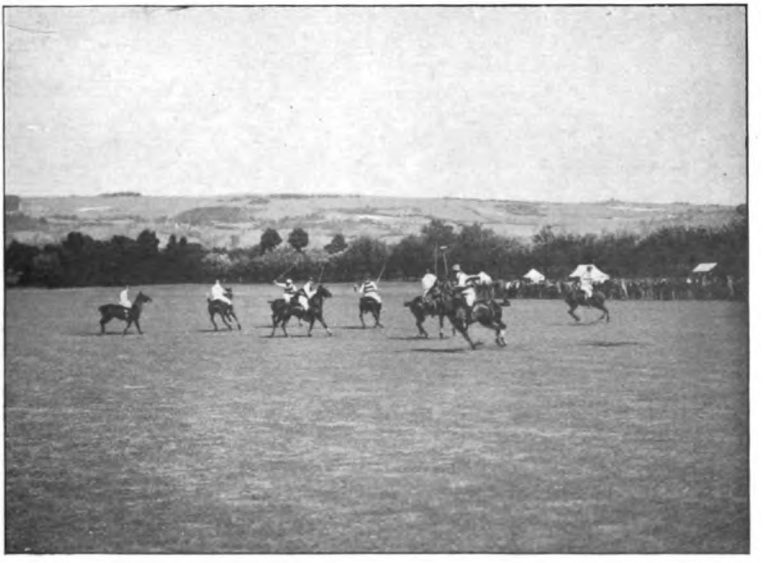


LORD'S CRICKET GROUND. VIEW FROM THE FIRST GALLERY OF PAVILION

Photograph taken by Mr. Hugh Rotherham, Keresley Grange, Coventry

EPSOM SUMMER RACES, 1901. FINISH OF THE JUVENILE PLATE

Photograph taken by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



MATCH BETWEEN CHELTENHAM AND BLACKMORE VALE POLO CLUBS
PLAYED ON THE CHELTENHAM GROUND, JUNE 17, 1901, AND WON BY BLACKMORE VALE

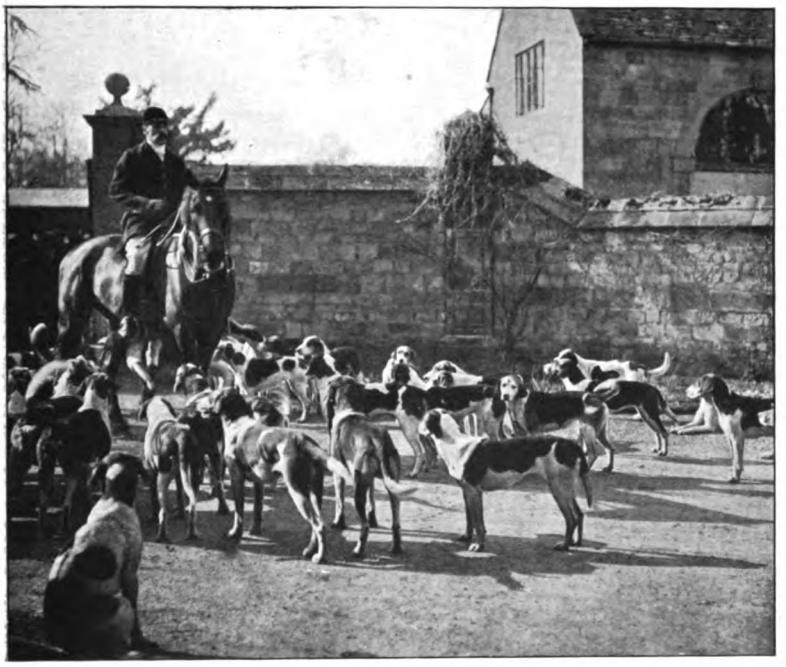
Photograph taken by Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham

'EIGHTS WEEK' AT OXFORD. AFTER THE RACES

Photograph taken by Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, Manningham, Yorks

GYMNASTIC DISPLAY, STEVENAGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Photograph taken by Mr. B. G. Druce, Stevenage



NORTH COTSWOLD HOUNDS, AT MICKLETON MANOR, WITH CAPTAIN STACEY, LATE MASTER

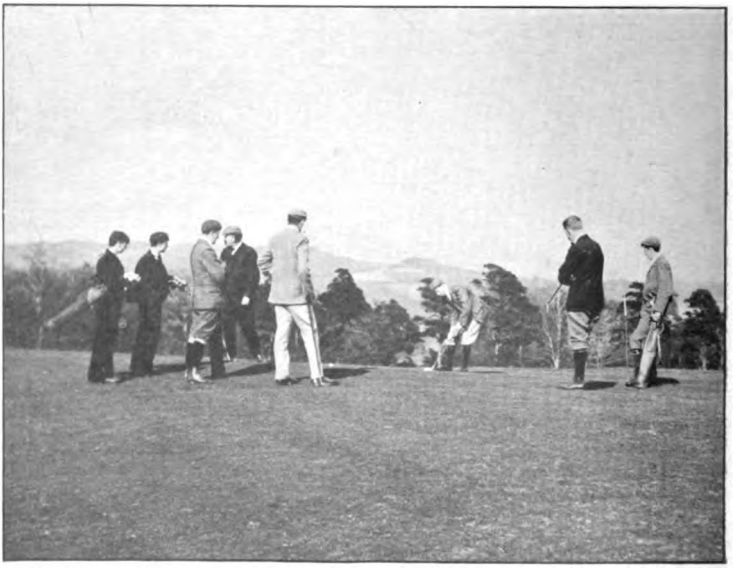
Photograph taken by Miss Maye Bruce, Camtden, Gloucestershire

THE DISMASTED 'SHAMROCK II'

Photograph taken about a quarter of an hour after the accident by Colonel Barklie McCalmont, Ravenswood, Hamble, Hants

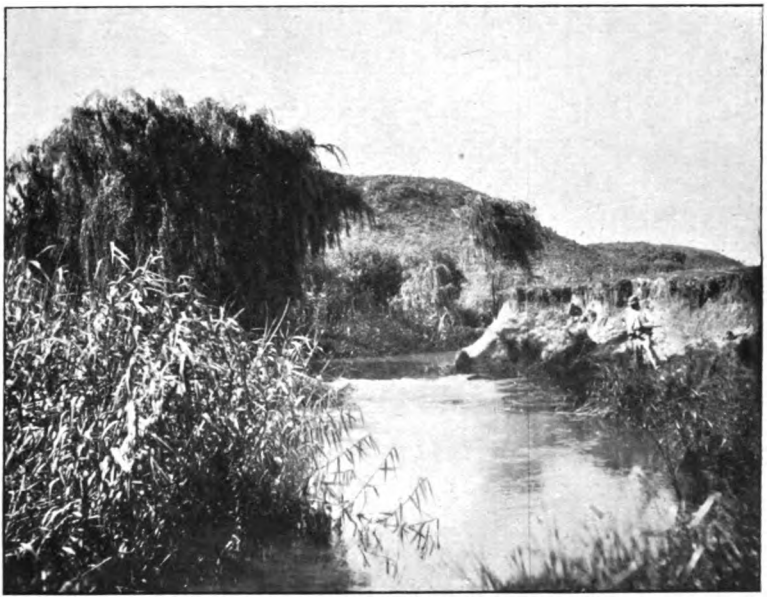
FROM NAPLES TO COWES IN THE STEAM YACHT 'MAÏA,' 43 TONS. HALFWAY THROUGH AN EIGHT SLUICE LOCK ON THE WAY TO TOULOUSE

Photograph taken by Mr. Jack Meader, Balmoral House, Cowes



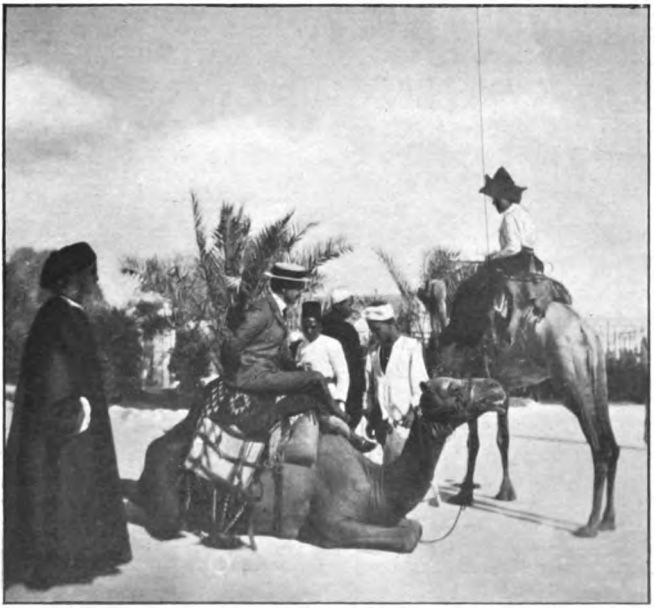
THE PUTT. THE FOURTH HOLE OF THE HAWICK GOLF COURSE

Photograph taken by Mr. W. Scott Elliot, Junior, Hawick



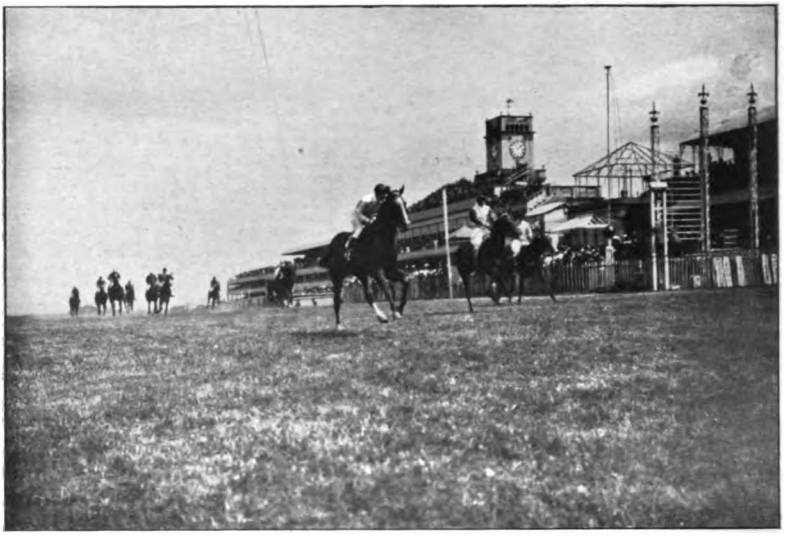
A GOOD SPOT FOR 'YELLOW FISH' ON A STREAM NEAR KLERKSDORP, TRANSVAAL

Photograph taken by Mr. Harold C. Adams, Middlesex Hospital



PREPARING FOR THE CAMEL RACE. MENA GYMKHANA, CAIRO

Photograph taken by Miss Winnington, Sloane Gardens, S.W.



FINISH FOR THE CORONATION STAKES, ASCOT, 1901

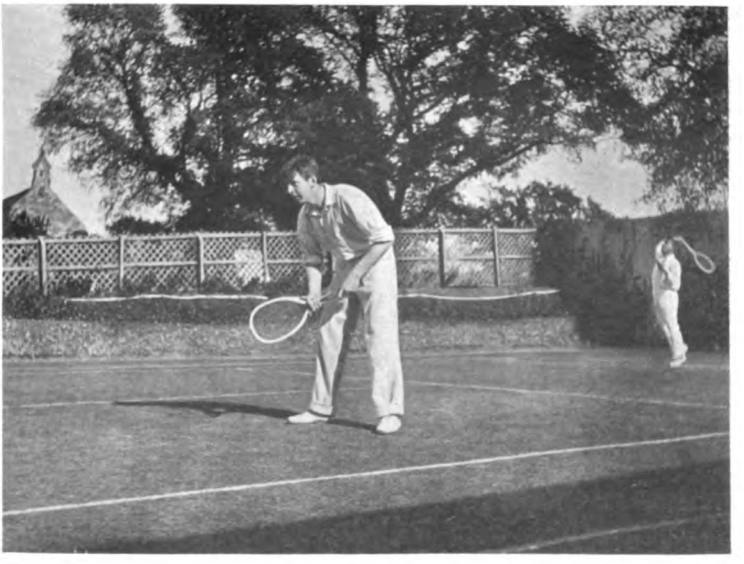
Photograph taken by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

YOUNG FOXES ABOUT TWO MONTHS OLD

Photograph taken by Miss Jessie Wallace, Upper Keith, East Lothian

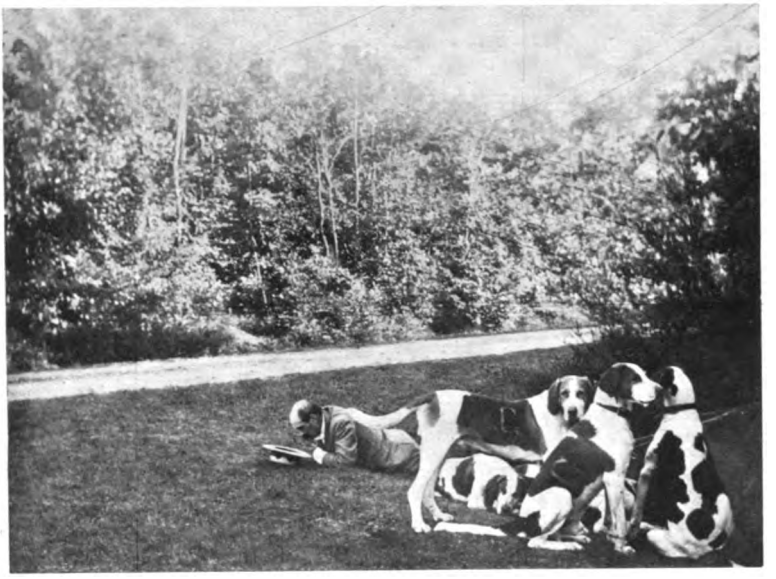
A GOOD HUNTER

Photograph taken by Mr. B. C. Gillott, Eastwood, Notts



MR. F. D. DAVIS, THE AMERICAN LAWN TENNIS DOUBLES CHAMPION

Photograph taken by Miss A. M. Kendall, Humberstone, Leicester

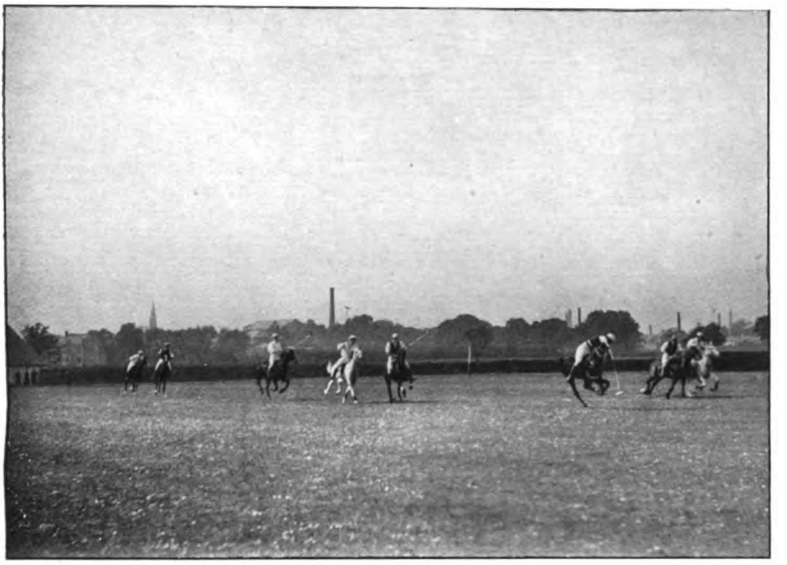


A RELAY OF HOUNDS FROM THE MARQUIS OF CHAMBRAY'S PACK

Photograph taken by Baron Louis de Dorlodot, Llwynypia, South Wales

RATTING

Photograph taken by Mr. R. C. Lampson, Horley, Surrey



CO. ANTRIM POLO CLUB

Photograph taken by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down

WITH MR. BUCKLEY'S OTTER HOUNDS, NORTH WALES

Photograph taken by Miss Leslie, Oswestry

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE coloured pictures this month include Volodyovski, who appears to be sometimes described as an American colt by reason of the fact that he runs in the colours of an American, but nothing could be more English than a son of Florizel II. and La Reine, who was bred by the lady who chooses to be known on the turf as 'Mr. Theobalds,' leased to the late Lord William Beresford, and at his lamented death made over for the colt's racing career to Mr. Whitney. Volodyovski's record is an excellent one. Of his last six races as a two-year-old he won five, failing on the other occasion to give 10 lb. weight to Aïda, winner of the One Thousand Guineas. This year he has only run twice, and after a failure in the spring, when he was not ready to run, carried off the Derby in handsome style. His chances in the St. Leger on the eleventh of next month are obvious; indeed according to present appearances he can hardly be beaten. That he is worthy to rank with the most famous winners of the classic races no one suggests, but he is probably the best of a moderate lot of three-year-olds. 'The Grouse' is naturally chosen for the August bird. About him there is nothing new to be said—for it would be unwise to declare him the best of all game birds in the British Isles, seeing that claims would inevitably be put in on behalf of the woodcock, the partridge, and perhaps the snipe, by sportsmen of different tastes. 'Running Wild' also speaks for itself. It is difficult for people who have dogs among their most intimate friends to conceive how any one manages to get on without such delightful companions. The girl in the picture has three such friends, and is taking them for a run on the seashore. Obviously there is 'Something There'—the terrier's eloquent face leaves no doubt about the matter.

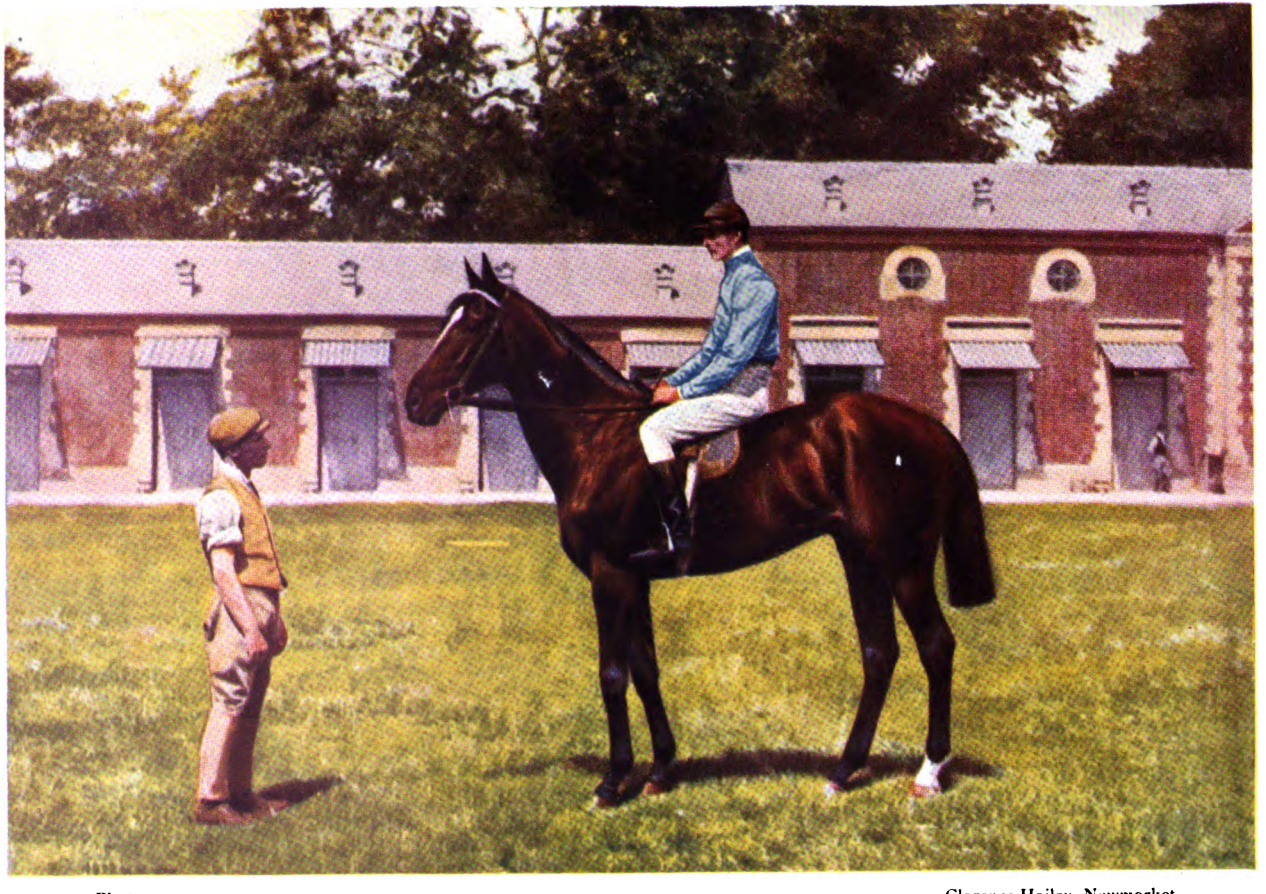


Photo. Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

VOLODYOVSKI.

UNIV. OF MICH.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE two-year-olds of the present season do certainly appear beyond the average of late years. Several that have been talked about have still to appear, but this sort of talk is so often misleading that it is indiscreet to form opinions until horses have run in public—and as a general rule run more than once. Flying Lemur can scarcely be the moderate animal his first performance suggests, but Pole Carew has failed a second time when not asked to do much, and there may be disappointments in store with regard to some of the others not yet out. In estimating the strength of the two-year olds, however, it must not be forgotten that some good animals never ran at that age—Blair Athol, Merry Hampton and Common, of Derby winners, never appeared on a racecourse until they were three-year-olds, and then again there are many others who make extraordinary improvement. No one would have suspected from the running of Sir Hugo, for instance, in his first season, that he could by any possibility win the Derby, and win it moreover from such a good animal as La Flèche, with St. Angelo, St. Damien, Rueil, El Diablo, and Bonavista behind.

It is curious that three such horses as Duke of Westminster, Sceptre and Lavengro should be in the same hands, and many lovers of the turf will most heartily wish that the two former

were carrying the yellow jacket of Eaton and Kingsclere, and the last named the primrose and rose hoops of Lord Rosebery. Which is the best of these three one must wait for time to show; stories about them are most contradictory; it is not worth while trying to ascertain their truth in view of the difficulties attending such a quest, and the extreme probability of arriving at quite incorrect conclusions. That Sceptre is an exceptionally good mare is proved by the fact that when she won the July Stakes, practically in a trot, she must have been far from herself, having only had one gallop during the previous four weeks; and though it is said that she 'beat nothing,' after all the Melton-Irene colt, Laird of Ayrshire and some of the others can gallop a bit. Mormon, who started to get a line for something else in Marsh's stable, went on a hopeless mission, and the Duke of Devonshire correctly summed up the situation when, watching the finish of the race, he remarked that no sort of line was to be got there.

Except on rare occasions when a horse belongs to a millionaire, there is always talk of the sale of anything out of the common, and prices have a tendency to mount. A dozen years ago £20,000 was offered for Signorina, and there was a general outcry about the folly of the man who offered the money on one hand, and of the man who refused it on the other. As Signorina has been a failure since leaving the turf, and only won a couple of races in two years after her victory in the Middle Park Plate—though one of them was worth close on £9000—she would not have been a good bargain at the price; but it is very conceivable that a horse might be ridiculously cheap at £20,000. A young soldier who has lately inherited a very large fortune, one of the largest in England, has I know been contemplating the advisability of offering £50,000 for Duke of Westminster, Sceptre and Lavengro. I do not feel myself at liberty to mention names, but it would be an excellent thing if the three animals passed into this possession, assuming, of course, that they justify expectation; for their would-be owner is one who would thus probably be induced to become an invaluable patron of the turf, though I do not suppose he would have many dealings with the ring, but would race for the honour and glory of the best interests of the turf. For a real lover of the sport what could be more delightful than to own the son of Orme and Gantlet, the daughter of Persimmon and Ornament,

and the son of Ladas and Avilion? Ladas has come notably to the front just at the time of writing, with Lavengro and Epsom Lad. Some time since, in a letter to Lord Rosebery, I said something in the way of condolence on the subject of Ladas' stock. He replied 'I am not in the least disappointed with Ladas' produce excepting those trained by myself. The others, which were very few, have not done badly. My two lots, the finest I ever produced, have been, of course, a disastrous failure.' Certainly there is no ground for disappointment now!

It is strange how some horses acquire what may perhaps be described as a sort of personal popularity. In many cases this is, of course, due to their intrinsic merit. The invincible Ormonde was naturally the idol of the crowd, which always loves an animal that has never known defeat; but an equally popular horse in the same year was The Bard. It was curious to note how writers about racing always had some complimentary and eulogistic adjective for the son of Petrarch and Magdalene. He was always 'the gallant little Bard,' or something of that kind, due perhaps in some measure to the way in which he stuck to his work against the mighty Ormonde in the Derby. I gather—it was a bit before my time—that Blair Athol was another of this sort. Orme and La Flèche also had ardent friends who were actually ready to quarrel about the relative merits of the animals they admired, sympathy being no doubt extended to Orme because of the misfortune that overtook him in his early three-year-old days. One does not often see such excitement on a racecourse as was exhibited when he won the Eclipse Stakes for the first time in 1892. I suppose La Flèche gained her popularity by the style in which she used to canter home under heavy weights with her ears pricked, but she was certainly one of the animals that race-goers of all classes delighted to see.

Sometimes a victory is received with enthusiasm for the sake of the owner, as was the case when Ladas won the Derby in 1894. Certainly the loudest outburst of cheers I ever heard on a racecourse was when Lord Rosebery led in his champion; but it is by no means always for the sake of the owner that the crowd goes half mad. Victor Wild was one of the greatest favourites of modern times, and used to be applauded when he cantered

to the post, as if he were a popular tenor stepping on to the stage; yet he belonged to a publican who could not have been personally known to many of the crowd and was entirely unknown in club stands and private enclosures. Perhaps Count Schomberg should be included in the list of popular horses, and this again was certainly not for his owner's sake. The reason here may have been the way in which he took part in all sorts of races and distinguished himself in all alike, from the six-furlong Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, in which he ran well, carrying 8 st. 13 lb., to the Goodwood Cup over two miles and a half, which he won twice, with hurdle races and steeplechases thrown in. Another big scene on a racecourse was when Eager beat Royal Flush, but there spectators were glad to see the English horse holding his own and to applaud the success of a popular jockey in Mornington Cannon. St. Gatien and Robert the Devil were likewise always very special favourites. It would be interesting to know why some horses are so, whilst others, equally good, win their races and create no special interest?

There is I suppose always some reason for practices that one does not understand if such practices are generally followed, but I was fairly puzzled in France the other day when I went to some trotting races at Saint-Cloud. In the first race there were fourteen entries, and, with one exception, the name of every animal began with 'U.' In the second race there were twelve entries, eleven of which began with 'U.' In the third race there were twenty entries, of which nineteen began with 'U.' A further puzzle arose from the fact that in the first race no fewer than three, and all three-year-olds, were named Ukraine. In the third race a trio of other three-year-olds were named Ukase. In the fourth race thirteen entries all began with 'T.'; here there were all four-year-olds and there were two Traveilleurs among them. Pondering over a possible reason, it occurred to me that as the three-year-olds began with U., and the four-year-olds with T., all the horses of a certain year were called by names which began with the same letter; but this theory does not fit, because exceptions to the three-year-old 'U's' were Tantatrice and Jean Baptiste, and among the four-year-old 'T's' in a fifth race there appeared Divette. I know absolutely nothing about trotting beyond the fact that it is not an exciting sport to watch, but surely it must be a desperately confusing business when you have among thirteen entries three

of the same age and same colour called by the same name? I suppose the expert could doubtless give a reason—which might or might not however be a convincing one.

In some contests what may be called finality never seems to be reached. A few years ago when a mare called Maud S. trotted a mile in 2 min. 8 secs. the performance was regarded as a record for all time, but since then it has been constantly lowered, if it has not reached two minutes as it was expected to do. In galloping, again, Brag held the mile record for a race at Brighton till it went to America, secured by a horse called Salvator, whose time was beaten by Harrow at Lingfield, as was Harrow's time subsequently on the same course by Caiman. With human achievements, however, similar progress does not seem to be made. It is strange to note how many runners have covered 100 yards in 10 seconds and how impossible it seems to do better than this. It is true that in America and New Zealand $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds has been credited; the fifth of a second is, however, scarcely appreciable, and beyond that, at any rate, no man has ever passed. Innumerable attempts have been made during the last fifteen years to beat W. G. George's mile record of 4 min. $12\frac{3}{4}$ secs., but that remains unconquered. A not inconsiderable number of trained runners have gone four miles under 20 minutes, but the limit of human speed for this distance seems to be 19 min. $25\frac{2}{5}$ secs. Over 24 feet has been jumped by certainly three or four men and probably by more, but never 6 inches further, and it seems doubtful whether any one will ever jump 25 feet—though of course it is always rash to prophesy, and I have indeed heard of an unauthenticated 25 feet; but inquiries into unauthenticated records usually leave the previous figures standing.

A correspondent—Major-General Manderson—writes to me as follows: 'At pages 266 and 267 of the volume of the Badminton Library on "Billiards," remarks are made regarding bonzoline and ivory balls—the edition I refer to was published in 1897. Since then players must have gained much experience of their relative qualities in every way, and I, as a billiard player of over half a century, but who never played with bonzoline balls till two years ago, would like to know whether they are gaining in favour or not and whether they are being

generally taken into use in clubs and messes in favour of ivories? I was recommended to try them and have had a set in use for over two years. They keep their shape wonderfully well, but I find I cannot screw *at long distances* so well with them as I fancy I can with ivories. On account of their retaining their proper shape and their comparative cheapness to ivory, I presume they will be pretty generally used. Perhaps you would kindly ventilate the subject in the magazine, or give an opinion among Rapier's notes.' In the clubs to which I belong I find nothing but ivory, and nearly all the people to whom I have spoken express a preference for the old style. Two or three, however, pronounce bonzoline balls 'quite as good,' and one good player tells me he likes them better than ivory—I gather because he is more accustomed to them. I shall be glad to receive experiences.

Attracted by a story of bird-life in a recent number of the magazine the Rev. P. W. Bryan kindly sends me the following anecdote: 'In my early youth, more than sixty years ago, ravens were much more common than they are now. I then lived at a country rectory in Essex. In my rambles through the fields and woods, when about four miles from home I came upon a ravens' nest in a tree. I took two young ones from the nest, and brought them home; but my parents would not allow me to keep them, as I had had ravens before, and they had proved very mischievous. Next day I placed the young ones in the yard, and whilst I was deliberating what to do with them, the old birds appeared high up over head, like specks in the sky, uttering their accustomed cry. They hovered over their young ones, but seemed afraid to come near, so I took the little ones up and put them on a pollard oak at the bottom of the field, where the old birds came and took them away. Some time previously to this I had a bad accident in scaling a tree in which was an old ravens' nest. A little country boy who was with me declared he knew I should come to harm, because it was said:

A robin, a raven, a Jenny wren,
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY
NEW YORK.

The Badminton Magazine

THE ROAN MARE

BY DOROTHEA CONYERS

'THE swatest mare,' affirmed Paddy Doolan emphatically, 'that yer honour iver saw in yer life.'

Clive Horton considered the statement, outwardly with an air of disbelief, inwardly he agreed with it. The roan mare in question stood as if she knew her good points were being discussed. She was a big lengthy mare, with a strong back, ideal shoulders, flat clean legs, and a deep girth. She was a little in the rough, badly groomed and half clipped, but nothing could hide her beauty.

Clive Horton was a subaltern in the Duke's Hussars, then quartered at Cahirvally, in Ireland. He possessed several good hunters, but nothing very fast, and the dream of his life this year was to win the Subalterns' Cup, run for in the following April. He had seen the roan mare out hunting the day before, and watched her cleverly jump a bank, and then slip up a field with a long smooth stride which seemed to steal the other horses' places, and when extended, pass everything like a flash, and his heart was won. He casually fell into conversation with her owner and asked him where he lived—using a low tone for the question, lest others should get on the track of

this treasure. He knew few of the regiment would go in for a horse in the rough, but he wondered at the county men, and prided himself on his cleverness. He had plenty of money to buy a finished horse, but he was a careful youth, and he wanted something cheap. Horton was a slight young fellow, narrowly built, with a long inquisitive nose, deeply-set eyes, and a thin mouth with a thin fringe above it. He came of a generation of shopkeepers, and the love of overreaching his fellows in a bargain was deep in his blood. So he never uttered a word to any one, but ordered his dogcart next day, kidnapped the regimental vet., and drove as fast as his pony could take him to Paddy Doolan's farm.

'Canter her round,' said Horton.

'And may the saints sind,' muttered Mr. Doolan fervently as he saddled the mare, 'that the last lambastin' I give her at this gate may be in her mind yet!' The field was a small one, with a gate leading into the dirty back yard where the mare was stabled. The roan was cantered once round the field and was pulled up at the gate. Cocked ear and quivering nostril —all the pride of her blood seemed fighting for more galloping. Horton's eyes lit up, and Paddy Doolan caught the gleam.

'Find a fault in her, yer honour!' he cried triumphantly.

Horton was not one of those men who, without dwelling on a single point, can yet tell a good horse at a glance. He had picked up his knowledge line by line from books. He ran over the list quickly. Well set on head, deep girth, great bone, good feet, long pasterns—but the books said this defect pointed to speed—until his eyes paused at the mare's ribs, where, as many of her sex, she was a little slack. He shook his head then dubiously.

'Is it her ribs ye're looking at?' said Doolan quickly. 'Sure yer honour knows that ivery mare is slack there?'

Horton's experience did not go so far, so he passed the point over and demanded the mare's breeding. Ask an Irishman how a horse is bred, but never expect the truth for an answer. A fluent string of noble names flew from Mr. Doolan's lips, there was no hesitation up to the great-grandam. 'And she, sir, was a Solon, but sure her mother's breedin' was unknown.' Yet Paddy knew well that he had bought the mare, a yearling, at a Kerry fair, and had no notion where she came from. But Horton, English and a soldier, was duly impressed. He requested that, if they made the deal, the pedigree might be written down fully.

'Which the saints sind I do in the right saquince,' muttered Doolan, scratching his head doubtfully.

The price, after due haggling, was agreed on as £50, and 'indade for a five-year-old mare of that breedin', it was nothin';' but Horton wished to try the mare over a few jumps himself. Here Doolan objected. 'The neighbours, black divils they are, wouldn't lit him over one of them bits of banks. Summoned I'd be, yer honour, divil a lie on it,' he said emphatically, looking round as he spoke, and hoping that none of the said neighbours, who were his dearest friends, would appear before he warned them of their unneighbourly habits. 'That little wall beyant' might be jumped, that was all, but 'sure his honour had seen her leppin' yestherday.'

Horton quite believed him, and got up to try the mare in the field they were standing in. She moved perfectly, bringing her hind legs well under her. Her mouth was light, and she flew the wall like a deer. Her owner stood at the gate, brandishing, absently no doubt, a great cartwhip. The mare swerved from it nervously.

'Keep that quiet,' cried out Horton.

''Tis a thrick I have,' explained Doolan, apologising. 'An sure 'tis the only chance I have of recalling it to her mind,' he added *sotto voce*.

Horton's heart was won. There was nothing now except an examination, and Masters, the vet., could find nothing wrong. When he tried her for her wind, she swerved once towards the gate and seemed inclined to stop, but Doolan clicked the whip, and she went on again.

'She's anxious to be in, and thim doctors, they've terrible rough hands on a baste,' muttered Doolan confidentially to Horton. 'See how aisy she went with your honour.'

Horton smiled pleasantly. He was intensely proud of his riding, and flattered himself that no one guessed how recently he had received his first lesson. The deal was concluded. The mare was to be sent over immediately, and they left Mr. Doolan at his gate, blessing the day which had sent them there.

As the cob spun back towards Cahirvally, Horton positively swelled with pride. He knew the roan was fast, he had seen her extended the day before, and he had snapped her, in the rough as she was, from the hands of the astute county men.

'I've done a real smart thing,' he crowed. 'I've often heard of the bargains you can pick up in Ireland, but the fellows, you know, won't look at a horse unless it's smartened up. Think of that roan when she's in condition!'

'She's a picture.' Masters felt a little bored. 'But I think she's got a temper. She tried to swerve with me once. I should have asked some one about her.'

'Swerve? It was only your hands. You pulled her about a bit. One has to, I suppose, vetting them. And as for asking —no thank you; I didn't want other people after her.'

Masters kept his thoughts to himself. They were, at the moment, too deep for words, for he could ride most things, and he had fathomed the depth of Horton's skill.

The roan mare came next day, and was duly lodged in Horton's stables. He had taken some boxes close to the barrack gate, across a wide street paved with dirty babies. The stables were far superior to the owner's house.

The men began to clip her directly she arrived—Horton wanted to hunt her next day. It was too late when she was finished to take her for a gallop, so she was sheeted heavily, and sent round the show ring in the yard until she was warm. She really was a picture when out of her coat, clipping a soft blue roan. Her owner was so proud of her that he could not restrain himself, and ere mess was over the regiment knew that Horton had got something smart to run for the Cup.

II

The Cahirvallys met at Friar's Cross, about four miles from barracks, and the Hussars, as usual, turned out in force. Horton was late: the roan had been led round the square for twenty minutes when he came to the door. 'Wait,' he shouted to two men just disappearing out of the gate. They went on, unheeding. He swung up on the mare, and she slipped away with her long, springy step. The barrack gate opened on to the dirty town, and as Horton came out a boy on a long-tailed colt clattered past. The mare cocked her ears and turned after him. It was the wrong direction, so Horton pulled the reins carelessly—he was fumbling at his stirrup. The roan shook her lean head and turned again.

'Come round,' said Horton, jerking the left rein. 'Oh, Lord!' He clung with both arms round the mare's neck in his surprise. He saw her hoofs beating the air. She had reared perfectly straight; a touch would have brought her back. She came down to earth, snorting fury, and turned on her way once more. Horton was no coward: he took up his whip and hit her as he pulled her round. Up again. A backward lurch of her shoulders, a totter, and he slipped

off, landing comfortably in a pool of mud, amid a chorus of 'Holy Marys!' 'Glory be, the rid coat's down!' from the onlookers. The mare trotted off after the now distant cart-horse, but another sportsman coming up the street caught her and brought her back. It was a Major O'Brien, a man Horton knew.

'She was nearly over. A nice handful you've got, Horton,' said O'Brien.

'Nice indeed!' Horton scraped off a few pounds of mud and dived for his stirrup. The crowd proffered 'hankerchers' of doubtful cleanliness to 'clane the darlin' white breeches' with, but he declined the offers with some heat.

'I know that mare, she'll come now in company,' observed O'Brien. 'Doolan's roan. I've tried her. She's a picture to look at, but a confirmed rearer, absolutely incurable. I had her for a week once myself. Doolan had tried every method to cure her. I believe he's taught her to go round his own field by using a cartwhip freely. Why didn't you ask some one who knew the place?'

It did not soothe Horton to remember how he had carefully kept his discovery to himself, or the 'thrick' of the cart-whip. He was a bad-tempered man, and he rode on gloomily, cursing, which was unfair, every book on horseflesh and perfect points as he went.

The roan, whom he promptly christened Astarte, went on quietly to the meet and carried him well during the day. True, it was in her way and not his. She chose her own place in the fences; worse, she selected her own companions, and elected to trot whinnying for several fields in pursuit of Miss O'Neill's great black horse. Miss O'Neill was a 'strong'[1] farmer's' daughter; she was a great red-headed girl who came out in a lumpy blue habit, and chirruped to her horse as she went; and the sweet smiles she flung at Horton as she went nearly drove him crazy. Every time he turned the roan away the mare took her fore feet off the ground, and that settled it. Miss O'Neill was embarrassed, but pleased, at her apparent conquest.

Horton would have liked to follow another lady who was out, a certain Miss Katie FitzGerald, and his temper was not improved by seeing Neil Carey, the poorest man in the regiment, at her side all day. Neil's existence in a cavalry regiment was a standing wonder—no one knew how he managed it. He

[1] 'Strong' = 'well-to-do.'

kept two chargers, making a little sometimes out of a good one, and owned an old, blemished, stiff-legged white cob, which could jump anything. Its pace was part of its past youth, but the old beast was so clever that its owner was seldom far from hounds. Neil was a bright-faced, careless young follow, and a constant worry to careful Clive Horton, who counted every penny he possessed. He saw something wrong in any one being happy on an insufficient income, and a man struggling along with the Duke's Hussars because he couldn't bear to say good-bye to them. Now Neil Carey added to his sins, for Miss Katie was the prettiest girl in the county and an heiress to boot, and when Horton's fancy was firmly fixed he objected to rivals. He had remembered his love when he bought the roan. She would look well with a lady, and might lead to many other things.

Chance, and a sudden vigorous use of his spurs, brought him close to Katie FitzGerald at last.

'I haven't seen you all day,' he cried, slipping past Neil Carey. When—'Whe-he-he-he!' went the roan, and she plunged in hot pursuit of Miss O'Neill's black, lost for a time, bumping Katie's horse as she went; a roar of laughter from Carey, and a 'Well, really!' from Miss FitzGerald, echoing in his ears as he went.

III

Clive Horton went back to barracks in a savage temper. He knew that none of his other hunters would have any chance of beating the speedy horses running for the cup, and having spent fifty pounds he would spend no more. He wanted to win the race—he had been too clever, and nothing is more annoying. Horton's temper did not improve during the evening. He was laughed at, and he drank more than was quite good for him. His ill humour fastened itself presently on Neil Carey, who was in his usual high spirits. Carey gave him an opening soon.

'Sorry you've bought such a brute, Horton,' he said sympathetically. 'O'Brien told me he saw you in the mud. Narrow escape, too.'

Horton grew white with suppressed anger.

'I bought her to race,' he growled. 'She's very fast.'

'She looks it. But, my dear fellow, she'd never go round the course here. She'd run out if Miss O'Neill's black appeared! I might as well enter old Stiff Legs—I'd be round first!'

'What'll you bet on it?' cried Horton. 'Enter your old brute, and I'll lay you an even fifty pounds I finish in front of you.'

'Make it a fiver,' laughed Carey, surprised at the other's earnestness.

'Oh! You're afraid?'

'Who says afraid?' The boy flushed. 'I couldn't pay, and you know it.'

Now, Carey possessed a pure-bred wolfhound, which was the apple of his eye. Horton wanted the dog, and remembered this. "I'll bet you twenty-five pounds to your Sheila that I finish in front of you. But you know you're talking nonsense, and would never be such a fool as to try.'

'I'm not talking nonsense,' snapped Carey, 'I'll take you.'

He regretted it next moment. The room echoed with laughter when the men heard. Old Stiff Legs was as slow as a top, and the idea of racing him tickled them. Horton would not cry off the bet when approached on the subject next day. He hated being laughed at, and he wanted Carey to taste the humbug now. He still thought he might win the race, for, on giving the roan a spin with Greyson-Orme's black, one of the most fancied candidates, she went away from him easily. But she reared. He bought a rearing-bit; she reared when the strap was off. He took her out in a cavesson and pulled her back savagely. She staggered up sick and trembling, and was as bad as ever next day. She would go quietly if the direction was her choosing. A better hunter never looked through a bridle: she could jump like a cat, stay for ever, and was exceptionally fast; but even in the middle of a gallop she might refuse to cross a road, or turn after some fancied horse, right away from hounds.

She adopted new friends daily, but the black was still her best love, and Miss O'Neill's sweet glances deepened. A sulky bravado made Horton bring the mare out, while he hated riding her. He was haunted by a suspicion that Katie Fitz-Gerald's lips twitched with laughter when she spoke to him. Horton cheered up when the races drew nearer and hunting stopped. The roan was bound to follow the other horses round the course, and he was anxious to have a good laugh at Carey, whose piteous looks at Sheila the wolfhound did not move him in the least. Neil Carey loved the dog, and regretted his bet hourly. Horton gave him no chance of backing out, and sneered if he approached the subject. People

grew quite excited about it, and jokes were cracked at the expense of the old white hunter, although many of the men inclined to Carey's opinion, and believed the roan mare would never go round the course.

IV

The date fixed for the Hussars' regimental meeting came at last. A bright, clear day, with a chill wind blowing—the country in perfect order for riding over. The course is always chosen by the soldiers about six miles from Cahirvally, and runs at the foot of a big hill, from which there is an excellent view. The start is from a flat field at the left edge of the hill, then they run out towards the Cahir River, cross a road, swing round by the river, re-cross the road, and come home. The finish runs to the base of the hill, and is on a stiff uphill slope. Big marquees sprang up like mushrooms on the smooth green grass, the roads were crowded with carriages, and the country people took holiday to come to the 'mating.' They had their own booths lower down by the finish, and the place was black with them. A great many people rode, for by judicious short-cutting the riders could see the start, watch the horses for some time, and be back in time to see the finish. Carey pinned some hope on these riders: they thundered quite close to the racing horses, and the roan mare Astarte was easily put out. But he put aside these hopes as fallacious when he bent over his big dog just before the start. He could not face her wistful, loving eyes. He gave her chain to Katie FitzGerald to hold, and turned away sadly.

'There's only one thing—she's sure to bite him,' he said gruffly.

There were five genuine entries for the Subalterns' Cup, which was the last event on the card, and Mr. Carey's g g Stiff Legs, aged, made six, but it was not considered necessary to count this. Astarte, the roan, was in an excellent temper. She was carefully led to the start, in case anything should annoy her. The flag was dropped, and the five went away at a rattling pace. Old Stiff Legs grunted, wondered what nonsense was on foot, and started leisurely in pursuit, galloping like a rusty mechanical toy. Alas for Carey's hopes! The roan followed her leaders like a lamb. He saw her sweep over the third bank, turn among the crowd of horses, and then they were lost to his view. Carey galloped on, 'for nothing is over till it's finished,' he remarked wisely. He knew the old horse would

get round in time, and also that his pace would improve when he warmed. Three stiff banks, the white propping and changing leisurely, and then a low fence on to the road. As Carey came along he heard an unusual commotion. Was some one down? Then he heard the chorus plainly, 'Bate her.' 'Holy saints! howld on to her head, she'll be up again.' 'Give him a lead, Miss O'Neill darling. Don't have the gintleman lift.' 'Over it now, ye decaiver.' 'Holy Mary! she'll kill herself before she leps.' 'Sthick to her, Captain. Kape her at it.' And mingling with all this a continuous string of pure Saxon curses in Horton's voice.

'Have a care! here's another of 'em left,' cried the crowd as Carey popped out into the road.

The roan mare had gone perfectly. She strode along easily, well within herself, and Horton's heart beat quickly. Hopes of winning dangled before him, when—misfortune fell on him. There was a crowd to see them across the road, and lolloping down the field came Miss O'Neill on her long-tailed black. She drew up close to where they passed, and then turned and cantered towards a gap on to the road. The roan mare flung a wicked eye aslant. She saw her friend. Horton pushed up among the others, though he scented no danger, for his mount was going perfectly. But the roan slackened her pace. 'Whe-he-he-he!' rang out suddenly; the mare jumped sideways on to the road, scattered the crowd in all directions, and laid a loving, vicious head almost on Miss O'Neill's lap. A desperate fight followed, and twice the mare shot savagely up until a dozen grimy hands on her bridle weighed her down. Jump she would not. The fence out of the road was a nasty bank, broad but high. She kicked, plunged, and sprang, maddened from the hail of sticks and clods of earth which fell on her, but she stuck to the road, and whinnied in the intervals of her fury.

'For heaven's sake go over and give me a lead!' yelled Horton to the girl on the black. 'I can get her on once I'm in the field.'[1]

Miss O'Neill blushed pinkly and shook her head. She was overwhelmed by the situation. She had never spoken to one of the 'officers' before, and she would have helped him if she could; but she was afraid.

[1] The race, it must be understood, was not under N.H. Rules, and so Note III. to Part XXVI., by which Horton would have been disqualified does not apply.

'Tis terrible big,' she giggled coquettishly.

Just then Carey came out and crossed the road. Horton made a vain attempt to follow him, in response to a hopeful 'I'll keep Sheila yet,' shot out as Carey topped the bank. The roan reared again savagely, but was pulled down. Her ears were laid back, her tail tucked in between her great quarters—she was an embodiment of vicious obstinacy. 'Over it, miss! sure it's nothin'.' The crowd grew agitated. 'An' you a lady that follys the dogs!' 'Sure, isn't the horse a grand lepper? Come on now.'

'Do for heaven's sake go over and give me a lead,' entreated Horton.

Miss O'Neill shivered, but melted. She said, 'Very well then,' and was given no chance of retracting, for the black was driven at the bank by the crowd, hurrooing wildly. Five sticks beating tattoos on his quarters forbad hesitation, and he jumped, Miss O'Neill visibly terrified. She was a lady who 'follyed the dogs' at a very safe distance, and never jumped if she could help it.

'Well done, begob!' yelled the countrymen. 'Tis you're the lady who can do it. Arrah, well over, yer honour!' for, with a graceful bound, the wicked roan mare followed.

'Thank you. Thank you so much,' said Horton breathlessly. He saw the leg-tied white only a field away, and thought he would catch Carey in a moment. He shortened his reins and drove his spurs, but the roan begged to differ from him. She stuck her toes in the ground, kicked, and then sidled towards her friend the black.

'Oh, Lord! she'll never go on now, and I must get in. I must beat that white horse. It's a bet,' he groaned to his sympathisers, who were all round him again.

The word 'bet' was fresh fire to them.

'Go on with the gintleman, Miss O'Neill,' they urged. 'Sure 'tis a wager to bate the ould white beyant there.' 'Aisy jumpin' from this out.' 'Go on, miss. Ye'll catch him in a minute.'

Miss O'Neill smiled bewitchingly, and put her horse into a canter, chirruping and clicking with her tongue to do so. 'I'll see you to the next fence, Captain,' she said proudly. All officers were 'captains' to her. Was ever a cavalry subaltern in a crack regiment in such a predicament? Black failure, or —a ride round the course with this red-headed creature. Horton was madly excited. He would not be beaten. He would catch that white horse somehow, come what might.

'Come on, then,' he grated out between set teeth, as he followed the lady. She possessed what might be termed a bumpy seat, with a list to port, and the chorus of chirrups never ended.

Horton had a presentiment about this race—in his secret heart he believed that whoever won the race would win Katie also, and his brain swam as he rode.

They stole half a field back from Carey, who was driving Stiff Legs along for all he was worth, but it was not all plain sailing. The first fence after the road was an easy one. Miss O'Neill, giggling and blushing, took it gallantly. The next was a broad ditch, and she drew rein dubiously, looking into the depths. 'Maybe you could leave me here,' she said. The roan stopped promptly, and Horton groaned again, for he could see Carey in the next field.

The crowd came flying up and absolutely forced the girl's horse on with blandishments of voice and stick. They took the whole thing on their shoulders and scudded like hares in different directions. Some ran back to help at the difficult places at the return journey, some short-cutted on, and the progress continued.

The black was a fast horse, and between the fences they caught Carey rapidly. Once, when two walls came in succession, they landed into the same field as he was, and then old Stiff Legs tasted stick. Having no hounds to excite him, the white horse took an extra time over his fences, and would not hurry himself in any way.

V

The Subalterns' Cup was lost and won, Mr. Eley's Bridesmaid winning easily from Mr. Marlin's May Fair and Mr. Hughes' Kathleen was third. But as the winners rode on to scale they were questioned eagerly. 'Where were Horton and Carey? What had become of the rivals?' Some one remembered the roan mare dropping back and swerving at the road. Carey had not been seen since the beginning. The riding people had only watched the start and the run in, so they knew nothing. Suddenly the crowd below the hill began to hum like a hive of bees, and the fences grew black with people. Something was happening. The race was over long ago, but a man was coming, riding all he knew on a white horse, and, a field behind, some one else—two people. Glasses were raised—every one who could rushed down to meet them.

The second two were Horton on the roan mare and Miss O'Neill on the black. Some of their helpers had already arrived from the road, breathless, but still able to shout encouragement.

'Well done, miss! Well done, sir! Hurry on now, ye'll catch him yet! Bate him, miss, give him sthick! Well over, Miss O'Neill. Success to the lady.'

'Stop! Stop now!' cried Horton to the red and panting lady. 'I can catch him now. We're going too fast for my mare to stop.' For the laughter came down the wind to him, and he grew cold.

'I couldn't leave ye now, Captain,' she jerked out breathlessly. The chirrups were gone, but she slashed the black on the shoulder and drove on at the last fence, a small wall.

'Come up, Stiff Legs,' said Carey, grimly, after a backward look. He thought of Sheila, and it was deadly earnest to him.

'The mare won't go without the girl's black. She's come round the course with him. Oh, this is glorious!' the Hussars exclaimed, and the laughter grew to a roar.

'Stop!' yelled Horton so savagely that poor Miss O'Neill tightened rein unwillingly, and the roan shot on ahead. Astarte was going too fast to sulk, and Horton had her in a grip of iron, while his spurs ran red. They swept after the old white like a hurricane, over the wall, and then it was all plain sailing. The mare extended herself nobly; she forgot the black in the excitement—she was always fickle. Carey set his teeth as the thundering hoofs rang closer and closer to him. He heard a great 'woof' of welcome rise above the shouts—he lifted old Stiff Legs with knee and bridle. It was a very frenzy of riding, and he got home with a length or two to spare.

. . . . .

When Horton recovered a little, he was sensible enough to join in the laugh against himself, and to tender suitable thanks to the still breathless Miss O'Neill.

'Bless you,' he said later, 'I'd have followed anything to get round. I wanted so much to win.' He tossed a cheque to Carey. 'You deserve your luck,' he said, for 'driving that old beggar along so fast.'

'All alone, too!' grinned Carey; 'I had no company.'

'I suppose,' said Horton, quietly, 'that you've won all round. I felt if I lost that race it would mean losing—other things.'

'You mean—a certain lady?' Carey stroked Sheila's

rough head thoughtfully. 'So that was why you were so down on me, Horton? My dear fellow, a poor subaltern, even one with a 'chaser, may not aspire to such things. Miss FitzGerald is engaged to a cousin of mine, and likes talking to me about him, that's all. It is to be announced immediately, so is a secret no longer.'

Horton took his lesson. He and Carey are excellent friends now, and went together to the wedding, later.

The roan mare is ending her days in a hansom in London, She is strapped down and tied up, and she goes beautifully—quite against her will. Her fancy still roves, and sometimes, if she passes near a big black horse, a wild 'whe-he-he-he!' sounds in Regent Street or Piccadilly, and her fore feet in hopeless memory rise from the roadway.

A SMALL SHOOTING IN YORKSHIRE

BY LEONARD H. WEST, LL.D.

IT is the habit of some people to disparage small shootings as being delusions and producing more vexation than sport—they are said to be not worth properly looking after and to be all boundaries! Of course, if there be nothing but acreage to consider, one would naturally prefer to have two thousand acres of shooting rather than two hundred; but there are cases enough in which the two hundred or four hundred may be attainable, but the two thousand or even one thousand entirely out of the question, and if it is a case of having a small shoot or no shoot at all, the individual concerned, if he be a 'sportsman' and not a bag-maker, will not find much difficulty in arriving at a decision.

Just as there are large shootings and large shootings, so there are small and small; but as regards acreage we will define a small shooting as not exceeding seven hundred acres. The shape of the ground may be very material; if it be long and narrow, sport will probably vary very much more than where

A PLEASANT CORNER.

From a Water-Colour Sketch by E. J. Amoore.

UNIV. OF MICH.

the shooting is of the 'ring-fence' description; birds may one day be on your property while another day they may be just over your boundaries on either side; on the other hand, if your long and narrow shooting is in effect a wedge driven into some well-preserved estate or between two such—and specially if good coverts adjoin—you will gain more than you lose by the shape of your shooting, and your neighbour or neighbours who sees or see you lawfully appropriating pheasants which, on the authority of *Punch*, have cost a pound apiece, and for which

IN THICK TURNIPS. JUST RETRIEVED

you have toiled not neither have you spun, will very much wish to absorb you or your wedge. Even though your shooting is compact in shape the sport it will give you will differ very much according to whether you have any wood on it or no. If you have wood or plantation of twenty acres or so you may reasonably hope for a few pheasants which are not all 'foreigners,' you are more likely to pick up an occasional 'cock,' you may get some sport with 'woodies,' and otherwise amuse yourself at a season when bare partridge land will yield you very little. So also with regard to a shooting which can boast no wood or plantation; a light soil, a fair proportion of arable land with its turnips (a Yorkshire sample of which is given in one of the accompanying photos), potatoes, &c., and small fields

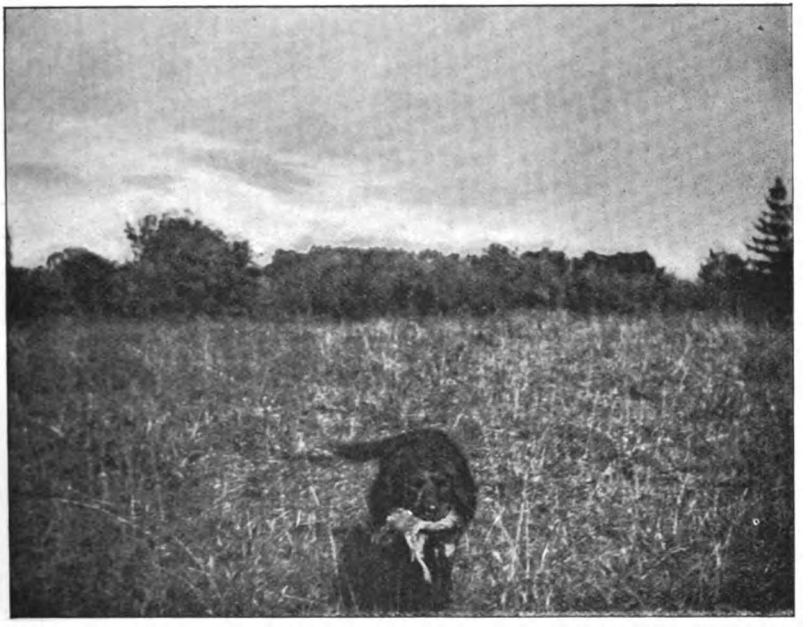
with good hedges, will naturally afford you much better sport than a mere grazing country, large fields and low or well-trimmed hedges. Again (though the farmer of your land may not appreciate the fact), a fair show of rabbits will be a great acquisition, and I would far rather have no hares, or very few, than be without the rabbits.

By way of practical illustration of what may be got in the way of sport from a small shooting let us turn to concrete cases.

A RIGHT AND LEFT AT RABBITS IN THE OLD RIVER DON

I have in my mind three little shootings—all of them in Yorkshire, and respectively about 250, 400 and 700 acres in area; but as the total game produced from each has been proportionately about the same, and as I can speak from longer experience of the last than of the other two, we will deal with the third only. It is between 600 and 700 acres in extent, and, to be accurate, lies on the borders of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire; in fact, the old River Don, which constitutes the county boundary, runs through the shoot, or rather its bed is there; for the Dutchman Vermuyden, who about 1626 wrested much land in these parts from the wildfowl, thereby caused the old river to overflow and eventually had to divert its course miles away,

and instead of flowing into the Trent, as formerly, it now runs into the Dutch river, so called from Vermuyden ; and thence into the Ouse near Goole, and on the shoot before us, instead of navigating the old river you can now shoot rabbits in it !



WELL BROUGHT TO HAND

The game from this shooting for the last five seasons has been as follows :

	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Various.	Total.
1896–97	... 6	... 223	... 3	... 137	... 6	... 375
1897–98	... 25	... 250	... 2	... 53	... 2	... 332
1898–99	... 6	... 167	... —	... 193	... 7	... 373
1899–00	... —	... 138	... 8	... 130	... 3	... 279
1900–01	... 15	... 140	... 1	... 202	... 1	... 359

These figures naturally look very puny in comparison with those of a large estate, but it may be doubted whether the enjoyment derived from the making of the big totals which the end of the season will show on the big property, exceeds that which these humbler bags have afforded. In September, and perhaps once or twice in October, your party may probably consist of four guns ; and if at the end of the day you can show an array of nearly seventy head, as on the occasion here

shown, you will have a respectable bag and may feel very well satisfied with your day, while later in the season, when you may not be able to show enough sport to make it worth while to ask friends to join you, you may still pick up a brace or two of partridges and perhaps a pheasant, and probably quite as many rabbits as your beater will be able to carry. If you have a young dog, these off-days on your little shoot, when you have nothing better in the way of spoil to claim your attention, will also prove exceedingly useful for teaching

'FLAGRANTE DELICTO.' CAT WITH YOUNG RABBIT

the young idea, so that the following season, in more critical company, your dog's birds may be 'well found' and 'well brought to hand.'

Though partridges and rabbits are very greatly 'the predominant partners' in the shoot before us, it also yields some dozen varieties of game, using the word in its wide sense. I have by me a photograph showing a fair variety—blackcock, 'Frenchmen,' snipe, turtle-dove, and landrail—which one day fell victims to our guns. The blackcock, shot on October 24, 1896, may be an unexpected representative of his species, and is certainly the only one we have obtained. The latter remark would also apply to the turtle-dove and landrail ; opportunities

have at times offered of shooting others of their species, but they have purposely not been taken. Any one who is familiar with Thames backwaters or has ridden much along country lanes in summer evenings, will not be too ready with his gun against either turtle-dove or landrail.

There are disadvantages in small shootings, it must be admitted. It is scarcely possible to 'drive' with much success when your shoot is not more than about 600 acres. We have tried it on several occasions, but have never exceeded the rather modest total of ten brace, though even this may have served a secondary purpose in killing off some ancient birds which might otherwise have escaped the guns, and it also gives a good chance of getting at the 'Frenchmen,' whose pernicious habit of running will generally protect them so long as 'walking up' is the order of the day. Again, if you attempt to re-stock your little shoot, it is probable that a very large proportion of your capital expended in new blood, or of your friends' generosity in the same direction, will be wasted so far as your ground is concerned. But, taking all the disadvantages into consideration—and they have not all been detailed here—we must come to the conclusion that small shootings are not to be despised, and that though little in extent they may afford much enjoyment.

IN CHARGE OF THE BAG

HOUNDS AND MASTERS

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HUNTING SEASON

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Now that we are within measurable distance of the hunting season, it becomes a matter of interest to observe the changes which have occurred during the interregnum that divides one hunting year from another. It will be readily remembered that something like a record was made by the number of hunting changes which had to be recorded twelve months ago, the war in South Africa, of course, being largely responsible for this state of affairs. Not so numerous, it is satisfactory to say, are the resignations of Masterships which the writer now proposes to recount, but, compared with other less exceptional years than 1900, not much cause for congratulation on this account can be found.

Limiting our attention to foxhounds and staghounds, there may be said to have been some 220 packs existing in the United Kingdom at the beginning of last season. The fact that one-eighth of those Hunts will be in the command of new Masters during the ensuing season can be put forward as affording some idea of the many alterations. There has been the customary variety of reasons for these changes, and one which, alas! occurs with never-failing regularity year by year once again comes into evidence. Reference is made to the death of Masters of Hounds 'on the active list,' there being three such losses to record this year. The Masters that have fallen by the way during recent

months are Lord Leconfield, for so many years Master of the Petworth ; Mr. Richard Rawle, who hunted his own pack of staghounds from Berkhampstead ; and Mr. John Jones, Master of a stout pack of Welsh hounds, hunting an exceedingly mountainous district. In this connection is revealed a somewhat curious coincidence, and a decidedly pleasing one withal. The death of the three Masters mentioned has not had the effect of disturbing to any material extent the organisation of the packs with which they were connected, for they are succeeded by their respective sons, who, so far as may be judged at present, are not likely to prove less capable of showing sport or of maintaining the general excellence of the packs than were their fathers before them.

The war, still dragging out its weary length, is directly answerable for at least two hunting changes this year ; whilst the increasing use of barbed wire has led to the resignation of one or two M.F.Hs. In the latter cases, however, it is gratifying to state that exceptional efforts to get the wretched iron taken down for the winter months have been attended with happy results, and Masters have consented to continue in office. In addition to the ever-present wire trouble, we have not, unfortunately, been altogether free from those collisions between followers of hounds and shooting-men which are so much to be deplored in the best interests of both branches of sport. There is one ex-Master of Foxhounds who bluntly stated the simple reason of his retirement to be the lack of foxes in his country, owing to the occupants being 'all shooting tenants.' The country concerned was the Goathland ; which, it is scarcely necessary to say, is not by any means a fashionable one, nor can it even be classed among the better-known 'provincials,' but it enjoys a history dating back for more than two centuries. The incident is the more to be regretted as happening in the county of York, so famous for the sporting instincts of its people. The retiring Master is Mr. William Smith, who has failed to find the duties of his office so congenial as did his predecessor, a gentleman, curiously enough, bearing the same name, who hunted the Goathland hounds for twenty-three years without a break.

In speaking of recent hunting changes, first and foremost mention should perhaps be made of the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds. In common with every other pack of hounds in the British Empire, operations were suspended with the Royal Hunt on the occasion of that melancholy event which brought a great and glorious reign to a close. Within a fitting and

respectful time, hunting was resumed in all parts of the country, and although everybody recognised that no more work could be done by the national pack for the remainder of the season, few thought at the time that the hounds would never meet again. It was fated, however, that the word *finis* was to be written to an institution as popular with sportsmen generally as it was honoured by Time. It would be superfluous to enter into all the details of the end of the Royal Buckhounds, fresh as they are in the memory of the readers of this magazine. It is sufficient to recall that the Select Committee appointed to deal with the King's Civil List did not deem it 'advisable to impose upon the King an obligation to maintain the Royal Buckhounds.' The decision to break up the Hunt was received with genuine regret by the whole country-side, to whom the existence of the pack meant so much, and by the hunting community at large. Whether rightly or wrongly, its abolition furnished those individuals who have obtained notoriety as faddists and spoil-sports with a rare opportunity for self-pluming and mutual admiration, an opportunity which they have not neglected. If, however, they imagined for one moment that the cessation of the immediate object of their persistent attentions had given the death-blow to stag-hunting in the district, then their disappointment and chagrin to-day must indeed be keen. The sportsmen of Berks and Bucks were not long in bowing to the inevitable, for no sooner had it become obvious that there was no further possibility of hunting being carried on under royal auspices than they set about the establishment of a pack of staghounds on their own account. Serious financial loss to the district was threatened by the abandonment of the kennels on Ascot Heath, so that the idea of the formation of a new subscription pack to fill the gap met with immediate and general favour. Early in the month of May there was held at Maidenhead a meeting of landowners, tenant-farmers, and others interested in hunting, at which it was resolved to turn the Berks and Bucks harriers into a pack of staghounds. Having been nominated as Master, Sir Robert Wilmot accepted the post on the condition of a guarantee of £2000 being forthcoming. Sir Robert himself became responsible for a fourth part of this very reasonable sum, and with other subscriptions and donations coming in freely the Hunt became established upon a firm basis within a very short time. The new kennels are at Maidenhead, and for the post of huntsman to the 'Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds' a judicious selection has been

made in Frank Goodall, who made himself a prime favourite while huntsman to the Royal Buckhounds, an invaluable experience in his new capacity.

At one time it seemed quite on the cards that new Masters would be required for at least seven of the remaining packs of English staghounds, but in two of these instances the difficulties which had arisen were effectually surmounted. In the case of Mr. R. A. Sanders, Master of the Devon and Somerset since 1895, the obstacles leading to his resignation were in connection with hunting on the open moor at certain times of the year. Mr. Sanders has unquestionably done so much for the pack and shown such consistently good sport during his tenure of office that it was no more than natural for the members of the Hunt to utilise every means within their power to retain his services. Their efforts to obviate the cause of the trouble proved so far successful that they gained Mr. Sanders' consent to continue in the Mastership. Now that the Royal Buckhounds are no more, the distinction claimed for the Devon and Somerset of being the premier pack of staghounds cannot be disputed. Two new packs with the object of hunting the red deer have sprung up in the West since last season. The one, to be known as the Quantock Staghounds, will be hunted by Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, whilst the other, named the Barnstaple Staghounds, will be under the joint control of Mr. Arundell Clarke and Captain Ewing Paterson. The Committee have converted the erstwhile military hunt, the Norwich Staghounds, into a subscription pack, and at the end of July were seeking a successor to Major Follett in the Mastership. At the end of last season there was some danger of the extinction of the West Surrey Staghounds—a hunt better known, perhaps, to the majority of hunting-folk under its old name of the 'Surrey Farmers.' The necessity came about for the erection and fitting up of new kennels, and funds were lamentably lacking. Moreover, the Master (Mr. Alfred Curnick) had incurred a heavy liability, over and above the sum guaranteed to him, in meeting the incidental expenses of his two seasons in office. Therefore he was obliged to announce his inability to carry on his duties another season unless on an increased guarantee. Luckily, its members rallied round the Hunt in good style and appreciably strengthened the financial position, with the satisfactory outcome that the approaching season will find Mr. Curnick still at the head of affairs. The neighbouring pack, the Surrey Staghounds, lose Mr. Frederick Gregory, who has been officially connected with the pack for more than a

quarter of a century—eight years as Master and eighteen as honorary secretary. His successor is Captain MacTaggart, a very keen and hard man over a country, whose appointment meets with approval throughout the Hunt.

Not entirely alone among packs hunting in the vicinity of London has been the West Surrey in having its existence threatened since last season, for the Enfield Chase Staghounds have also passed through a very unsettled period. Mr. J. Hills Hartridge, who succeeded Colonel Somerset in the Mastership, hunting his own hounds without a guarantee, was compelled by the pressure of business to resign. His pack and deer were advertised to be sold by auction, but shortly before the appointed time of sale an influential committee of the Hunt members acquired them privately from Mr. Hartridge. Even then, considerable difficulty was encountered in finding a suitable Master, but towards the end of June the office was definitely accepted by Mr. Charles Arnold. No man enjoys a wider popularity in the Enfield Chase country, and if keenness, coupled with a minute knowledge of the district, goes for anything, then Mr. Arnold's success is assured. The retirement of Mr. W. H. Pemberton Barnes left vacant the Mastership of the Essex Staghounds, but they are now in the hands of a gentleman who is well qualified to hunt them, to wit, Mr. Philip G. Barthropp, who has been a hard-working Master of Foxhounds and harriers for the past twenty years. He was the last Master of the Berks and Bucks Harriers, and with that smart little pack hunted the carted deer during the later stages of last season over the territory hitherto covered by the Royal Hunt. There remains one pack of staghounds that can now receive a secondary mention respecting the change of Masters, this being the Berkhampstead. For two years prior to the end, which came in February last, poor 'Dick' Rawle had been failing in health; but he retained the nominal Mastership of the pack established by him upwards of thirty years ago, when he brought the late Sir Clifford Constable's staghounds and deer from Yorkshire. He bequeathed the hounds, horses, and deer to his son Jack, who has hunted them for the last four years, so the future destiny of this sporting pack lies in good keeping.

Turning now to the foxhounds, it will perhaps be most convenient to both readers and writer if the changes be dealt with in something approaching alphabetical order. In this manner, then, one of the first hunts demanding attention is the Old Berkshire, controlled for the last three years by Mr. E. W.

Dunn, but this season to be hunted by Mr. C. B. E. Wright. Mr. Wright is one of the best known personalities in the hunting-world of to-day, and followers of the Old Berkshire are fortunate in having secured a Master with such experience and acquirements. For sixteen seasons prior to 1892, Mr. Wright filled the Mastership of the Badsworth Hounds, and of more recent years he has assisted Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam in the Milton country, holding the position of amateur huntsman. He was not allowed to sever his connection with Mr. Fitzwilliam's pack without some appropriate acknowledgment of his services, and in April last he was the recipient of a flattering testimonial from his many friends in the country. Mention of Mr. Wright's former connection with the Badsworth calls to mind the fact that members of this notable Yorkshire hunt had, a few months back, to deal with the resignation of Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton, a Master who has carried the horn since 1895. As a matter of fact, negotiations to take over the pack were actually entered into with one or two gentlemen, but eventually Mr. Fullerton made an offer to continue in his position if a sum of £2750 in subscriptions was guaranteed, the existing amount of £2100 being insufficient in view of rising expenses. His offer was promptly accepted, and a special appeal for additional subscriptions met with such cordial support that a sum well in excess of the requisite amount was got together. Mr. Robert Webber enters upon his eleventh season as Master of the Old Berkeley (East), but he has to face the unpleasant truth that shooting continues to be on the increase in his country, and complaints are heard that foxes are not preserved as they should be in certain parts. As an item of interest it can be mentioned that Colonel Mansel has succeeded Mr. H. E. Munro as honorary secretary to the Blackmore Vale Hunt, with which Mr. John Hargreaves enjoyed a successful first season, as, to an even greater extent, did the Rev. E. A. Milne with the Cattistock, killing a record number of foxes.

Wholesale changes are to be recorded in connection with Cheshire packs of foxhounds. First of all, last winter came the formal announcement of the retirement of Mr. H. Reginald Corbet from the Mastership of the South Cheshire—a retirement for which his prolonged absence from the field, enforced by ill-health, had afforded premonition. At this moment it is opportune to note that Mr. Corbet began his active hunting career when only seventeen years old by keeping a pack of beagles, and it was as far back as 1866 that he succeeded Earl Grosvenor

(whose grandson, the present Duke of Westminster, apparently inherits to the full the family's love for the Chase and may some day himself be a Master of Foxhounds) as Master of the Cheshire. He hunted the country on six days a week, and on its division in 1877 took over the South side. He led the famous 'green-collars' almost without interruption until the season of his resignation, although two years ago he relinquished the horn in favour of his son, the popular Mr. 'Reggie' Corbet, who, fittingly enough, succeeds his father in the Mastership. Soon after Mr. Corbet's resignation came news of a similar step on the part of Lord Enniskillen, who has shown splendid sport with the North Cheshire for five seasons. It was known that the popular Master was not enjoying the best of health last season, but it must be said that his decision to retire came somewhat as a surprise to most Cheshire hunting people. The vacant post, immediately offered to Mr. Hubert M. Wilson—a large landowner in the country—was as quickly accepted by the then Master of the Ledbury, a pack to be discussed anon. The remaining link in the chain of Cheshire changes was supplied when Mr. de F. Pennefather gave up the hounds with which he had hunted the hills and forest country for several years. At the end of the season Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather were entertained at a farewell dinner by those who had participated in the capital sport provided by the retiring M.F.H., and interesting presentations were made.

On the opening of the impending season Mr. G. H. Pinckard will for the first time take up his position as Master of the Chiddingfold Hounds, to which he was appointed as far back as November last. At that time, however, Mr. Pinckard was in Japan, engaged upon a tour round the world, and thus his place had to be temporarily assumed by Mr. T. Graham Cooper, who officiated as Acting Master for the remainder of the season. Mr. Graham Cooper, for very many years secretary to the Hunt, was recently married, and the members seized this opportunity of presenting him with a token of the appreciation in which they hold his valuable services, particularly, one might perhaps venture to say, during that trying time of internal dissensions which brought the Chiddingfold Hunt prominently before the public notice at the beginning of the 1900–1 season. Captain Cyril Stacey has resigned the control of the North Cotswold after having hunted the hounds in good style for five years, and his successor is Mr. Charles McNeill, who, like Captain Stacey, has no guarantee, but trusts to the

Committee to do their best for him in the matter of subscriptions. The new Master and his wife, Lady Hilda McNeill, are, of course, familiar figures to those who hunt in the Shires. One gathers that Mr. McNeill is particularly anxious to make his term of office successful, and during the summer he has been taking the greatest interest in kennel matters and the duties which engage an M.F.H. during the 'close' season. Being the property of the retiring Master, the bulk of the North Cotswold Hounds were brought under the hammer at Leicester, when Lord Portman purchased sixteen and a half couples for 1000 guineas. Every sportsman, it may be taken for granted, will join in congratulating this *doyen* of West Country Masters of Hounds on his recovery from the serious illness which laid him low in the early part of the year.

Owing to his departure for South Africa with the 3rd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, Lieut.-Col. C. B. Godman, who has held the Mastership of the Crawley and Horsham Hounds since 1887, placed his resignation in the hands of the Hunt Committee, feeling that he possessed no alternative in view of the fact that he would be unable to take the necessary interest in the Hunt during his absence from England. Followers of the Sussex pack were very loth to be entirely deprived of his services in this manner, and made strong endeavours to induce him still to retain his position nominally, whilst Mr. Calvert filled the breach by acting as Deputy-Master pending Lieut.-Col. Godman's return. The Master fell in with this arrangement, and left Mr. Calvert in charge of the hounds. A slight change must be recorded in the hunting arrangements of the South Devon Hounds, for the joint Mastership of Mr. Robert Vicary and Mr. W. M. G. Singer, which had worked smoothly for several seasons, is now at an end, owing to the first-named gentleman having found it necessary to sever his official connection with the pack. His partner, however, willing to remain on, made an offer to hunt the country single-handed. What is more, he agreed to do this at his own expense, the only proviso being that support should be accorded to pay the damage fund, fees to keepers and earth-stoppers, and the rent of the kennels. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Singer's liberal proposal proved welcome enough to the members of the Hunt. With the adjacent pack, the Dartmoor, Mr. William Coryton this season completes his twelfth year in the Mastership. He has found it compulsory, however, to reduce the hunting days from four to three, and for the first

time in his connection with the pack Mr. Coryton is now given a guarantee, the amount being £1800. Three months back a presentation was made to the Master of the Dartmoor by his fellow-sportsmen, this taking the shape of a valuable painting by Mr. Cecil Cutler and Mr. Frank Paton. It represents Mr. Coryton in hunting costume, mounted on a favourite hunter, and accompanied by several couples of his hounds.

Yet another Devonshire pack must be mentioned, that known as the Eggesford. Mr. L. J. Bathurst, who hunted this country at his own expense for five years, has retired, and at first it seemed all too likely that the Hunt would disappear. Later, however, came the news that Mr. A. W. Luxton had arranged to form a new pack. The country embraces some of the roughest and wildest to be found in Devon, certain parts being absolutely unrideable. Mr. Bathurst's resignation was due to the presence of considerable numbers of deer in the principal covers of the Hunt, this rendering sport even more difficult than usual. The entire pack came under Messrs. Tattersall's hammer at Rugby on June 12, thirty-one and a half couples of entered hounds selling for 660 guineas, twelve brood bitches and whelps for 370 guineas, and eleven and a half couples of unentered hounds for 155 guineas—making the satisfactory total of 1185 guineas. While on the subject of hound sales it may with interest be noted that Mr. William Coryton, who, as I have just stated, will not hunt so frequently as heretofore, consequently disposed of twenty couples of the Dartmoor Hounds and fifteen couples of unentered hounds at the first Rugby hound sale, those that changed hands realising an aggregate of 450 guineas. It should be explained that when Mr. Coryton first took over the Dartmoor country he brought his own pack with him and increased the hunting days, and the hounds he sold were his own extra pack.

Mr. E. S. Bowlby having again offered to lend his hounds to the country, the Essex Hunt will remain in the hands of the Committee, composed of Mr. R. Y. Bevan, Mr. C E. Green (field-master), and Mr. A. S. Bowlby, and there is also no change to report in the arrangements of the East Essex, Essex Union, and Essex and Suffolk packs. As previously mentioned, Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam no longer possesses the services of Mr. C. B. E. Wright as amateur huntsman, and a noteworthy alteration occurs in the character of the Hunt in that the Master now ceases to bear all the expenses of management. A substantial, though scarcely adequate, sum has been subscribed among the followers towards the maintenance of the pack, and Mr. Fitz-

william will continue to hunt the country three days weekly (instead of four) with a professional huntsman. One of the neighbouring packs will be invited to hunt the district on the fourth day.

At one period, when the air was thick with rumours concerning the foundation of a Royal pack of foxhounds, there seemed reason to suppose that last season would see the end of the prolonged Mastership of Mr. T. C. Garth. Apart from other more substantial reasons, this would have been a thousand pities from the sentimental point of view, since Mr. Garth would have been prevented from realising a distinction which falls to very few Masters of Hounds. I refer to his jubilee as an M.F.H., which he will have attained in a few months. As far back as 1852 he first took over the control of the pack that bears his name, and during all the intervening years he has hunted the hounds uninterruptedly, being to-day as keen a fox-catcher as the youngest of his field, and a wonderful horseman considering that next year he becomes an octogenarian. Although Mr. Garth is still in command of his pack, one figure almost as familiar to Berkshire sportsmen will not be found in his accustomed place this season—that of the veteran huntsman, Charles Brackley, it being thirty-five years ago that he went into the service of Mr. Garth, and he has carried the horn since 1870. Now, according to the natural order of things, he makes way for a younger man, and Edward Taylor, who has been first whip under him, is promoted to his position.

About the Mastership of the Goathland Hounds and the regrettable circumstances attending it, I have already made some comment ; and the next pack which comes under notice is the North Herefordshire. These hounds lose a Master of four seasons' standing in Mr. J. M. Curre, whose brother is also an M.F.H. On his retirement the members presented Mr. Curre with a pleasing memento of his active association with the Hunt. The new Master is Mr. de F. Pennefather, who therefore does not cease to have the management of a pack of hounds, but merely migrates from Cheshire to Herefordshire. To the list of retired M.F.Hs. must also be added the name of Mr. C. T. Part, who has hunted the Hertfordshire Hounds in conjunction with Mr. Fenwick Harrison since 1898. The latter will in future carry on the sole Mastership. The death of Lord Leconfield removed a personality that may be said to have belonged to the old school of Masters of Hounds. For thirty-one years he hunted the pack established by the first Baron Leconfield in 1859, and showed excellent sport.

The acceptance of the Mastership of the North Cheshire by Mr. Hubert Wilson rendered vacant that of the Ledbury Hounds, which had been under his leadership for a couple of seasons. Very sorry indeed were the members of the Ledbury to lose a Master who had shown himself so well adapted for the post in every way; in fact, I rather fancy there was at first a feeling akin to soreness among them at Mr. Wilson's sudden decision to retire. However, that gentleman duly explained that he had not had the slightest intention of leaving them until, on the very unexpected withdrawal of Lord Enniskillen, he was offered the Mastership of the North Cheshire, and as his property and home-ties were in the centre of that country he found the 'temptation too great to decline.' Whatever contrary feeling the Ledbury members may have had at the outset, it is certain that nothing but gratification was subsequently felt at the generous manner in which Mr. Wilson took his leave of the Hunt. Not only did he hand over all the vast improvements at the kennels effected by himself and his brother, the late Mr F. T. Wilson, to the committee as a gift, but he expressed his readiness, in the event of a suitable Master not being forthcoming, to lend the pack of hounds for several seasons free of charge. Thus it comes about that Mr. Wilson takes with him into the North Cheshire country nothing but the good wishes of the followers of the Ledbury, and when the Hunt point-to-point races were held at Redmarley a very handsome parting present was made to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. It has so happened that the Ledbury Hunt Committee were not put to the necessity of availing themselves of Mr. Wilson's offer of the hounds, for after a variety of conflicting rumours the official announcement came early in April that the country had been taken by Mr. R. Carnaby Foster, much to the satisfaction of all concerned. Immediately upon his acceptance of the Mastership, Mr. Foster and his wife, the Duchess of Hamilton, took a convenient house in the Ledbury country, which is certain to be hunted in the very best style under the new *régime*. Mr. Foster, who has had much experience as a Master of harriers and otter-hounds, has been busy during the summer in the formation of a pack of hounds and made purchases from the contingents of the Dartmoor, Eggesford, and Southdown sold by auction. Mr. Wilson takes his own hunt staff to North Cheshire, and Mr. Foster has engaged Stephen Burtenshaw, late of the Meynell, to be his huntsman. Somewhat curiously, Fred Gosden, who did so well with the North Cheshire, takes Burtenshaw's place with the Meynell.

In addition to giving up the Essex Staghounds, Mr. W. H. Pemberton Barnes also relinquishes the control of the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds, successfully hunted by him since 1896, and thus brings to an end a dual Mastership quite unique in present-day hunting. Mr. Barnes is succeeded in the Thurlow pack by Mr. C. Brooke, who recently hunted the Rockwood Harriers in Yorkshire, and he acquired the cream of the Southdown bitches offered in May. Quite early last season was announced Mr. W. M. Wroughton's intention to retire from the Pytchley Hounds, and very shortly afterwards Lord Southampton, whose two seasons with the Woodland Pytchley were marked with signal success, also handed in his resignation. It was thought at the time to be Mr. Wroughton's desire to himself take over the Woodland country, but yielding to the persuasions of the members of the Pytchley 'proper,' he finally determined not to give up the more important pack. A new Master, however, had to be found for the Woodland hunt, and the choice eventually fell upon Mr. Walter de P. Cazenove, who was formerly Master of the Wilton Hounds. Unlike Lord Southampon, Mr. Cazenove will employ a professional huntsman in the person of Ned Judd, late of the Old Berkshire. Leicestershire hunting men in particular and sportsmen throughout the kingdom will have rejoiced in the knowledge that Captain Burns Hartopp has so far recovered from the terrible injuries he sustained in the hunting field last November as to be practically certain of being able to resume his command of the Quorn Hounds this season. Beyond question, the Captain is one of, if not quite, the most popular of the long line of Quorn Masters. He is always on the best of terms with covert-owners, farmers, followers, and all persons connected with the hunt, and it is a matter for general congratulation that his bad accident has not, as was at first feared, necessitated his entire withdrawal from active service. It may be of interest to some to know that Captain and Mrs. Burns Hartopp will be hunting this season from Little Dalby Hall, Melton, instead of from Scraptoft Hall.

The division of the Shropshire country which was effected about this time last year seems to have been attended with success. The Committee of the South Shropshire have made arrangements with Mr. J. C. Dun Waters to continue hunting that section in conjunction with the Wheatland ; and Mr. Frank Bibby, the much-liked Master of the North Shropshire, will again hunt the pack at his own expense. Foxes were some-

what short in this country towards the end of last season, whilst wire has been causing a considerable amount of trouble of late. Captain Arthur Lloyd, the new secretary of the Wire Fund, is making a big effort to get the nuisance alleviated before November next. In the Southdown country the great trouble recently has been mange in foxes, a plague which was unusually prevalent in various places last season ; South Shropshire, by the way, coming off far from scatheless in this respect. Nowhere, however, was the disease more rife than among the Southdown foxes, and consequently sport with this pack was completely marred. It is greatly to be feared that there will not be any material improvement for some time to come, for healthy foxes are extremely rare. Mr. Charles Brand, who has been the leading spirit in the Southdown Hunt for so many years, is resolved to spare nothing to eradicate the scourge, and he will not consent to fresh foxes being put down until the mange prevalent among those left has disappeared. Under the unfortunate existing circumstances the Committee have been obliged (with the joint-Masters' consent) to cancel the agreement made with Mr. Brand and Mr. H. E. Courage two years ago, and have accepted the former's offer to hunt the country three days a week with a reduced establishment. One of the first steps taken towards this reduction was to cut down the number of hounds, and at Rugby Mr. Brand sold twenty-two couples of entered and twenty-five couples of unentered bitches—forming one entire pack—which fetched 788 guineas.

For the second consecutive year a change takes place in the Vine country. Owing to the expiration of the lease of tenancy of Ewhurst Park, Mr. A. Gordon Russell has found it necessary to give up the Mastership of the Hampshire pack, and his place is assumed by Mr. E. Boyce Podmore, an excellent all-round sportsman, well-known in coaching as well as hunting circles, who is likely to make a capital M.F.H. in this country. With regard to the North Warwickshire Hounds a change occurs similar in nature to those in the South Devon, Hertfordshire, and Southdown countries, that is, the joint-Masters have retired, and one of them has been re-appointed to carry on the pack on his own account. Lord Algernon Percy and Mr. J. P. Arkwright have guided the fortunes of the North Warwickshire from 1894, but since the early days of the war military duties have kept Lord Algernon so much out of England that his partner has had the responsibilities of the Hunt mainly on his shoulders. With every likelihood of his lordship's

absence from the country being prolonged still further, the joint-Masters deemed it advisable formally to resign, and eventually Mr. Arkwright was elected sole Master. The war, too, has prevented Major Percy Browne from resuming his duties with the South and West Wilts Hounds, and towards the end of last season Lord Heytesbury and his Committee decided to make new arrangements for hunting the country. On the other hand, Mr. Evan B. Jones, who was out at the front with the Imperial Yeomanry, is home again, and thus able to take over the Mastership of the Ynysfor Hounds, which hunt both the fox and the otter in due seasons in North Wales. The pack has been in the same family for more than a century, its last Master being Mr. John Jones, whose lamented death occurred during the course of last season.

Among Scottish packs of foxhounds the only change to come under the writer's notice is the retirement of Colonel Robertson-Aikman from the Mastership of the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire after five seasons in office. The vacancy thus caused has been satisfactorily filled by the appointment of Mr. George Barclay, one of the leading supporters of the hunt. It is worth mentioning that Colonel Robertson-Aikman was presented with a silver hunting-horn on his resignation, nor was the old huntsman, Harry Judd, forgotten. After nineteen years' service with the pack, he retires with the substantial gift of a purse of 670 sovereigns from the members.

Coming at length to Ireland, changes here are by no means so numerous as last year. Mr. Robert H. Hayes brings to an end his second period in the Mastership of the South Union Hounds in county Cork; and Lord Huntingdon, having agreed to hunt the East Galway Hounds in addition to his own, the Ormond, for one season only, handed over the country to the Committee on May 1. It has been decided to hunt the East Galway by Committee this season, with the honorary secretary, Mr. A. P. Pollok, acting as field-master and huntsman, and E. Flanagan as first whip and kennel huntsman. The hounds have returned to their old kennels at Lismany, and have been strengthened this year by a strong draft of young hounds from various English packs. At this point, then, leave can be taken of this summary of the arrangements for the season now so near at hand. Except those that may arise between the moment of writing and the publication of this magazine, all the changes worth the recording will, it is hoped, have been enumerated in the foregoing pages.

Prof. Sir J. Chiene Tom Morris

TWO NOTABLE PLAYERS

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

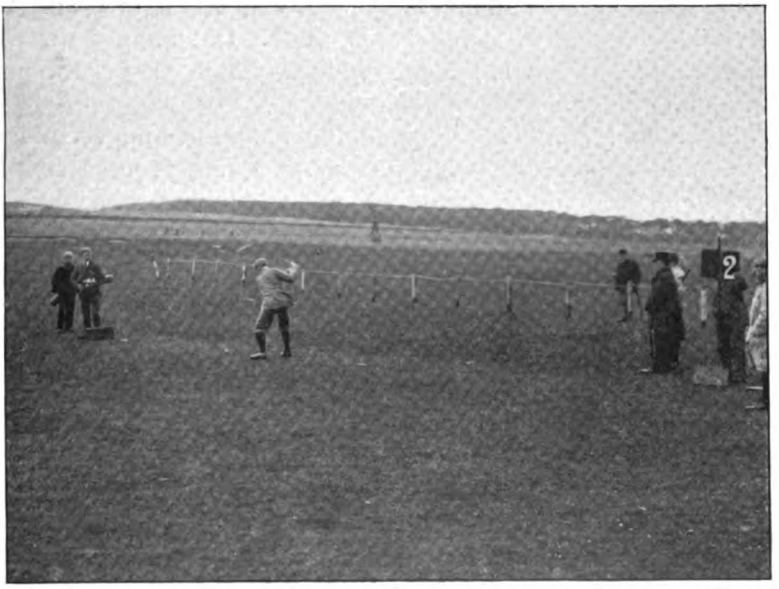
BY DR. J. G. McPHERSON

THE game of golf, becoming more popular every year by leaps and bounds—for now we have 2700 golf clubs instead of 200 twenty years ago—has had Scotland for the scene of the Amateur and Open Championships during the current year. Amateurs to the number of a hundred and fifteen contested for the glorious trophy on the classic links of St. Andrews; and Muirfield, near North Berwick, was where the golfers of the world were invited to secure the blue ribbon for the year.

I wonder very much why North Berwick is not one of the championship greens in Scotland. In the days of old, when the holes were far fewer, that course was the field for the finest displays of golf by Allan Robertson, Tom Morris, Willie Park, senior, and Willie Dunn. Why not now? The turf is better than Muirfield, especially firmer for playing against the wind, and the hazards are more varied. Not that I find fault with

Muirfield altogether, for the captain and his staff did more this year for the comfort of players and reporters than ever I saw before, and the green was in tip-top order. But somehow one who can look back half a century yearns for the old hunting-fields, as the Greeks of old concentrated their athletic imagination on the arena of the Isthmian games.

The Amateur Championship is tested by real golf—viz., by match play. Hole by hole the players have a fresh field for the struggle; and they can afford to 'remember not the faults



MR. LESLIE BALFOUR MELVILLE DRIVING 1ST TEE

of the past'—a wrinkle for successful golf. But with such a long list of competitors the weeding out of inferior players is very wearisome work. It is a pity that there is such a waste of energy for the Grand Amateurs' prize. Tried golfers have to blaze away in all weathers against men who have not a ghost of a chance of securing even a place in the last eight. Golf clubs should have the power of snubbing presumptuous competitors by refusing to give them a certificate to enter the field. 'Mute, inglorious Miltons' some may be; but they should be better tried before coming forward to such an important world-challenge in the best of games.

The Open Championship is tested by strokes only. Four

rounds are played, and the total scores are examined to find the fortunate holder of the Cup. Now, that is not real golf. This was most distinctly seen in one particular case at Muirfield, when Mr. Hilton threw himself out of the running by taking nearly a stroke a hole more in one round than in another. His two rounds on the second day beat all others ; but the marker in the first round of the previous day unerringly told the sad tale which threw out a most brilliant player—an Open as well as Amateur Champion.

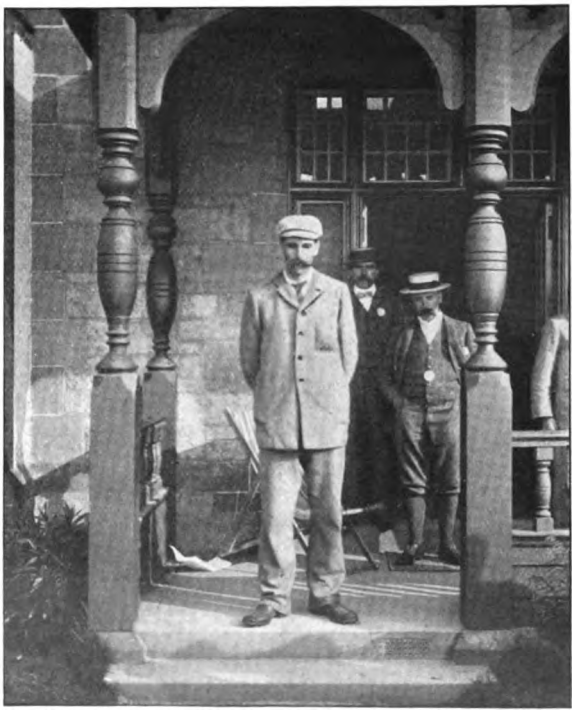
Of course professionals cannot be expected to spend as much time at the Championship as can Amateurs, and the 'stroke' system was always used as the test simply on that account. But it is not the proper test. Hole play is the only real golf.[1]

A system must be adopted to weed out the secondary players in both cases by a summary, yet fair, process, so that the best eight or four can fight it out ultimately by match play. I have frequently pressed my 'choice' score system on golfers. By this all competitors play two rounds of the links, and select out of the scores of the two rounds the best for the successive holes. The total by that selection is the score to be handed in. In the first round, the golfer plays with care, as for a medal ; in the second round, he tries hole after hole to beat his score already made. Thus caution and brilliancy, safety and dash, are brought in by this system. And the four best men are to fight it out by holes on the second day, if three days cannot be afforded, when the eight best can finish the contest. One wearies at the long struggle, when a plan like this could secure the result so quickly, and more accurately than by the stroke system alone. My system has been successfully adopted in Cornwall, Florida and Buenos Ayres, and I entertain the hope that those in authority at home may give it some consideration as a solution of a flagrant difficulty.

I witnessed both Championships this year. I do not play golf now ; but in the ''sixties' I was able to hold my own against any amateur ; and I am as keen as ever in noticing the points in the game. I think I have written as many separate critical papers on the game as any one living ; and I make it a point to be consistent and fearless in my criticism. I was taught by Allan Robertson, the most brilliant exponent of golf that the

[1] In anticipation of letters that may arrive from readers who do not entirely agree with the author, it should be understood that these are his views and not necessarily those of the *Magazine*.—Ed.

world has ever seen. I have played many matches—when in training for big matches—against old Tom Morris, his golfing-genius son Tommy, and Bobbie Kirk ; and I have been able to chronicle the salient points where each excelled. I can, therefore, honestly compare the players of old with the vastly increased number of players now. And my honest impression is that, though we have a greater number from whom to make



J. BRAID AT CLUB-HOUSE DOOR, MUIRFIELD

a selection nowadays, the best of the olden time could have held their own against the moderns.

The golf critics of the present day who never saw Tommy, and who were born after Allan's death, must remember the narrow courses that were then in vogue, the inferior golf balls, the ranker grass, the more varied and difficult putting greens, and the compulsory shots. But the players in the days of old used fewer clubs, and most of these were wooden. Now we see a caddie weighted with an ironmonger's shop of complex tools of all kinds. We rarely had more in use than the driver,

middle spoon, cleek, iron and wooden putter ; but these we knew well, every one. We did not use sand on the teeing ground, and that enabled us to play our second on the plain grass with our driver, even though the ball was cupped. The play, then, was more by skill than by force, for Allan used a mere toy of a driver and a 26 golf ball ; yet how beautifully

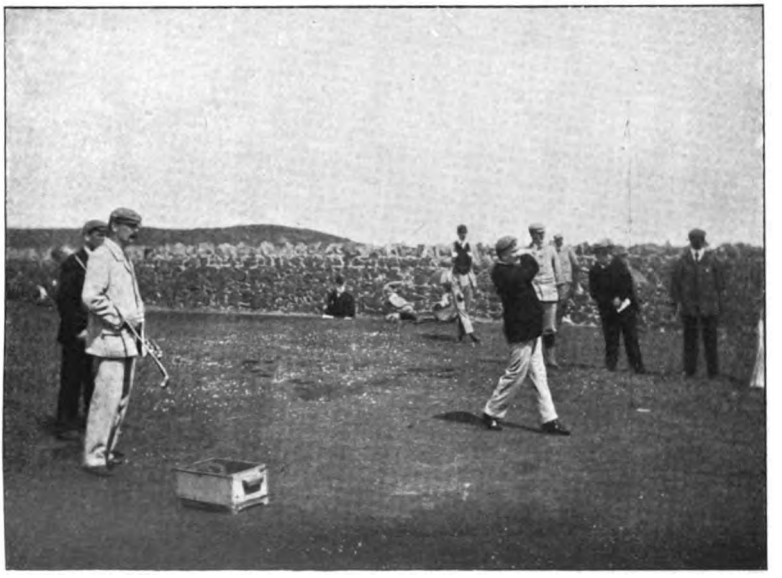
MR. LESLIE BALFOUR-MELVILLE PLAYING FROM EDGE OF BUNKER TO 6TH HOLE

would he make the ball skim swallow-like against the wind, having struck it from a downward slant !

I gave two forecasts for the championships, and in one I was successful. I thought Mr. James Robb, of St. Andrews, would secure the Amateur Championship (though he had a most powerful opponent in Mr. Hilton) because the contest was on his own links. But he was strangely defeated by a boy under twenty, who knew the green equally well. I saw the match, and the fine score of 80 by Mr. Robb (all told) was not low enough to resist Mr. Aitken's pressure. But I was successful

with the Open Champion. James Braid is a Scotchman, with the true Scotch style and true Scotch determination. He is tall, lithe, powerful. No one can come near him in driving. I marked the shots of some of the longest drives, especially against the wind, and Braid easily beat the whole of his opponents. Now, that tells tremendously, and with unspeakable advantage on the command of the second—the most important —shot.

But the secret of Braid's success was in his conversion to



W. PARK AND A. HERD (DRIVING) AT 6TH HOLE

the use of the wooden putter for long putts and the cleek for holing out. He easily outdrives the brilliant players, Vardon and Taylor ; he makes the gutta rush like a rifle bullet against the wind, and he very rarely misses a shot. All parts of the game he was quite strongly up to, except one, and that was an exceptionally important one. He could not score like his English opponents after he reached the putting-green. Four years ago, at Hoylake, he came in second ; and year after year he honestly pegged away to secure first honours—but he would not use the wooden putter.

Braid was not pleased at me for pointing this out on more than one occasion. In fact he told me so after he had won the

champion cup at Muirfield. Yet, all the same, I am certain that I have discovered the secret of his success. He got to know that somehow he must train himself to hole out in two when on the putting-green. To fail in this was often deadly against him ; to succeed in it gave him all the advantage over all other competitors which powerful driving secures. The great players of my boyhood used a wooden putter for the long putts, and their play was telling. The wooden putter has a flat, broad sole, which is easily moved backwards and forwards

JACK WHITE BUNKERED AT 6TH HOLE

without any jerking ; quite the opposite of the sharp sole of the cleek, which is more rapidly caught by a small obstacle in playing the shot. The wooden putter produces a more decided forward spin on the ball, and this motion is advantageous in running more smoothly over any slight roughnesses. On the other hand, the cleek has a tendency on account of its slant back face to put a retarding motion on the ball, and this is apt to make the ball stot when any slight inequality presents itself on the putting-green. With the wooden putter the ball glides on smoothly ; and one can calculate on few interruptions on its way to the hole. With the cleek the ball is apt sometimes to bump, which draws the energy out of the shot, and it lands short of the hole.

Accordingly Braid took to the wooden putter for long putts and the cleek for short ones, and he has succeeded ; and nothing tells like success. I have come to see that the cleek—not an iron putter—is preferable for short putts, especially when the green is very keen, just on account of the slightly retarding motion which it can communicate to the ball. With it one can hit a little harder without the fear or risk of running out of holing, should the hole be missed. You can go at the 'tin' with more confidence. In fact, I have seen Allan Robertson putt the short strokes with an iron—the 'frying-pan,' so called on account of the breadth of its blade—when the green was intensely keen in August, in order to put a retarding motion on the ball.

I suppose Braid did not practise with the wooden putter for much more than a month before the day for the Championship. Yet he got into it. Look at his marvellous score of 140 for four rounds at Musselburgh during the Tournament week, before the tussle at Muirfield. That remarkable score is unparalleled in the history of the game on that course. He continued to use the wooden putter for long shots on the putting-green during the Open Championship, and to the success accruing from the adoption of that weapon he owes the blue ribbon of the game.

I know that hundreds can putt well, as well as Braid, with the wooden putter, who can never be Open Champions, because they are not able to play the long game so brilliantly; and that always gives a man a strong pull. For Braid is *facile princeps* as a driver, especially against a strong wind. He then rises gallantly to the occasion, as if 'born to rule the storm.' He is an expert with the cleek and iron at all distances. When he got over the bunker with his last tee shot at the last hole of the competition he breathed more freely, because he was once very severely punished in that trying hazard. But he had a very long club shot to carry home over another bunker guarding the hole ; and that he required to do, for every stroke was counted, seeing that Vardon was following with some marvellously powerful play. He had to hole out in four; and to do that he required to play a long and accurate cleek shot. But he was equal to the occasion. He made a magnificent approach with all he could put into it. In fact, so hard did he hit the ball that the shaft of the cleek quivered in its reaction and snapped. That was Braid's last stroke of power for the Championship—and he won.

Still, he will ever remember that it was his approach putting with the wooden putter that made all the difference between what he used to do and what he then achieved. And this is an 'object lesson' to other golfers who are prejudiced in using the cleek for these shots. Mr. Graham, of Hoylake, one of the most powerful amateurs of our day, lost his match against Mr. Low (the final runner-up), and possibly the Amateur Championship, by an iron 'nip' wrongly played at a turning-point in the game. The grass was very wet, and he should have run his ball up the slant elevation to the hole with a

MR. ROBB DRIVING TO 11TH HOLE. MR. MAXWELL TO RIGHT

wooden club. But, no! he took his iron and tried to loft the ball, and failed—forfeiting the hole thereby. That was a decided turning-point.

How gracefully does Mr. Low use the sweet wooden putter! He takes a pride in using it: he has confidence in its success, and 'ideas' rule in golf. I am delighted to see so many players now using the wooden putter, which was to a great extent scheduled for twenty years by any number of iron putting tools. Mr. Hilton, too, unquestionably the strongest amateur over a varied set of greens, uses a putter of the same shape as Mr. Low's, only it is made of aluminium.

I saw Mr. Hilton do some very good work with a middle-spoon, of aluminium make, yet of the shape of the old wooden mid-spoon. He has gone back to the form of club which

was so very deadly in my day. I have secured one; but I have not had time to try it much, though it has told remarkably in the shots which I have taken as a trial. I do not mind the make of Mr. Hilton's club so much, it is the fact that he has returned to that type of club which gratifies me. Is not that some reward to me for my years of labour in trying to point out the flagrant mistake in turning away from these middle-spoons to iron weapons of so many kinds and shapes? The mid-spoon never fails in deadly approaching; the cleek may in

MR. H. COOK, W.S., PRESENTING CUP, MEDAL, AND CHEQUE TO BRAID

a few cases be more incisive, but when the cleek fails it is a failure, and no mistake; and it is very severe upon the turf. How old Tom would rejoice—for the turf's sake—if a universal return were made to the use of the middle-spoon!

In the Amateur Championship Scotland was beaten by an inch putt. That was the result of the four days' contest. The English holder, Mr. Hilton, took it back with him; but he won it only by the skin of his teeth. Not that I grudge Mr. Hilton the honour, though I write as a Scotchman. For Mr. Hilton, after Mr. Maxwell's forced retirement on account of domestic trouble, and Mr. Robb's unfortunate defeat by a Scotchman, had really the championship in his hand, if his play continued up to his usual mark. I saw him make some marvellous approaches

just when needed. For though he was five up on Mr. Low in the last round, the Scotchman squared him with two only to play. But his full drive approaches at both holes secured for him a well-contested victory. I frankly admit that the play during the two trying rounds of the final, before some four thousand eager onlookers, was better than any I ever witnessed in the final at St. Andrews. Many competent judges agreed with me. Accordingly, though the challenge trophy of the amateur golfers is taken back to England by Mr. Hilton, the successful hero of many contests, yet Scotland fought nobly—far more so than was expected—and Mr. Low can feel assured that he has the sincere thanks of Scottish golfers over the world for carrying on the champion to the last green, almost as much as if he had snatched away the prize. Scotland is again beaten, but not ignominously.

However, the tables have been turned in the Open Championship : Scotland won. The favourite of the field was victor ; for when Braid succeeded by three strokes on the four rounds' play, there was a universal shout from the strained nervous system of four thousand people, which 'made the welkin ring,' and gave evidence of the high esteem in which the successful hero is held by all. Even English representatives who were present rejoiced, because the 'battledore and shuttlecock' game for the Championship was, for the year at least, cancelled. I never witnessed such general satisfaction at the close of a Championship. Not even Taylor, the late champion, grudges him the well-earned distinction, and Scotchmen over the world gloried at the welcome news. Now we have England holding the amateur's place of honour, and Scotland possessing the champion of the world.

There was some brilliant play during the two days at Muirfield, in most delightful golfing weather. It is a great privilege for golfers to witness such a glorious display. That is an unspeakable advantage attending the Championships. The exhilarating feeling thrilled through my golfing soul, making me young again—

> Oh ! through the twilight of autumnal years,
> How sweet the back-look on our first golf-world.

CONCERNING ST. PARTRIDGE

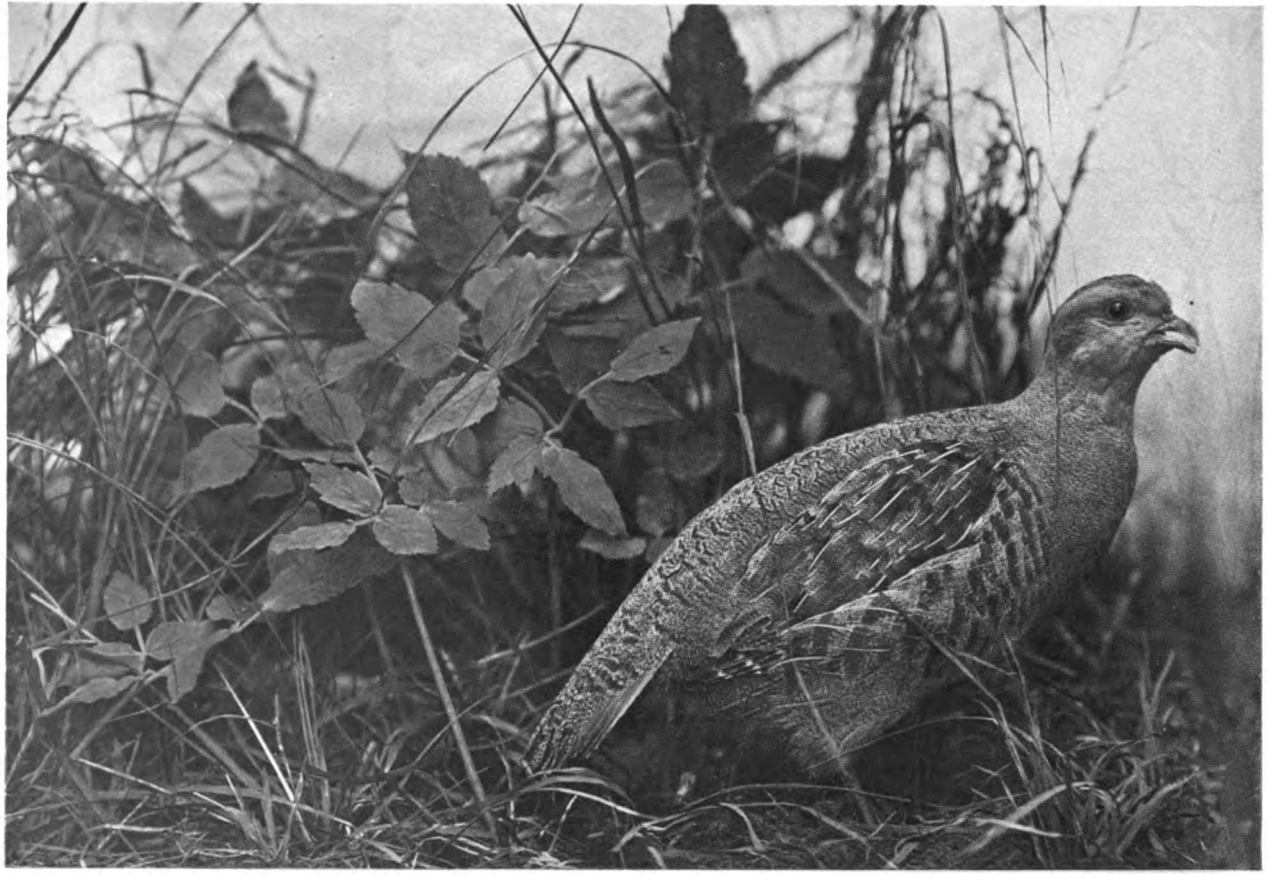
BY L. H. DE VISME SHAW

THROUGHOUT the feathered world one might, I think, search in vain for a representative with so strong an instinct for family life as that evinced by the partridge. The cock pheasant is the lord of a harem; his affection for the ladies of his harem —if indeed he possesses any real affection for them at all— is feeble and transient; for his offspring he cares nothing whatsoever. The hen pheasant in her domestic arrangements and in the upbringing of her young is independent and self-sufficing; for a while she gives due attention to her nye, but ceases to care for them or their companionship—as they cease to care for her or hers—so soon as they have reached months of discretion. Thus the existence of the family circle is but a brief one. Equally brief is the existence of the family circle of other birds. The blackbird, for instance, has no instinctive tie binding him to his relatives save during the breeding season. He pairs in the early spring ; he rears a brood or perhaps two broods. While the young birds are helpless the instinct which prompts the parents to care for them is a potent one indeed, but directly they are capable of gaining their own living the family bond ceases to exist; the father, the mother, the brothers and the sisters become so many insulated units—no longer relations in one another's eyes, but just mere ordinary blackbirds and nothing else. With the partridge, however, things are very different. When, a tiny ball of velvety down, his eyes first open on an unimagined world, the family instinct, the instinct of clinging to the covey through thick and thin, is already strong within him. He will never be seen more than a very few feet from the parent birds. This instinct remains unabated till the following pairing season, when the young bird, after a brief courtship and marriage, becomes in turn the parent of a covey.

The partridge separated after a day's shooting from his relatives is one of the most wretched beings in existence. His apprehension in the face of the unwonted solitude is great, no doubt. Alert, with upstretched neck, he stands and calls, listening continuously to other calling birds on every hand. Does the partridge know the voice of each member of his own family circle from the voices of members of strange coveys? Personally, I think there can be no doubt whatsoever that he does. You may see two birds within a short distance, perhaps not more than a hundred yards apart, each calling in the endeavour to wake an answering call from one of his own circle, and each taking not the slightest notice of the other. If our lonely bird has been driven far from the haunts familiar to him, he makes his way back unerringly—now hurrying forward for a short space, then stopping to 'chi-vick' and to listen for a responsive 'chi-vick' in a voice he knows; now topping some hedge in a short flight, then pausing to call and listen again before continuing his course, and so on till at length he reaches the little corner of the manor he knows as home. If other members of the covey are not already there they will, obeying the same instinct, soon put in an appearance, and our wanderer will once again find himself a happy mortal after his day's adventures. Nothing does the partridge seem to dislike much more than enforced absence from the ground of his birth, or adoption. A covey flushed from the field whereon they are feeding seldom take long before they return almost to the very spot whence they rose.

The partridge has the bump of localism—if there is such a bump known to phrenologists—largely developed. Where he is born, there, or very near at hand, will he spend his life. The radius of the daily wanderings of a covey left undisturbed is but a small one; only a failure of their food supply or the advent of some agitating force—such, for instance, as the prolonged presence in their neighbourhood of one of the larger birds of prey—will prompt them to seek a fresh beat farther afield. Birds imported from a distance show immediate attachment to the fresh home, their instinctive localism binding them at once to the new, strange spot on which they find themselves when they steal from the coop or basket at dawn.

Another bump besides the bump of localism we find well developed in the partridge is that of regularity, or punctuality it might be called. One may notice—for weeks at a stretch perhaps—a certain covey in a certain corner of a certain field



THE PARTRIDGE.

Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum
(*Natural History Section*)

UNIV OF MICH

at a certain hour every morning, say nine o'clock; each day one may see the same covey in another certain place—very likely a different corner of the same field—at mid-day; and one may regularly see them again in yet another certain spot shortly before dusk. This regularity of movement—which I have watched in the case of various coveys—is due to the birds' habit of making a lengthy breakfast, then resting for a while, and then feeding again till the light begins to fade. An undisturbed covey in September will feed on the stubbles from daybreak till near ten o'clock; their meal over, they seek the shelter of the roots or other cover and remain quiescent therein till about three in the afternoon, when they will once more wander forth to the stubbles, feeding thenceforward till their bedtime arrives. Thus is life passed while the longer days remain. In the shorter days, when the spent corn is consumed or ploughed beneath the surface and Jack Frost has laid his hand upon the earth, the birds' search for the now scarcer food is practically continuous during the hours of light. Yet all through may be noticed their adherence, more or less strict, to the habit of visiting certain parts of their beat at certain times of the day.

A lover of home and the family circle, it might be assumed that the partridge would prove a devoted and self-sacrificing parent. No bird, indeed, is more solicitous for the safety of its young; no bird—unless, maybe, the nuthatch—will sit so fearlessly during the period of incubation. Whether, as some of us have heard, a sitting partridge has ever allowed herself (the male bird takes no part in the sitting) to be lifted from her eggs by a human hand I know not, but certain it is that many and many an one has been cut to pieces by a haymaker's scythe as the penalty for her instinct of clinging to the nest to the very end. A few years ago an eminently sporting fox terrier of mine, with whom I took a short walk one afternoon, killed—to her shame be it said—within the space of two or three minutes, two sitting partridges whose nests, situated in the hedgerow by the side of the path, were only a hundred yards or so apart.

As soon as the young birds are hatched the parents watch over them with consummate anxiety and care. Notice the father and mother slowly moving forward on the feeding ground, their diminutive brood around them. Scarce a yard do they travel without pausing to listen and to scan their surroundings. At the slightest sign of danger there comes

that warning note which the youngsters understand so well. Through your glasses you may see the chicks at one moment busily prying here and there in search of food; the next moment, the warning having been given by one of the parents, they have disappeared—as if by magic. Search the ground with your glasses as you may, you cannot detect a trace of one of them, so unerringly has each taken advantage of the least scrap of cover or the least depression in the ground, and so movelessly is it squatting there—but then if you are only a few feet away, a young squatting partridge, the tints of its plumage blending in such perfect manner with any natural background, is often practically invisible unless you know exactly where to look for it. The danger over—or the false alarm found to be a false alarm—the young birds are at once in evidence again, prying about for food as busily as ever. Now pocket your glasses and, emerging from the shelter in which you have been hidden, walk towards the covey, and you will see—few dwellers in the country can have failed to witness the sight at some time or another—what antics can be pursued by a partridge when endeavouring to lure an intruder, human or four-legged, from the place where the young are crouching in concealment.

As you near the spot one of the parents suddenly rises in the air with all the fuss and fluster at command, flies for a yard or two, and then strikes out a line away from the covey. Shuffling, shambling along, with drooped wings and staring feathers, the partridge's simulation—making itself appear to be a badly wounded bird—is a perfect piece of acting and one which never fails to deceive a four-footed marauder or a human being to whom the trick is unfamiliar. Follow quickly, and the bird will lead you to what is considered a safe distance, when, throwing off the mask of deceit, it will rise on the wing and show itself able to fly as strongly as any partridge living. Now return to the starting point and flush the other parent, and you will see an almost exact repetition of the trick. The coast clear, it takes the parents but a short time indeed to return to their brood.

Yes, strong is the bond which binds the old birds to the young and the young to the old, and continues to bind the covey together till another pairing season shall have come. From first to last—till a charge lays him low or until the covey breaks up for the pairing—the father of the family is regarded by his circle as an infallible ruler and guide, one in whose judgment implicit trust may be placed. He is ever on the *qui*

vive ; as he acts so the others act ; where he leads the others follow unhesitatingly. His is a responsible position. It is he who gauges circumstances and distances ; it is he who decides whether it is wiser to squat or to run ; it is he who gives the signal to rise when he deems flight imperative. If you walk up a covey in the open and, closely watching the spot where you know them to be, are able to detect with certainty the first bird upon the wing, and you kill that bird, you may safely lay fifty to one that your victim is the old cock. All of us know how an early season covey will scatter and lie, how lost they are for initiative, when the old cock has found his way into the bag. It is probably also the old cock who, after governing the movements of the covey throughout the day, selects the spot whereon his family shall sleep and decides the time at which they shall tuck themselves in for the night. Curious is the birds' habit of packing into a tight circle, their heads pointing outwards, their tails meeting in the centre—curious, and once more demonstrative of the strong individuality of the partridge as a bird. The habit originated either (perhaps there may have been a little of both) as a precaution against surprise or as a means of affording each member of the covey the greatest possible degree of warmth.

All birds when they are roosting keep their heads to the wind, thus preventing the current from playing upon the edges of the feathers and reaching the skin. The back of a partridge sleeping in the circle with its head pointing down wind is largely sheltered by the bodies of the birds on the windward side of the circle, perhaps even so far protected that the current passes completely over it ; whatever the changes in the quarter of the wind, certain birds—those with their heads towards the windward—receive the brunt of it in a way which does not chill or inconvenience them, while at the same time they screen the other members of the circle from its effects. The alternative hypothesis—that the instinct was evolved and became fixed in the partridge as a measure of defence against predacious animals—is what one always hears adduced as explaining the source of this sleeping in a circle habit. The pheasant roosting high up amid the branches has no foe to fear save the poacher ; the partridge resting on the ground is open to the attack of any animal whose tastes lie in the direction of game. From whichever direction a cat or a stoat or a fox may approach a covey of partridges packed in a circle, he will find certain of the birds with their heads towards

him. There can be no attacking that Argus-eyed body in the rear.

At the end of the season, or perhaps a little before, the father and mother of the covey—partridges mate for life—cut their family adrift, and turn their thoughts upon the creation of another. Forthwith the younger generation begin to pair, the male birds indulging in a good deal of harmless fighting till each has won a wife to please him. In due course the young couples begin to nest. During his first experience of nesting operations the cock partridge seldom interferes with any others of his species who choose to establish themselves near at hand. All he wishes for is to be left in peace with his mate and her eggs. Matters going on satisfactorily, he does what his father did before him—he rears a family and guards and guides them till another pairing season comes round, and then he casts them off for ever. Very soon afterwards one sees this home-loving and family-loving bird—now a cock of the second year—in quite a new light, the light of a tyrant of tyrants, a hater of all partridges whatsoever save his own wife, a hot-headed bully, ever striving to pick a quarrel with others of his kind, and willing and anxious to fight till scarce able to stand. Having once fixed upon the site of his nest, he regards the surrounding district as the exclusive property of his mate and himself. Other pairs—some of them his own children as likely as not—take a fancy to establish themselves within this district, and begin to nest near at hand. Then the mischief comes about. The old cock continuously molests the other nesting couples. You may see him chasing first one bird and then another off what he considers his own beat; for partridges of the younger generation will rarely stand up to their pugnacious seniors, and when they do it is but for a very brief bout. Incessantly tormented, a young pair who have made their home within the sphere of influence of an old cock carry out the hatching of a family under considerable difficulties, if they are able to carry it out at all. Frequently their nest, full of eggs perhaps, is deserted altogether. When this happens there may be a second laying somewhere else, and a successful hatching of the eggs, or there may not. In the former case, the opening of the season sees a belated covey, the young of which are too immature to shoot; in the latter, and probably more common case, we find a barren pair instead of what should have been a strong covey. The old cock partridge is an unmitigated nuisance, a standing detriment to the welfare of the stock throughout the nesting season,

The beneficial results of driving, which effectively thins out the old cocks, are great, and if every old cock on the shoot could be annihilated by the First of February nothing but good would follow.

The partridge, like the sparrow, is to a great extent a parasite, flourishing through the agency of mankind far beyond the degree which would be fixed by wild nature; though we kill each year a large proportion of the birds reared, there is maintained a stock greatly in excess of what nature would allow in this country were she to farm it herself. This becomes strikingly apparent when we pass from a district in high cultivation to another district which knows not the plough and the drill. In the one place birds abound; in the other they only occur here and there. The farm provides everything necessary to the support of a large number of coveys. Laying down a general rule—which like every general rule has exceptions—the richer and more highly cultivated the land, the more abundantly will partridges flourish thereon and the more robust will the birds be. Norfolk, first, I think I may say, as an agricultural county, is also first, easily, as a partridge county; it produces a bird practically unknown in poorer and less widely cultivated areas. This is a day of improving weakly strains of partridges in districts where the soil does not naturally conduce to vigour, and, of course, appreciable melioration accrues; but the improvement fails to be sustained without the periodical re-introduction of new blood—one could not permanently establish the Norfolk bird on the soil of, say, Surrey. The Norfolk partridge is—well, the Norfolk partridge, for no other can compare with him either in size or in that dash which people often comment upon when first making his acquaintance. The county as a whole yields conditions favourable to his highest development, both physically and numerically. Yet even in Norfolk one may find exceptions to the general rule I have just set forth: the land in some districts where partridges flourish amazingly is neither rich nor entirely under cultivation, while again, in parts of the fen country, in the midst of perhaps the finest wheat-land in England, the conditions are such that the bird manages to exist only in the thinnest of numbers—the damp proving largely fatal to the young, no doubt.

We are often told that the continuous pursuit of the partridge, which has been going on since the shot gun came into use as an instrument of sport, has given the bird a greater

instinctive fear of man than that possessed by his ancestors of, let us say, from fifty to a hundred generations ago. It may be argued, however, that the greater wildness of our own bird compared with the bird our grandfathers told us about is more hypothetical than real, more the immediate effect of modern farming methods and modern shooting methods than an evolved instinctive augmentation of the partridge's idea of what constitutes a safe distance between himself and a human being. Cover on the farm was a very different thing in our grandfathers' time from what it is in ours—there is a vast distinction between the broadcast turnips and long stubbles of those days and our short-shaved stubbles and drilled roots of now. The modern mode of shooting—how tame some of us would find the tardier system our grandfathers pursued—shows variance quite as great when compared with that adopted years ago. One might place matters thus: Farming changed; long stubbles and broadcast roots went the way most things go when improved upon; diminished cover, and a large part of it cover through which birds could run without obstruction and without breaking up—drilled roots, of course—put the partridge on very much more favourable terms with the gunner than those on which he had been before. Hence the gunner found it well to amend his methods. He began walking in line after his birds and gradually gave the cold shoulder to pointer and setter. Then came driving—the very essence of sport, though perhaps our grandfathers might have inclined to a different opinion.

To-day we see partridge shooting divided into two distinct stages. In the first, dispensing entirely with the canine assistance once considered necessary, we walk in line after the birds; in the second, we drive them. The question is then: if one of our grandfathers had farmed a thousand acres as we farm now and had killed his partridges as we kill ours—that is, if he had marched and countermarched his line of guns and keepers over the shoot at the beginning of the season—would not the birds have been as unapproachable as ours are after we have bustled them about a few times, and would not driving have been the only way of killing them? Again, if one of us were to farm a thousand acres as our grandfathers farmed, and when the season opened were to take a friend, a keeper, and a brace of pointers, and potter quietly round in the old haphazard fashion, would not our birds go on lying nearly as well as theirs lay?

A great deal might be urged on both sides of the question of course. It can be said: 'Look how wild coveys sometimes are

on the very first day of September.' True ; but there is the factor of individual memory as well as that of instinctive fear. During the previous season the parent birds of that wild covey were hustled backwards and forwards before a line—either of guns or drivers—till the mere glimpse of men walking in a line filled them with terror. An interval of seven months may have dulled the memory of the birds' sporting experiences, but certainly has not obliterated it. To discuss the subject fully, however, would be altogether out of keeping with editorial views concerning space. Let me therefore only say that in my own opinion—for what it may be worth—the increased wildness of our modern partridge is much more a proximate affair — the memory of the previous season's adventures prompting an old bird to guide his family out of danger before the guns draw within range—than an affair of fixed instinct, and that a reversion to old conditions of cover and the old system of making small bags over dogs would in a very few seasons see the partridge no wilder than his 100-times-great-grandfather who was bowled over by our own great-grandfather a century ago.

While saying this, I believe, nevertheless, that the bird is to a certain extent a wilder bird by instinct than he was. Driving must have checked and must still be checking, and will continue to check, rapid development of the instinct of greater wildness, for it entirely reverses the natural application of the Darwinian law, the most timorous bird being the first to rush into danger—the first over the guns and, unless a very lucky bird, the first to fall. Still, in spite of the check imposed by driving, it seems assured that the partridge is destined to become eventually one of our wildest birds—as wary perhaps as the curlew—for it is very certain that we shall go on shooting over every acre of arable land in the country as we do now, and there can be no doubt that the bird's instinctive fear of man must continue to increase. Perhaps in a century's time driving will be the sole method by which partridges can be killed, the bird having allowed its squatting habit to lapse almost entirely and acquired the practice of rising or running at the mere sight or sound of an approaching human being. Perhaps a century or two later even driving will be all but useless. The partridge of that period may have adopted the usage of climbing the air like a rocket at the sight of a line of drivers and coming over the guns at an elevation of about a quarter of a mile.

A HUNTING WE WILL GO

AUTUMN TINTS

BY GEORGE E. COLLINS

ONWARD we swept, my gallant bay mare and I, over the huge undulating pastures, as springy as the Sussex Downs; crashing through the bullfinches; gliding over the silver streaks that must mean some twenty feet of water at least; and only half a field in front of us are $17\frac{1}{2}$ couples of bitches, packed like a flock of pigeons, and driving as only the pick of the best Brocklesby and Belvoir strains can drive. And not a soul in sight! We are alone with hounds. Onward and onward still we dash; the pace increases, and there is victory in the bitches' scream, for they are running for their fox. Yonder he goes; straight across the middle of each grassy sea as he has done this forty minutes; but his brush is down, his back is up, and the pack are coming up hand over hand, for they have got a view. Sensible and Winifred are racing for him now, and the game old rascal turns to meet his foes. A snarl of defiance, and his teeth are buried in the eager young foxhound's throat; but Sensible is on him in a moment, and a second later the torrent of black and white and tan has swept the little red jacket out of sight. Who-whoop! they've got him! And for

fifteen minutes we, Mavis Clare and I, have been alone with hounds. What a score over those fellows! We'll break him up, and with the mask on the saddle, and the brush just peeping out of the breast of my coat, we'll jog quietly back along the road with the pack at our heels, in search of the discomforted field.

Rattle, rattle, rattle!

Eh! what's that?

Rattle, rattle, rattle!

Hollo! Why, I've been dreaming!

But what's that rattling on the window? Rain, I suppose. Well, it's not daylight yet, so I'll turn over and go to sleep again. But what a run that was! What a pity we can't have runs like that in real life; and I leading the field, too, and alone with hounds!

Yawn.

Wonder if Mavis Clare will turn out a clipper? She frames to jump nicely, and she's beautifully bred.

Another yawn.

Jolly glad I haven't to get up for a few more hours yet.

Rattle, rattle, rattle!

That isn't rain on the window. It's gravel. Well, I must get up and look out to see who it is.

'It's half-past three, sir. I've put the kettle on the gas-stove, and the mare will be ready when you are,' comes up through the darkness.

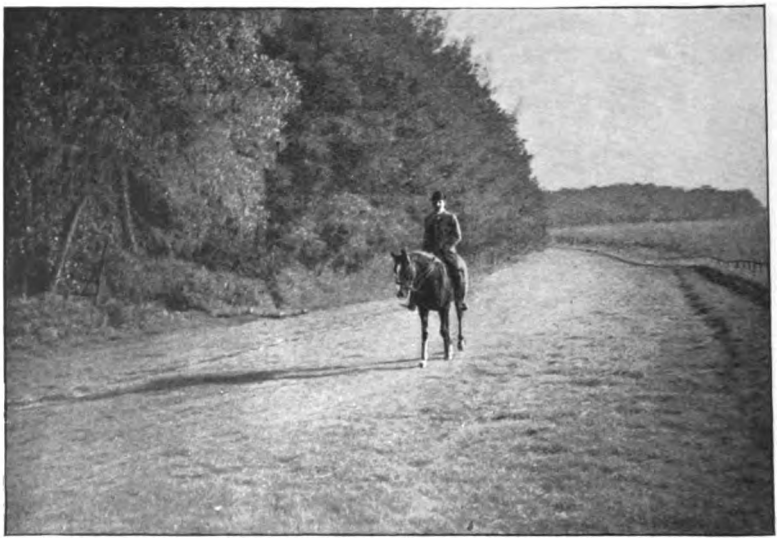
'Oh! it's you, is it, Johnson? Couldn't think what it was rattling on my window, and I'd forgotten that I'd decided to go cubbing this morning.'

Into the cold tub and out of it, and now for the toilet of my first morning's cub-hunting of the season. My thinnest brown Bedford cords are laid out for me in the dressing-room, and close by stand my black blucher boots and spurs; a flannel shirt and a thin hunting waistcoat is on a chair close by, and a soft Quorn scarf lies on the dressing-table. What coat shall I put on? Norfolk jacket, flannel jacket, or the grey riding-coat with the side pockets? I'm not going to golf or tennis, so the riding-coat, decidedly; that looks workman-like and like fox-hunting, while the other savours of rat-catching in connection with breeches and boots.

Quite awake now. What a grand thing is the morning tub for pulling one together! And how grateful and comforting is the smell of coffee that comes wafted upstairs as one quietly

opens the door and, as noiselessly as possible, creeps downstairs! There's no occasion to wake the whole house at 3.30 A.M. just because I'm going cub-hunting.

The ham is delicious, the crusty cottage loaf perfection, and that coffee is so good that I must have another cup. Now for my hat. It will be hot before I get home again; best put on a straw. What! a straw hat with breeches, boots, and riding-coat, and for cub-hunting! I forgot. My bowler, of course. Where's my hat-guard? Hunting-crop, gloves, cigar-case, matches? Yes. For'ard away, then, and don't slam the door



THE FIRST ARRIVAL

as you go out. The gas indoors makes it appear to be inky-black outside, but once in the open I can see that the faint light of dawn is beginning to streak the sky in the east. But all nature is still yet, and not even the birds have begun to twitter. From the direction of the stable comes the rattle of the halter-chains, and a light is burning in both stable and saddle-room.

'Ready, sir?' asks Johnson, as he hears the crunch of the gravel beneath my feet.

'Yes, you can bring her out.'

My new purchase, Mavis Clare. Wonder how she will turn out?

Johnson knows his work, for he has put on the light short-cheeked bridle with the sliding bar, and the curb is not severe

enough to hurt her. We want to be on friendly terms, Mavis Clare and I, for neither of us like a pulling match.

'Will you ride anything else to-day, sir?' says Johnson as you mount the stone-block beside which the bay mare is now standing.

'No; you may get the rest out while I'm away.'

Pat her on the neck. 'Woa, old girl!'

But there's no need for the 'woa.' Mavis Clare has been taught to stand still while her rider mounts, gathers up the reins, settles himself in the saddle, and gives the order to move off by a gentle pressure of the knees. How I do hate to see a horse walking away with its rider climbing all over it in his effort to get into the saddle, the reins anyhow, and a spill a certainty if there happens to be the pretence of shying or the playful buck of high spirits and good health.

There! we should certainly have come apart then if I had not been firmly planted in the saddle; I should have spurred the mare in my struggles to keep on her back, should have certainly responded to her plunges by coming to the ground, both our tempers would have been upset for the day, and Mavis Clare would have been nervously suspicious of a repetition of the performance every time she saw something of questionable shape or heard something of uncertain sound.

'Steady, old woman. It's only a cat in the laurels!'

It is a rather foggy morning, the silver screen somewhat delaying the efforts of the dawn to break, and the trees and objects we pass loom like phantoms in the mist.

'Now, that won't hurt you! That mysterious shadow that flitted across the road through the park was only a sheep. See, there's another and another. That's right for a sensible little woman!'

Mind the gate at the bottom. Don't be in a hurry, don't fumble with the catch, and be first pressing your horse to make it come up to it, and then pulling it back because you have got too close or overshot it altogether. Ride quietly up to it, three parts broadside on, with the catch just within reach of the hunting-crop, so; now steady, 'Go on, old girl,' open comes the gate, round it she walks. Give it a push to clear her quarters, let it slam; and see that the catch is fastened. Now we can trot along the road for a bit. Better keep to the road, it is smooth and level if hard, while the roadside is little softer, and very uneven, just as likely to give a joint a twist as not; besides which there are stone-heaps and

occasional grips, capital practice for teaching a horse to mind where he puts his feet when the ground is soft and it is broad daylight, but we don't want them this morning. It is lighter now, but a mist still hangs over the landscape, and I can barely see the gossamers on the hedges and bracken, the silver cobwebs set to catch the fairies.

Not a good sign for a scent this morning, that. But I hear the youngsters have made a capital start, and, thanks to the showers of the past week or two, and the soft warm mornings, they have been able to race the cubs round with such a crash and such a dash that a brace or a leash have come to hand each day. Now we shall see if the lessons have done any good, and if they can hunt a cub to death as well as race him to death.

There is no sign of life as I patter through the empty streets of the little village. Stay, there is a light in the chamber window of that cottage to indicate that a labourer is getting up to go to his work.

It is still rather misty. I wonder if it will be too foggy for hounds to be thrown in? Will Brown wait till it clears or will he take the hounds home?

Hullo! what's that in front that has made the little mare prick up her ears and quicken her pace? Is that the sound of iron-shod heels or not? Will it be Mostyn? No, he's too lazy. Ferguson, Bertram, Todd? No, he's not come down yet. Perhaps it's ——; yes, I can distinctly hear two or three, it must be the hounds. Ah! that whip-crack confirms it. Capital! round the corner I come upon them, the second whipper-in greeting me as I canter past him to the huntsman.

'Morning, sir,' says Brown. 'Shan't have such a good scent this morning, I'm afraid.' Then anxiously: 'Your mare won't kick hounds, I hope? New purchase, sir?'

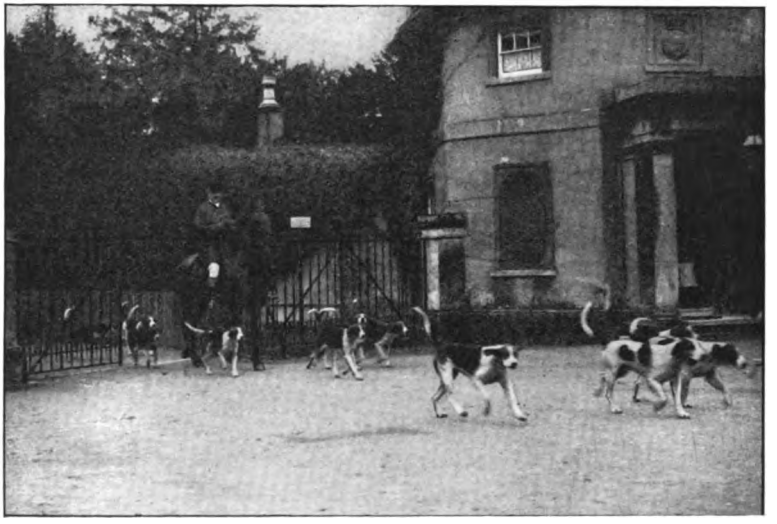
'Yes, I bought her of Hodgson of Utterbury, and I don't think she'll touch a hound. She's quiet enough with the terriers.'

'Oh, bought her of Mr. Hodgson, did you, sir? I know her, and her dam too. She was one of the best bits of stuff I ever crossed. She won't kick a hound, sir, she's been brought up with 'em all her life. You can depend upon it you've as good an animal as she is good-looking. I know the breed, and there is no better hand with a young horse than young Hodgson. Shouldn't wonder if you saw him out on her own brother, a four-year-old, this morning—yours is five, I believe,

sir, isn't she?—then you'll see how it's done. So quiet with them, he is, so gentle, yet so firm.'

And so we jog on to the woodlands which are to be the scene of the morning's lessons to the young hounds and the young foxes, the old huntsman beguiling the time with anecdotes and stories of the phenomenal promise shown by one or other of the young entry.

'That's the little bitch as I tell you was first over the ride on Monday just before we rolled him over. Daphne, by Belvoir Dexter out of our Rosy. Yoi! Daphne, good little



AN EARLY START

bitch!' And the youngster looks up pleased, with a wave of her stern, at the sound of her name by the voice she has begun to love.

Perhaps a rabbit scuttles across the road and there is visible excitement in the pack.

'Don't make a noise,' says Brown to his lieutenants, as one or two young hounds show an inclination to dash off in pursuit.

'Welladay! Welladay!' he says quietly. 'Ware riot, have a care, Welladay'; then, when all danger of a breakaway is past, more sharply, 'Have a care, ware riot, Welladay,' and softly, 'Yoi, Welladay, good little bitch, Welladay!'

'If they'd started shouting and cracking their whips there'd have been half-a-dozen puppies off like a shot, and perhaps the whole pack after them.'

'But I like to see them keen,' he adds; 'I wouldn't give a toss for a man, a horse, or a hound who wasn't keen of a morning when he went hunting.'

We are now joined by a farmer or two, and the owner of the coverts where we are going to draw, and his agent, also put in an appearance.

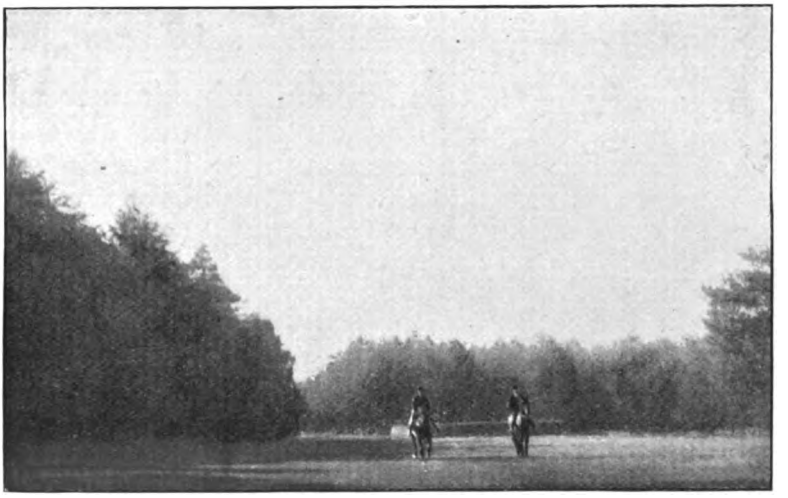
'We don't have many out yet, and we don't want 'em,' observed the huntsman. 'Those who take the trouble to get up as early as this are generally of the right sort, keen enough to know something about fox-hunting, and willing to lend a helping hand when it is wanted; they can keep their mouths shut and stand still, know a cub from an old fox, and you can depend on them to tell you whether we are on a fresh cub or the hunted one.'

'Tis quite daylight now, and the mist is only hanging about in sheltered places. Already it is dissolving and floating away in banks of cloud, and the sun is beginning to light up the autumn tints in all their grandeur. Ah! those autumn tints! Beautiful as is the early green of the coming spring, it cannot compete with the glories of the dying foliage when lit by the rays of the rising sun on an autumn morning. How like a transformation scene at a pantomime! Grey and silvery and weird at first; then the mists dissolve, rolling in cloudlike banks down the green velvety sides. Gradually a radiant glow spreads over the scene, the trees are decked in gold and brown and rich deep red, and the glory of an autumn morning bursts upon you in all its majesty. All is golden and grandeur, save where the sun lights up the gossamers and makes them gleam like a network of silver filagree, and where the sparkle of the dewdrops carpets the woodlands with a tapestry of jewels. Oh! you lovely autumn tints, how I welcome you! To the world you tell that summer is over and that winter is approaching, but to me you herald the birth of another hunting season, with all its joys and all its pleasurable excitement, just as the fresh green leaves in spring-time tell me that 'tis time to put away the trappings of the chase, to dream of the triumph of the past season and of the great things that we hope are in store for us in the future.

How is it those wonderful colours cannot be put on canvas? Many a picture of the beauties of autumn have I seen, yet never once have they done justice to that wealth of colour, that majesty of glittering splendour that one sees nearly every morning in early cub-hunting, and which has so often charmed and delighted me in those glorious Brocklesby woodlands.

But hark! business has now begun, and as I canter to the corner, which I have volunteered to guard, a musical twang-twang from the huntsman's horn rings out, echoing and re-echoing down the woodlands, to be followed by a cheering 'Yoi! wind him, little bitches!' as the eager pack rushes into the leafy tangle.

Mavis Clare pricks her ears and stares now here now there, her frame in a tremble of nervous excitement. She knows the meaning of that ringing blast and the presence of the mottled pack at the covertside, longing for the mad burst



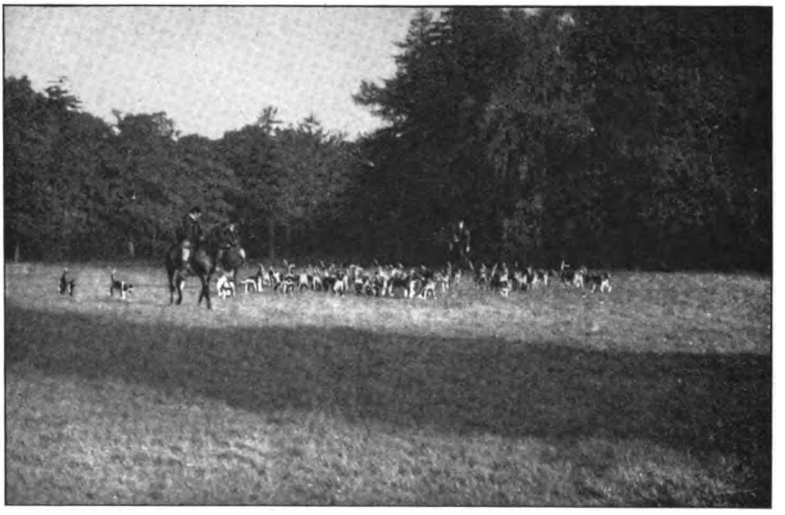
DOWN THE VELVETY RIDES

in the open, the quick rush at the open water, the steady swing down to the post and rails, and the dash into the thorny tangle of the bullfinch; longing for the unspeakable joys of a quick thing over the vale, when the music of the pack and the measured thud on the springy turf keep time with beating of one's own heart and——

'Steady, old girl! Your master longs for a gallop as much as you do. But this is education, pure and simple, little woman, and we must learn to stand still, keep our mouths shut, and confine ourselves in patience with the belief that the more cub-hunting the cub-hunting is, the better sport shall we enjoy in the regular season.' Better by far a long morning's tow-row round the woodlands, when every cub has been got away but one, and the huntsman, persevering with the last, the pack

hunts him slowly and persistently through the matted tangle, foiled to a degree, and when every one has gone off yawning to breakfast runs into him, as stiff as a stake and done to a turn ; better by far, I say, such a morning's cub-hunting than a quick burst in the open with half the youngsters left in covert and the other half tailed off over the country till the body of the pack is stopped and brought back to pick them up and begin work over again. 'Tis magnificent, but 'tis not cub-hunting.

Hark again ! A whimper. That's Hopeful for a fiver ! Trust old Hopeful to find a fox !



A MORNING IN THE BROCKLESBY WOODLANDS

'Hoick to Hopeful ! Hoick ! Hoick ! '

Now they're at it hammer and tongs, and every tongue is wagging.

Mavis Clare is like a cat on hot bricks, but soon settles down after a while as the merry jingle comes floating down on the slight breeze, now quite near, now dying away in the distance and but faintly borne to our listening ears.

Out pops a rabbit close to us, and Mavis Clare starts as if it were a buffalo ; for just now nerves are at a tension. Bunny hops a few paces and nibbles at the green herbage, hops a few more paces, and nibbles again ; then the chorus of canine voices comes with a crash, nearer and nearer, so bunny sits up

to listen, slips quickly through the hedge, and is seen no more. Then, with a whirr and a rush, comes a gorgeous rocket, not ten yards from where Mavis Clare has leapt two feet into the air at sheer astonishment, gleams of gold and brown and rich red —autumn tints—glint in the morning sun, and so over the hedge sails a young cock-pheasant in all his glory. Ah! my fine fellow, you're safe till October, and then——!

But events now come thick and fast. More rabbits, noisy, clattering blackbirds, and then into the ride there stalks a rich red-brown form—autumn tints again—and there it pauses to listen. With ears pricked and head erect, bushy brush with

ON THE LOOK OUT

its white tag slightly waving to and fro, a gleam of white as the sunlight catches the ruff under the throat and the white waistcoat beneath, there is no doubt what that is—an old hand, as cool as a cucumber, and up to every move of the game.

Nearer comes the ringing chorus, as Mrs. Reynard glances round, catches sight of man and horse, to whom is vouchsafed a prolonged stare, and then, without haste or bustle, but with easy, catlike grace, slips quietly through the fence. Turning up the hedge till the next is reached, the pretty creature glides up that for some fifty yards, pops through a gap, and is seen no more.

Right up to the spot where Reynard came into view sweeps the glorious music, and into the ride tumbles half a score of

hounds. 'Tis time for action now. Mavis Clare is all excitement, but I know she has been taught to stand a whip-crack, and those hounds must be stopped. Both whippers-in are far enough off at their respective corners, and in half a second the pack will be away in the open. Crack! goes the whip, and the noses are up in an instant. 'Hoick baick! Get away baick into covert,' and the bulk of the hounds turn back immediately. But a couple have slipped through the hedge, and the situation looks desperate, for if once they throw their tongues in the open the rest will fly to them.

Mavis Clare skims over the hedge like a bird, having an idea that she is in for a gallop. But she is to be disappointed this time, for those hounds must, with rating and whip-cracking, be turned back into covert at all cost. Round the corner comes a thud of hoofs, and Brown gallops into view.

'An old 'un?' he asks.

'Yes. Vixen. Gone away to Round Hills.'

Twang, twang! goes the horn. 'Len in baick! Hoick baick, little bitches!' cries the cheery voice, and in another minute we are left in solitude and silence once more. Now for a cigar, and as the blue smoke curls upwards, comes back the recollection of the gallops we have had from this covert in the past.

'Hullo, young feller, you're in a hurry!'

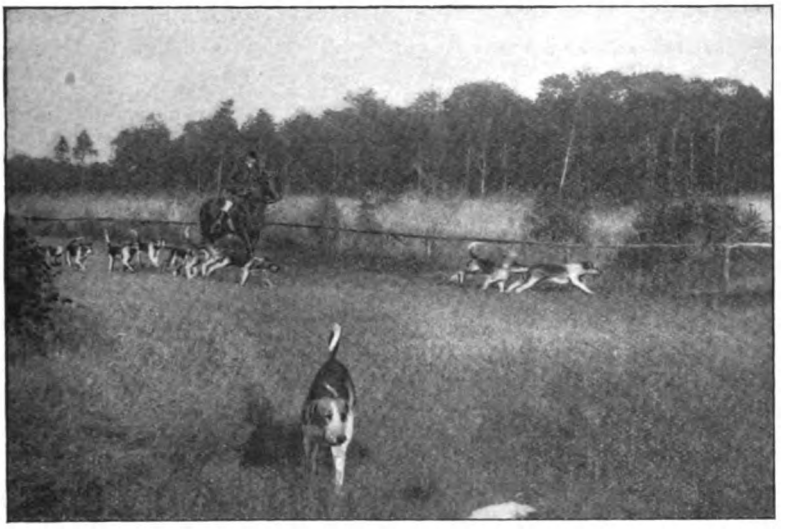
Round the corner, in hot haste, comes a smaller edition of the old lady who had taken her departure a few minutes before, but very different in manner. Nervous haste was the chief characteristic, and the wet, bedraggled brush and protruding tongue told that the last forty or fifty minutes had been one of excitement and action to the little stranger. Very different, too, from the cold stare and leisurely departure of mama was the frightened glance and hurried bob back into covert of Young Hopeful. Yet hounds are quiet now, and not in full cry as when Mrs. Reynard set out, and the silence is only broken by the occasional cheer or a note from the huntsman's horn, just to let the youngsters know where he is. For young hounds hate to be lost, and they will work in covert industriously enough if they think their huntsman is near.

Once or twice a hound or two had popped out on to the ride, sniffed about, listened for a twang of the horn or the voice of another hound, and then gone off in that direction; and once a youngster had ventured to speak to the line taken by Young Hopeful, but had not courage enough to follow it up

or confidence in his own powers to speak again. After a while the huntsman puts in another appearance.

'Three cubs have gone away, and one has just got to ground in an earth opened by a badger, but I did not let hounds work him. Have you seen anything, sir?'

'Yes, a cub that has done a bit of work came round that corner about ten minutes ago and went in again just here. A young hound spoke to him a little time after, but you were running down below them. Listen to those jays screaming away to the left. I bet you he's there now.'



GOING TO A HOLLOA

Away he canters, touching his horn as he goes, and he waves back to me cheerily when, a moment or two later, an old hound opens near where I had indicated.

The fun now becomes fast and furious as the pack, on good terms with the fugitive, hustle him round with a merry cry. Out of covert he goes as if bent on the open, but his courage fails him as the sound of his pursuers draws near. 'Tally-ho baick!' is the cry; so in he darts once more, twisting and turning, now up a dry ditch and now going a few yards along a grass ride. But Nemesis is on his track, and try as he may, he cannot shake off his persistent enemies. Once they nearly had him, and again he only escaped by the skin of his teeth. But he is one of a good litter and determines to die,

if he must, like a hero in the open; so, making one final bid for liberty, he dashes out of covert, the hounds course him half way across a field, and then they roll him over.

Up comes Brown with a smile of satisfaction on his genial weather-beaten face, and leaping from his horse, whom he leaves to graze as peacefully as if no such important event as the demise of a cub—handsomely hunted and handsomely killed—was in progress, proceeds metaphorically to dance round the tattered remains of his fox, cheering now this hound and now that; snatching a morsel now and then for a youngster also who hasn't had a bit of fox; whooping like mad, and every now and then sounding a triumphant blast on his horn. Brown never takes a fox away from his hounds to break up during cub-hunting, and rightly too.

Now the whippers-in come galloping up, a few gentlefolk and half-a-dozen farmers, and congratulations and greetings are general.

'Hullo, old feller,' says one, 'I didn't expect to see you here. Thought you never got out of bed till nine.'

'Don't you mind his rotting,' says another. 'He's only just turned up himself, and we've been here since five.'

'Capital bit of work, gentlemen,' remarks the huntsman, 'just an hour and twenty-five minutes since we found, and they were all at him, young 'uns and all, at the finish.'

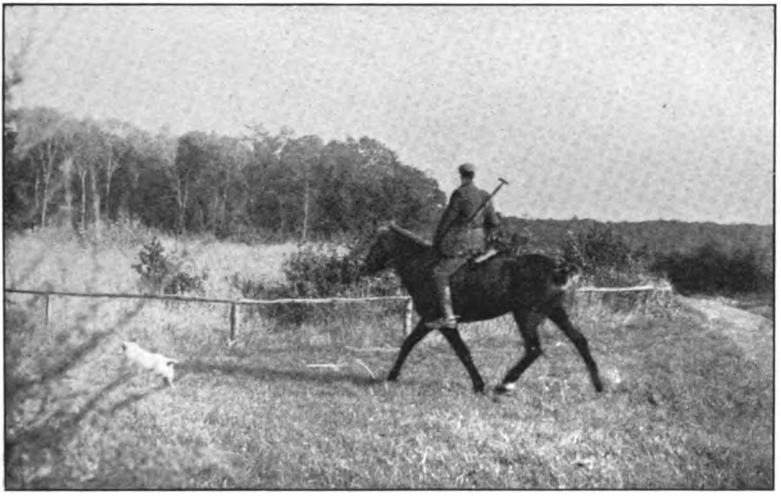
'Where are you going to now, Tom?'

'Barnard's Wood, sir, is his lordship's orders. I hear there is a capital litter there, and we've got to give 'em a good dusting.'

More cigars are lit, and the cavalcade trots gaily off in the direction of Barnard's Wood, picking up the master and his two boys together with a few others *en route*. But scent has altered for the worst, for the sun is now very hot and has dried up what moisture there was to begin with. 'Tis hunting pure and simple now, real hard work. There is a whimper, a chorus that dies down to a whimper again, then silence. The huntsman canters now up this side, now that, occasionally touching his horn, and occasionally giving a cheer. Now and then comes a 'Tally-ho over!' as a cub is seen to cross a ride, and hounds are silent; and once or twice a 'Tally-ho baick!' tells us that one has shown himself in the open and turned back into covert again. And the youngsters all this time? Not a skirter nor a shirker among them, but each one is working the matted tangle with the keenness and determination of a seasoned hunter.

They have already been at it an hour and a half, and young Rapid has voted it 'deuced slow' and gone home to breakfast. Ah! my young friend, you don't know that this is the perfection of cub-hunting, and that when, a few minutes later, hounds run into their fox, as stiff as a stake and done to a turn, the hard-earned worry will do the young entry more good, and put them in better heart, than the easily won meal which is provided by a fifteen minutes burst with a burning scent.

A young farmer canters up on the very double of Mavis Clare, the four-year-old bending to his bridle with arched neck as the firm light fingers play upon the reins like those of a



GONE TO GROUND

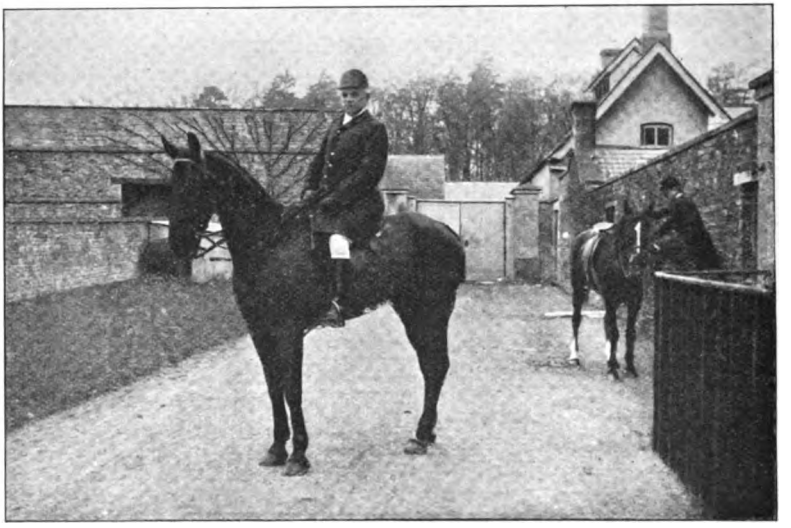
skilled musician on a piano. 'Good morning, sir,' says young Hodgson, 'I hope you like the mare. This is own brother to her, and will make a good hunter some day, I think. A very tired cub has just gone into the far quarter of the wood, and I am off to tell Brown,' he says as he canters on. And that is how virtue found its reward.

Enough for one day says the master, thoroughly satisfied with the morning's work, and so we are dismissed to our homes.

'Your way is past my place,' says young Hodgson as we move off. 'Won't you call and have some refreshment? You must be hungry, I am sure.'

Will I not! 'Tis a long time since that 3.30 meal in the

gaslight, and the inner man is proclaiming that Nature abhors a vacuum. And so we trot on, past the harvest-fields with their busy teams, past the fast-filling stack-yards, and the ivy and rose-clad farmhouses to the birthplace of Mavis Clare. Was there ever such nut-brown ale and such delicious bread and cheese? Hodgson here puts in an appearance in a great state of heat and with a consuming thirst. He has told his groom to give the mare 'a down of chilled water'; he is very glad I like her, the old 'un was a rare bit of stuff, and carried him—a gift from the noble master—three seasons after Brown



WILL DALE

had done with her; the harvest was a good one, and the new self-binders had saved him tons of money.

And so we must be off at last, for both father and son have their business to attend to.

One more cigar to smoke on the way home? I shall not find them amiss, as they are a present from the gentleman who takes the shooting. Good-bye, and good luck to the four-year-old. Phew! it's hot, and the flies are a nuisance! We ought to have been home a couple of hours ago. But it is hard to tear oneself away when hounds are still at work, and it was really a capital finish, well worth stopping for.

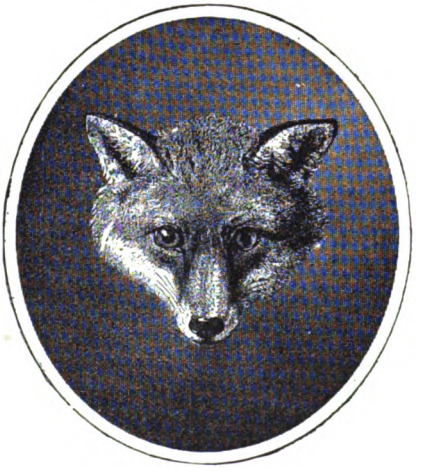
Bang! bang! bang! bang!

A party of gunners are advancing up the turnips on the

OVER IN THERE.

Reproduced from an Oil Painting by C. Lutyens.

right, and over the road swoops the remains of a covey of little brown birds, the gamest little chaps in feathers. Oh! you autumn tints!—the golden stubbles, the deep green of the turnips, the little brown bird, most sporting and tasty of them all; the glory of the woodlands, the rich red coat of the little rascal, the plumage of the long tail as he goes whirring and rocketing over the ride, you are here at last. And, by Jove! I do want my luncheon.



ENGLISH TEAMS IN AUSTRALIA

BY HOME GORDON

WHILE Mr. A. C. MacLaren is collecting a side to do battle for the Motherland against her Federated Colonies, it seems opportune to deal with some of the features of former tours in Australia. Many will probably be surprised to find how frequent have been English visits to the Antipodes, and it also comes quite as a shock to recall the fact that it is now forty years since the first team visited the land under the Southern Cross. In the earlier visits, whilst the Colonial interest in the English tourists was immense, there was comparatively little excitement about them at home. But so soon as Gregory's team had won that historical match in 1878 at Lord's, it was realised how formidable was the calibre of our opponents, and ever since the keenness of the rivalry has increased until it is now at its very zenith.

The first side that ever went to Australia was entirely professional and practically confined to those from the South, for all the crack Northern men refused to go with the exception of Iddison and E. Stephenson. The tour was a speculation on the part of Messrs. Spiers & Pond, and Richard Daft always asserted that they cleared £11,000 by their venture. The remuneration to each man was £150 with all expenses paid. Mr. Mallam was the manager, and he invited Cæsar, Parr, Jackson, Willsher, Lockyer, Hayward, Carpenter, Grundy and Anderson, not one of whom would go. The team which sailed consisted of both the brothers Stephenson, Bennett, Caffyn, Griffith, Tom Hearne, Iddison, Lawrence, Mortlock, Mudie, Sewell and Wells, the arrangement being that the twelfth man stood umpire. The tour may be regarded as educational, for the opposing sides were always Twenty-two except when an Eighteen of Victoria was met. This was the opening match begun on New Year's Day, 1862, and witnessed by 25,000 people, who paid half-

a-crown admission. It may be of antiquarian importance to record that Caffyn bowled the first English over in Australia, and that Bennett, who went on at the other end, made the first English run. This is the corollary to the record of Barlow, who claims to have been the only professional who ever went in first to bat and on first to bowl in the same Test Match in England.

The Melbourne match ended in a victory for England by an innings and 96 runs, 18 duck eggs disfiguring the Colonial sheet. To play their second fixture the professionals travelled 200 miles on a bumpy road in a coach-and-six to Beechworth. Twenty-two of the 'Ovens'—as the home side were called—were disposed of for 20 and 53, the bowling figures being Caffyn 9 wickets for 7 runs, Wells 8 for 10, and Bennett 11 for 10. The home team gave 20 wides to swell the visitors' total of 264. The first of many exhibition single-wicket matches followed. Griffiths scored 6 and then bowled eleven Ovens for a total of 1—which was a no-ball! The earliest Australian victory was at Sydney, when Twenty-two of the combined Colonies won by 12 wickets. Only one of the England eleven was bowled out, and the Australian stumper Thompson never gave an extra, whilst G. Moore claimed 10 wickets for 51. To follow the tour would be superfluous, but one extra game should be mentioned, because it was the first in which English and Colonials were on the same side. The World in Australia beat Surrey in Australia by 6 wickets, after which each of our Twelve planted an elm at Melbourne in commemoration of the tour.

The Northern professionals apparently regretted their refusal, for two years later George Parr himself brought the second side, including seven of those who had before declined, as well as Dr. E. M. Grace, whilst only Caffyn of the first band again made the voyage. This tour was a triumphant progress, as ten victories and six draws was the record of the unbeaten expedition. The chief adventure was a collision on the voyage from Sydney, in which a sailing-vessel was run down, but the steamer with our cricketers had to put back for repairs, so that, instead of fulfilling the next engagement, £300 forfeit had to be paid. Forty thousand people in the four days witnessed the earliest match at Melbourne. The most notable analysis was that of Tarrant *v.* Twenty-two of New South Wales, who bowled 35 balls for no run and 7 wickets. But the double effort of Tinley deserves allusion. Twenty-two of Ararat were sent back for 35 and 34, and his share was 26 wickets for 53 runs. At Otago so

bad was the ground that after a while the stumps were repitched *at right angles to the original wicket.* One stonewaller was met at Castlemaine, for a local bat named Easton stayed in two hours for 3 runs!

Twelve years elapsed before the third invasion of Australia, and this time it was Dr. W. G. Grace who led the attack. His was not a representative side, although all three Graces were in the team and Mr. J. A. Bush was behind the sticks. Still ten victories were set against three defeats. The chief disaster was in the opening match. 3 to 1 was laid on the English, who had come out in a passage of fifty-two days, but were beaten by an innings and 21 runs. Messrs. F. Allan and H. F. Boyle were among the Victorian bowlers, Horan and Midwinter batted and Mr. B. B. Cooper made top score with 84. He had, of course, enjoyed much experience in England, having for years played for Middlesex, and made 70 for Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's in 1865; for Gentlemen of South *v.* Players of South, in 1869, he had also scored 101, compiling with Dr. W. G. Grace 283 for the first wicket, which was a record until 1892. Other features of the tour were that in the match at Sandhurst the heat was 140° in the sun, and that Twenty-two of Yorke's Peninsula at Kadina were sent back for 13, Martin M'Intyre claiming 7 wickets for 1 run and Lillywhite 13 for 7. Dr. W. G. Grace with 126 and Mr. G. F. Grace with 112 made the first English centuries 'down under.' At Melbourne, Oscroft was bowled by the fifth ball of an over, then limited to four, and the champion was caught out over the ropes. Lillywhite was induced to back the English for £50 *v.* Fifteen of Combined Australia, and the match was only won for the Mother Country five minutes before time. Oscroft had the enterprise on the voyage home to trace out an uncle he had never seen in the backwoods behind King George's Sound, and whilst in Australia sold a gross of his own photographs besides doing a commercial deal in bats on a big scale. Mr. Spofforth was first met at Sydney, and it may be recorded that the Englishman he earliest dismissed in his great career was A. Greenwood, whom he clean bowled.

On the fourth tour, a professional one under Lillywhite, the Colonials three times contended on equal terms with us. A draw with New South Wales was followed by the great defeat of England by Australia with 45 runs to spare. This was due mainly to the grand batting of Charles Bannerman, who retired hurt after compiling 165, though Alfred Shaw to this day relates

how Armitage dropped an easy catch quite early in the great batsman's innings. Except Jupp, who scored 63, no one else made 40. Our revenge came in the return fixture with a margin of 4 wickets, George Ulyett having most to say to this, as he made 52 and 63 and took 3 for 48. Our batting was not strong.

Lord Harris has kindly furnished me with notes on his tour in Australia, but as they have already appeared in print, only a few items can here be culled. Of course his visit was after the first Colonial home-coming, so the calibre of our opponents was now measured. Mr. I. D. Walker had originally intended to take out an amateur twelve, but this proved impossible to collect, and Lord Harris eventually led a most moderate band supported by Ulyett and Emmett. The latter made five trips to Australia, though a shocking sailor. But it was on this occasion that he proved so invaluable, for his bowling read :

1131 runs ... 137 wickets ... 8·68 average.

It is interesting to note that all through Lord Harris continually laments dropped catches. 'Our miserable failure in holding catches was heartrending, but we got accustomed to it. However, Vernon Royle only missed one on the tour, and that a very difficult one.'

Some of his contemporaneous comments, in the light of future experience, are most notable : 'Jarvis is a fine bat, but has not yet mastered the art of running between the wickets. Palmer is quite first-class as a bowler. A fine catch by Boyle at nondescript short-leg' [an apt designation for the spot where the wily Victorian subsequently fielded so superbly]. 'Evans is the best bowler we have met in Australia, very high action, faster than Alfred Shaw, greater accuracy with alteration of pace and pitch, and decided work from the off. The sooner professional umpires are employed throughout the colonies the better for cricket.' This reads curiously when compared with a letter from Melbourne dated June 1901 : 'We badly need umpires of the type of Jem Phillips, for nearly all our young bowlers have invidious action.' Of course the row at Sydney has become historical. It was really due to the rivalry between that town and Melbourne. Lord Harris had brought Colthurst from the latter town to umpire, and a decision of his caused the mob to invade the ground. There was a nasty scrimmage, in which Mr. A. N. Hornby displayed his great personal strength and pluck by carrying a man who had assaulted Lord Harris

over a hundred yards through an angry crowd to the pavilion, where he gave him in charge. Next day matters were smoothed over, and the game quietly terminated in our easy victory. So far as eleven a-side fixtures were concerned, three were lost and two won. Mr. A. N. Hornby scored heavily against odds, and Lord Harris with Ulyett were successful on nearly all occasions. Mr. A. P. Lucas rendered good service with bat and ball, but Mr. A. J. Webbe proved a comparative failure.

One or two observations by Lord Harris on colonial wickets 'twenty years since' are not unamusing: 'Every ground is an oval, planted round with the perpetual gum-tree to the detriment of the light, though it gives little shade to spectators. The batting wickets are perfect, but the out-fielding rough. The Hobart Town ground is beautifully situated, but a most extraordinary one to play on. I can only liken it to a hog's back. A very tall long-leg *might* be able to see a gigantic mid-off, but even that is doubtful. The crumbly nature of the soil in Australia generally necessitates a new pitch for each innings.'

Shaw's first team, which arrived at Sydney on November 16, 1881, after five matches in America, was purely professional. This was the earliest and the most agreeable of the three tours promoted by Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Lillywhite, though marred by the fact that the effects of the sunstroke subsequently proved fatal to Richard Pilling, the best wicket-keeper that ever put on gloves for England. After a sunstroke in Australia, Mr. Frank Penn never played cricket again, but this catastrophe belongs to a rather later date. The players were a formidable lot, who won three and lost two of the eleven a-side matches. To-day the order in which they came out in batting may be worth noting: Ulyett, who made the only century, Shrewsbury, and Barlow all averaged over thirty, Bates just below, Selby and Scotton over twenty, Peate, Midwinter, Shaw, Emmett, and Pilling. Peate and Bates each took 30 wickets for about 18 runs each. When Victoria went in to make 94, the two Yorkshiremen took the first 6 wickets with only 7 runs on the board, and though Mr. Boyle hit up 43, the Players won by 18 runs. Of the Test matches one was a draw, the other a Colonial victory by 5 wickets, thanks to Mr. Palmer, who took 11 for 165. A notable match was the encounter with Mr. Murdoch's second team previously to the departure of the latter for England. This was the strongest which ever came to our shores. But on this occasion, in a total of 260, Mr. P. S. M'Donnell made 147, A. C. Bannerman 70, and the next highest score was 7.

However, they won by 6 wickets, though Shrewsbury played very fine cricket for 82 and 47. Another curiosity of the tour was that while Shaw's 8 wickets cost 171, 3 of them of New South Wales were obtained for only 5 runs.

Lord Darnley himself furnishes the bulk of the information at my disposal for a summary of the tour he led at the close of 1882. The Melbourne Club managed everything, paying the expenses of all concerned, and giving each of the professionals over two hundred pounds. This was the last tour which was attempted with only a dozen cricketers. In several matches the English were hard pressed to put a side in the field, and substitutes were found in Messrs. George Alexander and M. Cobbett, who was the reporter going round with the tourists. On paper the mixed team of amateurs and professionals was a capital one, but they lost three out of the six eleven a-side matches. Up to one period four encounters had left the honours divided between England and Australia, and in the fifth bad fielding, a shocking batting collapse, and heavy rain brought about a melancholy defeat with an innings to spare. However, this was the only untoward feature so far as the play was concerned. An accident on the steamer outward bound delayed the visitors, who, on arriving at Adelaide, had to disembark and begin the fixture with Fifteen of South Australia the very day they quitted the ship. A worse feature of the mishap to s.s. *Peshawur* was that poor Fred Morley sustained an injury to his rib, which not only proved damaging to his bowling all through the tour but was eventually the cause of his early death. The loss of his fast deliveries was much felt, as was the utter absence of even moderate form displayed by Lord Darnley, who, besides an injury to his hand, never enjoyed good health, and several times stood down. With bat and ball Mr. A. G. Steel did splendid work, and in all matches his 152 wickets only cost 6·87 apiece. His innings of 135 not out against the combined Australian eleven was remarkable for his timing and placing of the ball, his mastery over Mr. Spofforth's formidable bowling being complete. Mr. C. F. H. Leslie gave a demonstration of his best form in his 144 against New South Wales, but on other occasions proved woefully uncertain. Mr. W. W. Read and Mr. C. T. Studd were fairly successful, whilst the failure of Mr. G. B. Studd with the bat was compensated by his magnificent fielding. Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote kept wicket in excellent form, and his stumping of Mr. Bannerman off a fast leg-ball of Mr. Leslie's was phenomenal.

Of the professionals, whilst Barlow and Bates did excellent all-round work, Barnes was a pronounced 'passenger.'

Some further comments from the memoranda of Lord Darnley are of interest. The English team saw the modern scoring-board, which was not introduced into this country even in an abbreviated form till many years afterwards. The far-famed Mr. E. Evans did not impress the visitors, and the much-vaunted curly slows of Mr. W. H. Cooper worked as little havoc against us as subsequently in this country. The terrific hitting of Mr. Bonnor and the splendid bowling of Mr. Palmer aroused hearty admiration. The inevitable note of friction is to be found in the observation that Mr. Spofforth's heels so cut up the wickets at both ends that Horan became an unplayable bowler. Midwinter's 92 not out, an example of 'iron defence,' was the largest Colonial contribution. Again comes that very modern observation, 'our catching was contemptible . . . the extraordinary regularity with which English cricketers miss catches under Australian skies.' Alas, and under our own nowadays! The humours included the pawning of the Englishmen's cricket-bags by the impecunious curator at Tamworth, and the persistency with which Sir George Strahan, the Governor of Tasmania, forced a lucky coin on the English captain for the purpose of tossing. It proved effective even against the proverbially fortunate Mr. W. L. Murdoch. Lord Darnley paid a high tribute to the absolute fairness of the Australian bowling. Once more the hospitality was boundless and delightful; indeed it is breaking no secret to mention that more than one happy marriage was the outcome of this tour. Lord Darnley himself, so tradition relates, when returning a handkerchief lent him to bind a wound in the field, for the first time met the lady who became his wife.

The next English team in Australia was entirely professional and again under the expert triumvirate. The most memorable point, alas! of the tour was the fact that the Australian amateurs, who had returned from England, refused to meet the English players unless they themselves received the same fee for each match, though to them these were merely home fixtures. A member of the M.C.C., on the day I write, told me at Lord's his vivid recollection of the game he witnessed at Sydney when Combined Australia won by 6 runs. The marvellous catch by Mr. Jarvis at the wicket off Mr. Spofforth which dismissed Bates, the fine effort of Flowers and Maurice Read at the conclusion, and the catch by Mr. Evans which sent back the Notts representative,

he mentions as the best features. Against Twenty-two of Moss Vale, Peel took 18 wickets (13 clean bowled) for 7 runs. So far as the results went the tour was most successful, two defeats to Combined Australia being set against one victory over them, and others over Mr. Murdoch's team, Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia. Lots of adventures marked the up-country matches, which were a trifle desultory on occasions. Barnes headed both tables and did great work in each department. Shrewsbury won the highest Colonial felicitations for his grand batting, and was successful as captain. Ulyett failed —some one does on each tour—and it seems strange now to read that poor Johnny Briggs only bowled 8 overs. In all matches Peel claimed 353 wickets for 5 runs each.

The monopoly of Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Lillywhite for taking out elevens of Players was maintained in 1886, but they never encountered the full strength of Australia, though twice pitted against the best available sides with success. Two defeats from New South Wales marred their programme; still the standard of play was high. The batting, except that of poor Scotton, was remarkable, even with Shrewsbury and Barnes towering above the rest. The latter headed the bowling, though an injury to his thumb kept him crippled towards the end. The out-cricket was capital, the all-round form of Lohmann and Briggs having been excellent. For the first time Mr. C. T. B. Turner was met, and from the outset 'the Terror' proved a magnificent bowler, averaging 7 runs for 59 wickets against the strongest combination which had yet left England. Mr. Ferris, too, met with marked success, and the popular expectation aroused over the attack of this notable pair was abundantly fulfilled when they appeared on our home wickets. The greatest game and most conspicuous triumph of this tour was the victory over Australia by 13 runs, after Messrs. Turner and Ferris had dismissed our professionals for 45. On the last day our men played up in fine fashion, and gave the Colonials 111 to win on a good wicket. This easy task proved impossible in the face of the admirable length kept by Barnes and Lohmann. In each innings Mr. Moses was top scorer. Another capital feature was the victory by 9 wickets over Victoria, who opened with 245. However, Shrewsbury scored a magnificent 144, and Bates made 86 out of 100 at the close. A notable match was that between Smokers and Non-Smokers, when the abstainers broke the record up to that date by amassing 803. Shrewsbury with 236, Mr. Bruce 131 (out of 196 for first wicket), and Gunn

with 150 were the 'centurions,' whilst Messrs. Worrall, Musgrave, and Houston exceeded 50. The others, who had entered the field smoking cigarettes, did fairly well, as Mr. G. S. Palmer made 113 and Briggs 86 and 54. The result was a draw, and it is commemorated by a large photograph in the pavilion at Lord's.

Such a piece of folly as two touring teams visiting Australia in the same season will never be repeated, and much bad feeling was engendered both in England and the Colonies when it was found that no arrangement to prevent this deplorable clash could be attained. Financially the results were deplorable. The Melbourne Club lost £3500 over Mr. Vernon's team, and the promoters in Australia of Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Lillywhite's venture were £4000 to the bad, whilst the three English managers divided a further deficit of £2500. The cricket played by both teams was admirable, far better than might have been expected, but the feeling everywhere was that these visits were quite overdone, and if pursued commercially, even single ones, would be more profitable at more lengthy intervals.

Mr. Vernon's side was generally deemed the weaker, but though it met with a series of mishaps, the performances may be set down as exceptionally brilliant; for out of twenty-six matches only the first encounter with New South Wales was against the visitors. Lord Hawke, who began as captain, had to return to England because of the death of his father, and the terrible accident to Bates, which removed the sight of his eye as the result of reckless practice at nets, left the team without a reserve man. Mr. W. W. Read in eleven a-side matches averaged 65, his fine hook to leg entirely baffling the Colonial bowlers. Though suffering from neuralgia at the time, his largest score of 183 *v.* South Australia became the more admirable in consequence. Over this match arose the only interruption to the harmony. When we seemed safe for an easy victory, the wicket was watered at night and rolled out so hard and true that the home side made 493, Mr. George Giffen playing a superb 203. A notable point was the consistency of Peel's batting, for though his highest score was only 55, he averaged 39. His 213 wickets only cost 7 runs, but in important engagements Attewell bowled more cheaply. Mr. Stoddart hit splendidly, and Abel was pertinaciously invaluable. Mr. A. E. Newton's batting was far above his English form, and he fairly won the innings victory over Combined Australia by making 77 when our men all went down before the leg-breaks

of Mr. G. H. S. Trott, a case which proves how little new there is in modern cricket. Peel and Attewell sent back the Sixth Australian Team for 32, the Notts bowler taking 7 for 15 and Mr. Walter Read making four successive catches at point off his bowling. In the next and final match, the same bowler took 11 for 58, which Horan pronounced to be the best bowling performance he had ever witnessed.

The triumvirate of managers for the first time had amateurs to assist them, and Mr. C. A. Smith took command in the field. The capital result was almost identical with that of Mr. Vernon's tour, for a brace of victories by New South Wales alone disturbed 25 matches. Shrewsbury batted better than ever, scoring 764 runs in 13 innings, his 232 *v.* Victoria being an exceptional display of correct scientific defence. In this game Mr. George Brann knocked up 118, his only valuable contribution at the Antipodes. In the victory over the Sixth Australian Team by 158 runs, after only 22 had been the margin on first hand, Shrewsbury with 206 had again the largest share. The best bowling was that of Lohmann, well supported by Briggs. Pougher and Preston were disappointing, whilst the old Carthusian captain, besides giving gallery displays of batting in matches against odds, actually took 91 wickets for 3 runs each. One combined match was played by members of both teams, who on a wicket much damaged by rain won handsomely by 126 runs. Peel and Lohmann divided 18 wickets, Shrewsbury and Maurice Read being most successful with the bat.

In the respect that Lord Sheffield's team was the first taken out under the private enterprise of one individual, his tour was unique, and though neither Shrewsbury nor Gunn could accept invitations the side was a great one. The presence of Dr. W. G. Grace as captain roused Colonial interest. It is no secret, however, that matters were not entirely satisfactory. Dr. W. G. Grace had practically insisted on the inclusion of Mr. O. G. Radcliffe, who was absolutely useless, and except Abel there was no bat of the strictly defensive order. For the fast bowler, Sharpe had been chosen in place of Mold, but was an utter failure, the brunt of the attack falling on Attewell, Briggs, and Lohmann, with Peel as a change. Financially the tour cost Lord Sheffield many thousands of pounds, but the cricket was successful in spite of two of the Test matches ending adversely. Dr. W. G. Grace in the first match with Victoria, scored 159 in his best style on

a bad wicket, and though he made no other great score he headed the averages with the capital figure of 44. Abel, Maurice Read, and Mr. Stoddart made centuries and batted finely. Indeed, except Bean and Mr. Radcliffe, all the side were consistently excellent with the bat. The wicket-keeping devolved on the two crack amateurs, Messrs. MacGregor and Phillipson, and this department was therefore splendidly filled.

Enormous excitement was shown over the Test matches. After a grand tussle at Melbourne we were beaten by 54 runs, due to the collapse of our batsmen on fourth hands. At Sydney we were again beaten after an even finer fight. We led by 162 at half-way, Abel having carried his bat clean through our innings of 307, scoring a faultless 132. Then Messrs. Lyons and Bannerman put on 175 for the first wicket, and with Mr. Bruce making 72 and some bad mistakes in the field, 309 was the aggregate. Mr. Bannerman was seven hours and a half at the wicket for his 91 and only hit 5 of the 204 balls he received from Attewell. After losing Abel, Bean, and the champion for 11, our batting never recovered, though Mr. Stoddart gave an admirable display. The third and last game we won by an innings and 230 runs to spare. The Colonials could not look at Briggs on a bad wicket, and our 499 was made before the rain. A highly injudicious comment made by Dr. W. G. Grace about the decision of an umpire caused great ill-feeling and prolonged discussion.

No other tour was so brilliant as Mr. Stoddart's first expedition in Australia, and, thanks to journalistic enterprise, telegraphic reports of each match whilst in progress kept us in London in as close touch with our side as the Oval supporters are with Surrey in an out-fixture. Eventually the rubber of the Test matches had to be decided on the fifth game, and this the English won by 6 wickets, thanks to the grand batting of Albert Ward and J. T. Brown, who added 210 on fourth hands and gave us the great victory, towards which Messrs. MacLaren, Stoddart, and Peel had lent valuable aid, Richardson also bowling superbly. The first of the quintet of games was quite as notable. The Australians having lost Messrs. Iredale, G. H. S. Trott, and Darling for 21, compiled 586, Mr. George Giffen getting 161 and Mr. S. E. Gregory 201, Mr. M'Carthy Blackham helping him to put on 154 for the ninth wicket. The famous midget received a subscription of £103 for this feat. Undaunted, our men accumulated 325 and 437 by grand batting, Albert Ward with 75 and 117 heading the score on each occasion. Then,

by magnificent bowling, Peel and Briggs won the match for the Old Country by 10 runs after six days of prolonged tension. Mr. A. E. Stoddart, with a glorious 173, helped us to win the second game easily. Utterly outplayed at Adelaide, where the heat prevented our men from sleeping, we lost by 382 runs. Mr. Iredale gave a great display in his 140, and our side could not look at Albert Trott, who captured 8 wickets for 45 runs. A single innings victory for the Colonials also formed the result of the fourth encounter. Mr. H. Graham compiled 105, Albert Trott hit well for 86, and our batting was utterly discomfited by the attack of Messrs. George Giffen and C. T. B. Turner. But the rubber was ours, and so the great object of the tour was achieved. Apart from these big games, Mr. Stoddart's combination won five eleven a-side games and lost two. The attractive game played by the Englishmen was generally appreciated, and the great tact of Mr. Stoddart made him universally beloved. Our only weakness was in fielding, and the only failures were Humphreys—who was brought out by special desire—Lockwood, and Brockwell. The captain headed the batting, with Mr. A. C. MacLaren in great form just below him. Then came the two professionals who had won the final match. Mr. Francis Ford proved as good a hitter as ever; Peel, Briggs, and Richardson bore the brunt of the bowling. The wickets were under the custody of Messrs. Phillipson and L. H. Gay, the old Etonian being stumper in the four last Test matches.

Over Mr. Stoddart's second tour there is less temptation to linger, because the facts are comparatively fresh in men's minds. On paper the side looked good enough for the big task before them, but it seems impossible to find excuses for their deplorable lack of success, which caused such bitter disappointment at home. Our men being outplayed at all points, we lost four of the five Test matches, and had only four victories against five defeats in twelve eleven a-side matches. Nor was it only in the field that matters went wrong. Mr. Stoddart was forced to make strong comments on the offensive attitude of spectators in many cases, and the plain speaking of Ranjitsinhji aroused much irritation. The Indian cricketer and Mr. A. C. MacLaren at times did magnificent work with the bat. Hayward and Storer were fairly successful, and so was Mr. J. R. Mason, who also headed the bowling; but, except for some flashy, though uncertain, batting by Mr. N. F. Druce, the rest was all too sad. We needed effective bowlers, we

needed steady bats. We stood revealed for the first time inferior to our opponents. Contrast our cricket with the form shown by Messrs. Clement Hill and Darling, by Messrs. Harry Trott and Noble, and then see how melancholy Richardson and J. T. Hearne looked after Mr. Jones! Superior all-round capacity for the game on the part of the Australians completely outplayed us.

Now what are the prospects of the forthcoming tour? I do not wish to give our fresh body of representatives a sorry start, but must confess a foreboding that once more we shall have to haul down the flag before our Colonial kinsmen. It had been hoped that the new side would have gone out under the auspices of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and with Lord Hawke taking charge of the *personnel*, the captaincy in Test matches devolving on Mr. A. C. MacLaren. But early in May the Committee of the M.C.C. confessed their inability to collect a good team, and Mr. A. C. MacLaren undertook the task. At the time of writing he has not chosen all his bowlers, and it is in this department that the eventual weakness will lie. The Yorkshire executive are hesitating whether they will permit any of their professionals to make the trip. But even if they are allowed to go, it must be remembered that Hirst proved quite outclassed when he went with Mr. Stoddart, and I venture to prophesy that Wilfrid Rhodes will be quite ineffective on Colonial wickets. The same observation may be made about Mead, who will simply play in the best batsmen. John Gunn is certainly a good all-round man, but as a bowler he is not to compare with Peel, Briggs, or Attewell in their prime. Naturally one of the 'leg-break' exponents has been selected, but as Australian batsmen never take liberties, too much hope cannot be pinned on this form of attack. Braund is, however, an admirable bat and splendid field. Where is our fast bowler to come from? The answer for the moment is Mr. Bradley. With Mold out of the question, Mr. Kortright, Woodcock, and Bland dead out of form, and Lockwood neither very safe nor likely to be asked, he is certainly the best. But even this cursory survey shows that at no previous period has English bowling attained a less elevated standard.

Mr. MacLaren is evidently alive to the necessity for choosing patient bats. W. G. Quaife is a pronounced stonewaller, and the slowness of Hayward is now notorious. With all his brilliancy Tyldesley can be as steady as any one, and the great wicket-keeper Lilley will also be of no small use in the same

category. Mr. G. L. Jessop is a law unto himself, and the possibility of one of his astounding contributions will effectively upset the calculations of any Australian captain. The fact of Mr. A. C. MacLaren being now out of form is of small weight, for, like Mr. Stoddart and Mr. Ernest Smith, he will speedily play himself up to the top of his ability once more. Mr. R. E. Forster is unquestionably the most brilliant amateur either University has produced since Mr. Norman Druce, and it lies between him and Mr. Lionel Palairet which is the finest old Oxonian batsman of the hour.

With Ranjitsinhji and Messrs. C. B. Fry and J. R. Mason all declining, and Abel not asked, the absolute England Eleven is certainly not being sent across the sea. On the other hand, Australian batting looks on paper most formidable. Messrs. Hill, Trumper, Laver, Noble, Gregory, Graham, Iredale, Hopkins, Duff, Stuckey, and Trumble are a notable lot. In bowling we know the ability of Messrs. Trumble and Noble. The aboriginal Marsh, with a dubious action, is reported destructive, and two bowlers unknown to us, Messrs. Matthews and Travers, will confidently attack the wickets of the English visitors. May the best side win the rubber of Test matches! But do let the game be played in a chivalrous, and not in a cantankerous spirit. The batsman should avoid leg-play, and the bowlers anything like an unfair delivery. England expects all the sons of the Empire to uphold the best traditions, and whether our own men or their colonial cousins win, it is still the supporters of the same flag who will claim the victory.

COATE—THE FARMYARD

RICHARD JEFFERIES AT HOME

BY DARBY STAFFORD

WHETHER the naturalist or the sportsman predominated in Richard Jefferies it would be difficult to determine, and which of the two ministered the more to the other is a problem equally hard of solution. At any rate, the naturalist or the sportsman —and he who is the one is inevitably more or less the other— who does not thoroughly know his Jefferies is much to be pitied, as having missed high communion with a kindred spirit—a master spirit, indeed, but truly and kindly kin. Jefferies' books are eye-openers to even the closest observer of Nature, who, reading them, realises how much he has failed to see; for, as the late Sir Walter Besant said, in his 'Eulogy of Richard Jefferies,' his writings 'show how the book of Nature was laid open to this man in a way that it was never before presented to any man who had also the divine gift of utterance, namely, by a man who, though steeped in the wisdom of the field and forest—though he had read indeed in the book—could not read

it aloud for all to hear.' That precisely hits the peculiar power of the subject of this article ; he could both see with a wonderful discernment, and could also enable others to see with his own clear vision. Comparisons are proverbially odious, and are equally futile. It would therefore be useless to attempt to draw comparisons or contrasts between Jefferies and others. Equal to any in power of close and accurate observation, he also possessed the even rarer power and style of the clearest of

COATE HOUSE—THE FRONT

exponents—and a poet at that. But this is not an article on the genius and work of Richard Jefferies as a whole, but on the man at home—and mainly from a sportsman's point of view.

As already intimated, every true sportsman is a naturalist, more or less ; for to be successful in sport one must know much of the haunts, nature, and habits of the game pursued. By a sportsman is meant one who is a 'hunter,' to use the appropriate word which, on the other side of the Atlantic, is employed of every one who pursues game in any way. And the true sportsman takes more than a butcher's interest in his quarry, does not slay for the sake of killing, and always deals with a wild creature as

Isaac Walton said a fisherman should handle his bait, 'as if he loved him.' Such a sportsman will find that between himself and Richard Jefferies there is the truest of affinities.

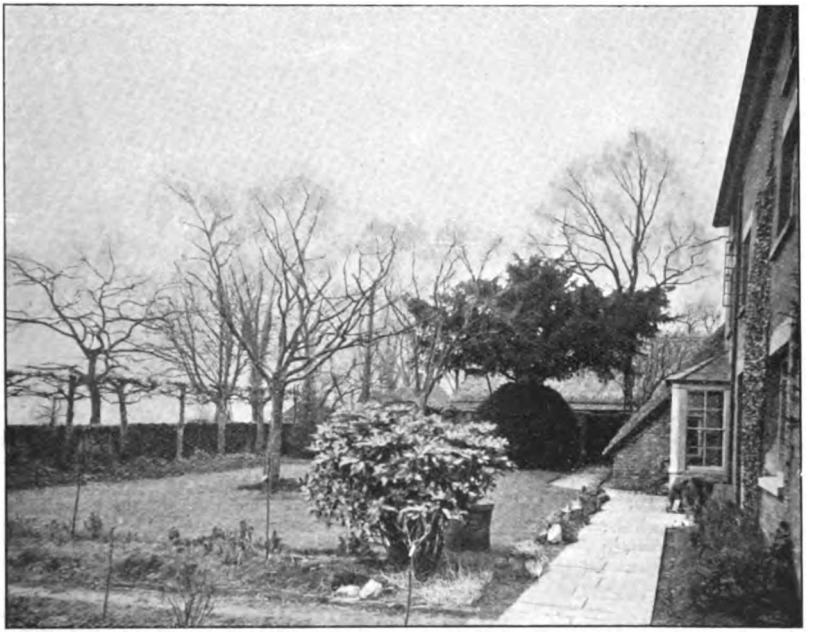
A pilgrimage to Coate is almost a necessity for the student of Jefferies; and only in the very neighbourhood in which he learnt his lore and first exercised himself in gunnery and angling can his admirers come fully to comprehend the part which his environment played in making him what he was. To those who cannot make that pilgrimage in person this paper is offered as some slight substitute. By means of its illustrations, at least, some help to an understanding of its subject may be afforded.

There is no difficulty at all, to one who has read Richard Jefferies' books—all of them—in singling out the house where he was born and in which he spent his early days. The visitor says to himself, as he comes within sight of the place, 'Ah! Amaryllis at the Fair'; for there is the very garden wall so accurately described in that novel. And the caller almost expects to find Farmer Iden in the yard or garden, and to recognise him at once, or, on entering the house, to see him asleep, with his head against the wainscot, as the novelist describes him.

Almost ridiculously, on reaching the door, one is inclined to ask for Richard Jefferies—expecting to find him ready to show the visitor round the place, with pride as great and enthusiasm as keen as always crop out in his writings whenever he deals with Coate. And when does he not deal with Coate? It was there that he lived all his life, in heart. Said he, pathetically enough in the after days of his bodily exile from the place, 'I think I have heard that the oaks are down. They may be standing or down, it matters nothing to me; the leaves I last saw upon them are gone for evermore, nor shall I ever see them come there again ruddy in spring. I would not see them again even if I could; they could never look again as they used to do. There are too many memories there. The happiest days become the saddest afterwards; let us never go back, lest we too die.' That is a sad paper, in 'Field and Hedgerow,' which he wrote when he was really dying, and every line of it breathes of passionate love for the place of his birth. He would not 'go back': No indeed—for he had never been away a day all his life—in heart. Coate was his real environment always.

It was pathetic to realise how fully Coate had become part

and parcel of Jefferies' very existence. Without going three miles from the house it is possible to find the exact counterpart —nay, the original—of almost everything that he describes in his books, town and the sea excepted. Farmyard, meadow, uplands, brook—to the very rushes and willows, the lake, the downs—all are there; and each as full of interesting life as when the thin, fragile boy with the thews of a weakling and the soul of a giant, with keen eyes, used to roam about, as once



COATE HOUSE—THE FRONT GARDEN

again he did—or seemed to do—as guide to an interested visitor. The thoroughness with which he observed and absorbed every detail of natural life in the neighbourhood, and reproduced it in his works, is an illustration of the truth of the assertion, which holds good of Nature as of literature, that he who reads a few books well knows all books, for the many are but repetitions of the few best. One hopes that to the present generation of readers of Jefferies' books, and especially to pilgrims to Coate, the reproach which he brought against those of his own time and neighbourhood does not apply: 'No one else seems to have seen the sparkle on the brook or heard the music at the hatch, or to have felt back through the centuries;

and when I try to describe these things to them they look at me with stolid incredulity.' Not, perhaps, so 'stolid' as he thought, for that was the wail of a disappointed, dying man.

A request for permission to photograph the house and farm-buildings met with a courteous response, and the writer set himself to pick out spots already familiar to him through Jefferies' descriptions, and all of them easily identified on sight. It would be impossible to explain the delight, with a sad undertone, of

WALK BY THE MERE

that walk round the farm and its vicinity. It was easy to understand how his surroundings had ministered to Jefferies' love of Nature; the greatest marvel was how he had managed to weave those surroundings into his tales and articles to such an astonishing extent. Word-pictures, exact even to the minutest details, in the novels, in 'Bevis,' 'Wood-Magic,' 'The Amateur Poacher,' 'Wild Life in a Southern County,' 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' 'Field and Hedgerow,' and others, not forgetting exquisite passages in that wonderful 'Story of my Heart,' came to mind at every step. It was as if the boy Bevis (now and then growing up for a minute into graver years and soberer thought) had

taken the visitor in hand to show him round the fields and coppices; and the photographer now and then caught himself smiling as if in response to some actual audible remark on the part of his enthusiastic guide. It means much to be under the spell of Richard Jefferies in Richard Jefferies' own domain.

Of course he had his gun—the old single barrel of which he was so fond, and of which he sang the praise, long years after he had ceased to handle it, in an article called 'The Single-barrel Gun.' 'I mean some day,' he wrote, 'to buy a single

THE BROOK

barrel, and wander with it as of old along the hedges, aware that if I am not skilful enough to bring down with the first shot, I shall lose my game.' To get the gun it had been necessary to go into the house. It was kept in the clock-case, as of yore —where every self-respecting gun claims to be kept in a farm-house, and not hung by slings on a beam for all the rising dust to find and rest upon. Jefferies' earliest lessons in gunnery were taken in the house itself—up in the garret. What a soul-stirring article is that in 'The Amateur Poacher' on 'The First Gun' to a sportsman who was ever a boy, and remembers what it felt like; his fingers lovingly clasp the stock of his own first gun as he reads. But Jefferies' first gun of all was only an

old flintlock, found in the garret—a ghostly place, full of creepy shadows, having in it a stuffed fox, which had been shot! 'Had it not been for the merry whistling of the starlings on the thatch above, it would not have been possible to face the grinning teeth of Reynard, ever in the act to snap, and the mystic noises, and the sense of guilt—for the gun was forbidden.' It is difficult to keep a boy from a gun who is built for one; and young Jefferies used to practise aiming from the garret window—with a flint in the lock and a little powder in the pan—climbing on a clothes-press for the purpose, and resting the heavy weapon on the sill. 'Aim could be taken out of the window at the old mare feeding in the meadow below the brook, and a "bead" could be drawn upon Molly, the dairy-maid, kissing the fogger behind the hedge, little dreaming that the deadly tube was levelled at them. At least, this practice and drill had one useful effect, the eye got accustomed to the flash from the pan, instead of blinking the discharge, which ruins the shooting. Almost everybody and everything on the place got shot dead in this way without knowing it.' Alas! the gunnery practice was discovered, and the stock of the gun burnt. But difficulties do not discourage a boy with 'gun' in his blood, so a make-shift stock was made and the barrel bound on, only to be discovered and confiscated, and to have the breech-block removed, which settled the matter for a time; for, as Jefferies, disconsolately living the time of disappointment over again, says: 'This was fatal. A barrel without a breech-piece is like a cup without a bottom. It was all over.'

A sporting boy's longing for a gun: is there any yearning like it—so intense, so exasperating? That sort of boy *must* have a gun; and Jefferies' parents had the sense to see it. 'There is a long, dull blank, and then a brilliant streak of recollection. Doubtless it was a year or two afterwards when, seeing that the natural instinct could not be suppressed, but had better be recognised, they produced a real gun (single barrel) for me from the clock-case.' It is not difficult for any one who keeps his own boyhood green in his memory to enter into the delight of the young sportsman. Years afterwards he lingers fondly over the description of that weapon, the grain of the barrel, 'for it had not been browned'; the rich colour of the walnut stock, its delightful balance, 'long and slender and light as a feather, it came to the shoulder with wonderful ease.' What sportsman who remembers the bliss of handling his own first gun does not concur in his estimate of that single-barrel: 'A

beautiful piece of workmanship it was ; my new double breech-loader is a coarse, common thing to compare with it.'

Well, that was the gun which 'Bevis' went into the house to get, hospitably asking his visitor to 'come in.' Those who knew the house in olden days say that it has been modernised and spoiled. The thick thatch has given place to tiles, and the picturesque appearance of the building has vanished ; but the house inside is much the same. Every reader of Jefferies' books knows it as well as he himself knew it : and will look for familiar nooks and corners, nor will he fail to keep an eye for the woodshed of many memories, and the window of the cellar—that place of a doleful imprisonment, as set forth in 'Bevis.'

There was the shed in which the canoe was built, with much labour and enthusiasm, but with a youthful thoughtlessness which failed to take into account its weight when finished, and the consequent impossibility of getting it down to the brook. The summer-house is there, or a successor, and the garden wall which overlooks the road is just the same as described in 'Amaryllis,' and elsewhere.

The meadow has not changed at all, with its 'dip' in which a small boy could remain hidden from searching eyes up at the house, and conveniently deaf to an unwelcome call. And the brook—of voyages innumerable and sport galore—winds through the meadow as of old. The reader of 'Bevis' and the 'Amateur Poacher' knows every inch of that brook. It was here that the memorable voyage of the raft took place, for this is the 'Mississippi' of boyish imagination, on which much boat-building and navigation were expended. And later on, when angling had its day, the brook afforded endless interest from a fisherman's point of view. There is a delicious account of one exciting—though somewhat reprehensible—snaring of a pike in 'The Amateur Poacher,' to which reference must be made while speaking of the brook ; albeit it took place some little distance up or down the stream. The young sportsman, on that occasion trespasser and poacher both, was exploiting a neighbouring estate. The 'Poacher' and his companion in iniquity were prepared for sport of various sorts : 'Each of us carried a long hazel rod, and the handle of a "squailer" projected from Orion's pocket. For making a "squailer" a tea-cup was the best mould : the cups then in use in the country were rather larger than those at present in fashion. A ground ash sapling with the bark on, about as thick as the little finger, pliant and tough, formed the shaft, which was about fifteen inches long. This was held

upright in the middle of a tea-cup, while the mould was filled with molten lead. It soon cooled, and left a heavy conical knob on the end of the stick. If rightly thrown it was a deadly missile, and would fly almost as true as a rifle ball. A rabbit or leveret could thus be knocked over; and it was peculiarly adapted for fetching a squirrel out of a tree, because, being so heavy at one end, it rarely lodged on the boughs, as an ordinary stick would, but overbalanced and came down.'

But to return to the predatory fishing. It was reprehensible, but one grows quite excited over the narration. The young reprobates were well up in their nefarious work, and the reader is knowingly told how to affix a wire loop to a hazel rod for snaring purposes:—'The wire for fish must slip very easily, and the thinner it is, if strong enough, the better, because it takes a firmer grip. A single wire will do, but two thin ones are better. Thin copper wire is as flexible as thread. Brass wire is not as good; it is stiffer, and too conspicuous in the water.' Now, how did the young scamp know all that in those youthful days, as he evidently did? One suspects that he had been holding converse with some of the shady, but interesting, characters whom he afterwards described in 'Old Tricks,' 'A Gip Trap,' 'Before the Bench,' and in sundry chapters in 'The Gamekeeper at Home.' Probably a sporting boy always has a strain of the poacher in him, out of which, it is charitably to be hoped, he grows in time; and, anyhow, it was a pirate of a pike that Jefferies was after on that trespassing expedition. He got him too; but let him tell the tale himself. 'After a long look across, I began to examine the stream near at hand: the rushes and flags had forced the clear, sweet current away from the meadow, so that it ran just under the bank. I was making out the brown sticks at the bottom, when there was a slight splash—caused by Orion about ten yards farther up—and almost at the same instant something shot down the brook towards me. He had doubtless landed a jack, and its fellow had rushed away. Under a large dead bough that had fallen across with its top in the stream, I saw the long slender fish lying a few feet from the bank, motionless save for the gentle curving wave of the tail edges. So faint was that waving curl that it seemed caused rather by the flow of the current than by the volition of the fish. The wings of the swallow work the whole of the longest summer day, but the fins of the fish in running water are never still; day and night they move continuously.'

Did ever any writer but Jefferies weave into his tales of

sport such indications of close observation and such vivid descriptions of natural objects and the habits of wild creatures? There is not space to quote the whole narrative. After describing his attitude on the bank, and the horizontal direction given to the rod, because 'jack do not like anything that stretches across them. . . . The straight shadow even seems to arouse suspicion—no boughs are ever straight.' He goes on to speak of the gradual advance of the snare, for 'with fish

THE MERE—BOATHOUSE AND PUNTS

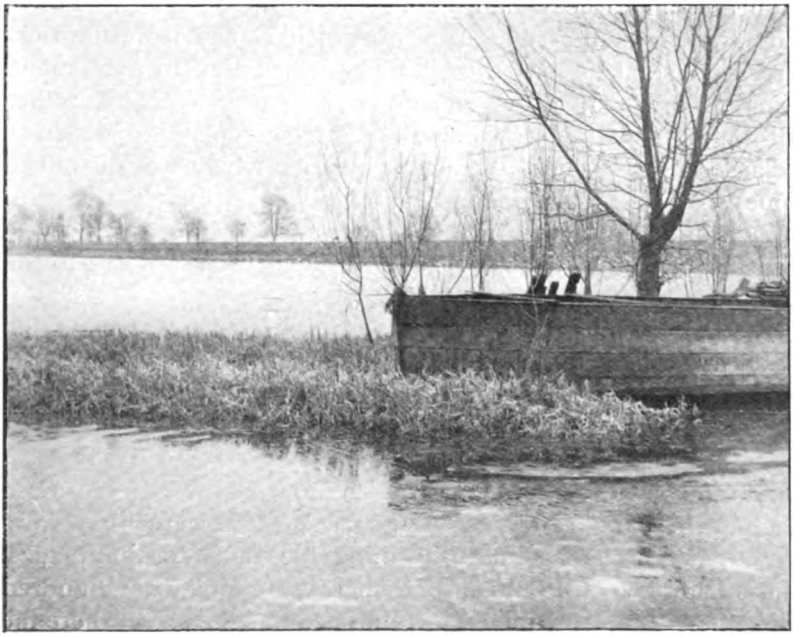
everything must be done gradually and without a jerk. A sudden jerking movement immediately alarms them.' After describing the necessary manœuvring to get the wire over the fish's tail, the more desirable way of slipping it over the head being rendered impossible by a projecting bough, he approaches the climax. 'After enlarging the loop I put the rod slowly forth again, worked the wire up stream, slipped the noose gently over its tail and gently got it up to the balance of the fish. Waiting a moment to get the elbow over the end of the rod, so as to have a good leverage, I gave a sudden jerk upwards, and felt the weight instantly. But the top of the rod struck the overhanging

bough, and there was my fish, hung indeed, but still in the water near the surface. Nor could I throw it on the bank, because of the elder bushes. So I shortened the rod, pulling it in towards me quickly and dragging the jack through the water. The pliant wire had cut into the scales and skin. He might have been safely left suspended over the stream all day; but in the eagerness of the moment I was not satisfied till I had him up on the mound.' 'Six jack strung on a twisted withy' formed a fairly good bag that day. That is evidently no 'tale of the imagination,' but a genuine bit of history, and one marvels at the close acquaintance with fish nature, and the means for the circumvention thereof, in a lad of Jefferies' age at the time. To those who wish—and who will not wish?—to study further the wonders of that marvellous brook, a perusal of 'The Amateur Poacher' is commended, together with a course of 'Bevis,' with sundry of Jefferies' articles which he contributed to magazines.

And what of the Mere—the wide and mysterious sea of an imaginative boyhood? Concerning it a volume might be written, with Jefferies' references and descriptions for text. It is an extensive sheet of water, situated near Coate farm—separated from it, indeed, only by the meadow. It serves as a prosaic reservoir, but its uses do not detract from its beauty. The greater part of 'Bevis, the Story of a Boy,' is taken up with adventures on the mere or on its shores. While 'Bevis' and his chum were supposed to be on a visit at a distance they were really living in a hut on the island in the mere. Here they practised shooting with a marvellous matchlock (evidently an imaginary outcome of the old gun in the garret, after its stock had been burnt), and did a variety of adventurous things such as appeal to the boy of naturalistic and sporting turn—and to the man who has something of the boy still in him. It must be admitted that the wonderful island is mainly the creation of Jefferies' imagination; for, though there is an island in the mere, it is a very small one, and is near the shore. It was by the mere that the young gunner made acquaintance with the wild-duck shooting which he so enthusiastically describes here and there. And there is something peculiarly fascinating in duck shooting. Who does not remember his first duck—even though, it may be, it was shot 'sitting'—while the first fair shot that brings a duck on the wing to the ground, with a 'whop,' is never to be forgotten. On the day on which the photographs of the mere were taken there was a coating of ice on the water,

and far out there huddled together a group of duck, bringing to mind Jefferies' descriptions of the mere and the birds in winter: 'All day long the ducks will stand or waddle to and fro on the ice in the centre of the lake or mere, far out of reach and ready to rise at the slightest alarm.' The setting up and levelling of the camera put them to flight.

The downs, so well described in more than one of Jefferies' articles, show up above the promontory on the other side of the mere; but it was impossible to follow our guide so far away.



THE MERE—THE ISLAND AND WRECK

On the way back to the house the corner of a field was passed which, like a place seen in a half dream, was strangely familiar. Recognition was almost instant. Why, it was the very spot where Jefferies shot his first wood-pigeon! There was no mistaking it—'the rabbits had scratched the yellow sand right out into the grass—it is always very much brighter in colour where they have just been at work—and the fern, already almost yellow too, shaded the mouths of their buries. The bramble bushes grew out from the mound and filled the space between it and the elm.' One almost expected to see the waiting gunner lying on the grass with his gun beside him, 'the broad

glittering trigger-guard quite hot in the sun,' 'when, suddenly, there was a slight rustling among the boughs of an oak in the other hedge, as of wings against twigs. It was a wood-pigeon, better game than a rabbit. . . . A beautiful bird he was on the bough, perched well in view and clearly defined against the sky behind; and my eye travelled along the groove on the breech and up the barrel, and so to the sight and across to him; and the finger, which always would keep time with the eye, pulled at the trigger. A mere puff of a report, and then a desperate fluttering in the tree and a cloud of white feathers floating above the hedge, and a heavy fall among the bushes. He was down, and Orion's spaniel (that came racing like mad from the rick-yard the instant he heard the discharge) had him in a moment. Orion followed quickly. Then the shepherd came up, rather stiff on his legs from rheumatism, and stepped the distance, declaring it was thirty yards good; after which we all walked home in triumph.' A wood-pigeon, killed at thirty yards, with a pinch of powder (which was all that was allowed) and a pipe-head full of shot! What could mortal boy, just promoted to the independent use of a gun, desire more?

Going down the steep, wooded bank from the mere to the meadow, a shed was passed that might well once have been the original of the picture drawn in 'Traitors on the Gibbet.' 'The coombe was full of fir trees, and by them stood a long narrow shed—the roof ruinous, but the plank walls intact. . . . This long shed, a greenish-grey from age and mouldering wood, became a place of much interest. Along the back there were three rows of weasels and stoats nailed through the neck to the planks. There had been a hundred in each row—about three hundred altogether. . . . But the end of the shed was the place where the more distinguished offenders were gibbeted. To the nails at the top strong beaks and black feathers adhered. . . . On the next row the black and white of magpies and the blue of jays alternated. . . . Hawks filled the third row. Kestrels were the most numerous, but there were many sparrow-hawks. . . . But the last and lowest row, that was also nearest on a level with the face of a person looking at the gallows, was the most striking. This grand tier was crowded with owls. The white owl gave the prevalent tint, side by side with brown wood owls, and scattered among the rest a few horned owls—a mingling of white, yellowish-brown, and tawny feathers.' Then follows one of the excellent bits of description which abound in Jefferies' writings: 'The delicate texture of the owl's feathers is very remarkable;

these birds remind me of a huge moth.' In 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' again, there are reminiscences of this gibbet.

But Swindon was nearly three miles off, and trains do not wait even for a lingering admirer of a prince of naturalists and sportsmen, and so the stay had to be cut short. It was difficult to realise that a busy town was no farther away, for Coate might be in the heart of the wilds as far as bird and other life is

THE FIR PLANTATION—NEAR THE MERE. (A FAMOUS PLACE FOR WOOD-PIGEONS.)

concerned. It is an admirable hunting-ground for one anxious to become conversant with Nature.

In this paper Richard Jefferies at home has been mainly Richard Jefferies as a boy. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, seeing that most of his sporting in the neighbourhood was done in his early days. In the fullest sense he dwelt in heart at Coate all his days, though stern necessity kept him away in body for many years. But in his case the boy was very emphatically father of the man ; and the grown-up man was as keen—though less exuberant in his keenness—as the boy. At Coate he learned to read the book of Nature accurately and

sympathetically, and there he became acquainted with the secret which made Nature readable to him anywhere. He was a good sportsman, and a great naturalist. Of the latter little has been said here, for obvious reasons. Like the chaffinch of one of his occasional poems, while the world was large, and he knew it,

> His fir-tree is the centre of it all.

For, like the chaffinch still, he never really wandered from the homestead all his days :

> The humble-bee the wide wood-world may roam;
> One feather's breadth I will not stir from home.

He never did ; for his heart was in Coate and Coate was in his heart from birth to sadly too early death ; and he who would know Richard Jefferies, and read his books with understanding, must know him as he was at home.

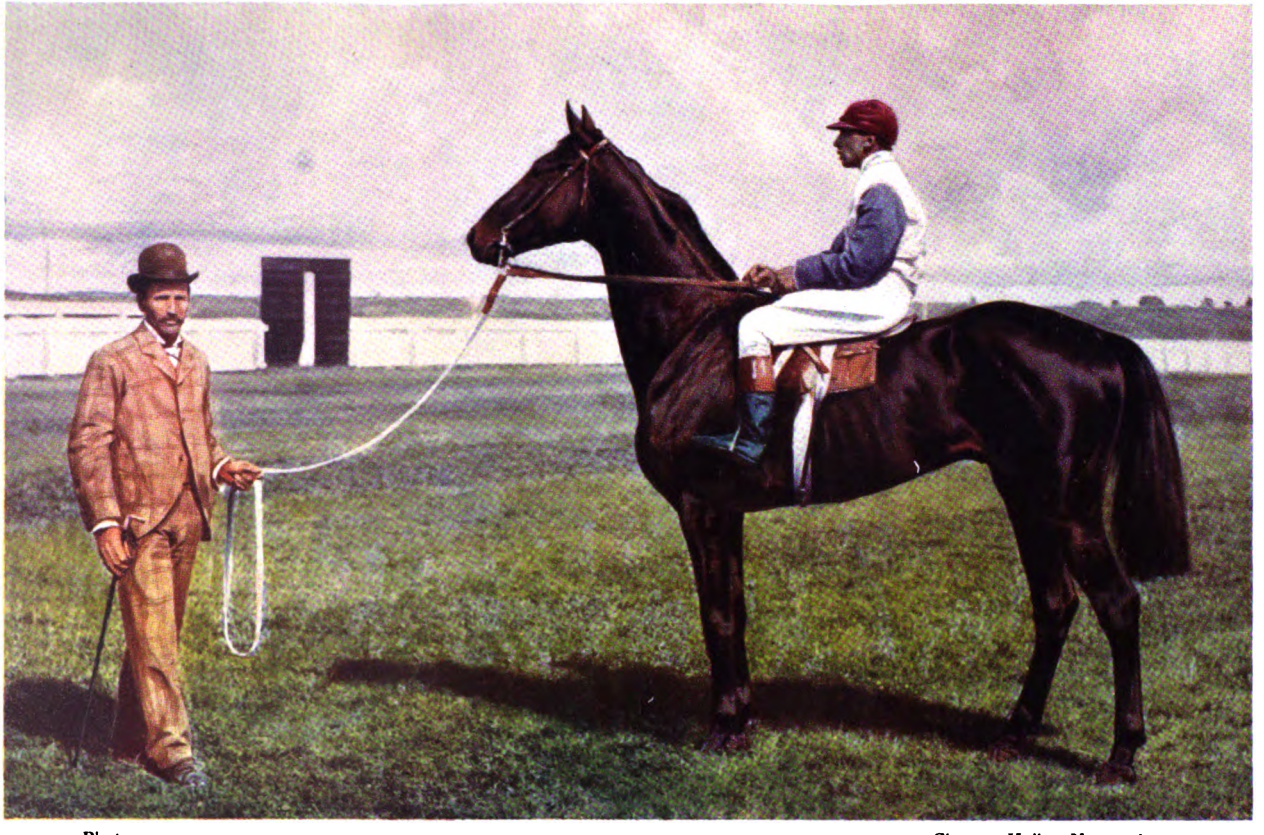


Photo. Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

EPSOM LAD.

UNIV. OF

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

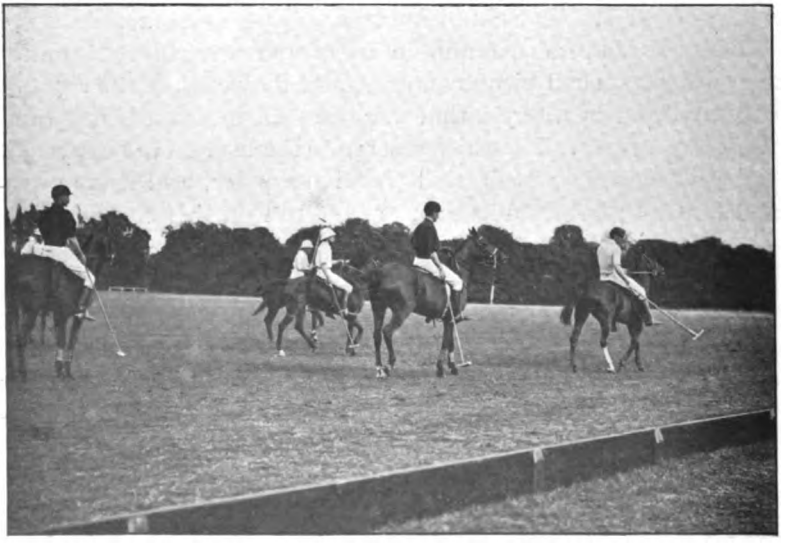
The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE JULY COMPETITION

The First Prize in the July competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. C. V. A. Peel, Oxford; Miss N. Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.; Mr. H. B. Clutterbuck, Tunbridge Wells; Mr. C. Thompson, Brampton; Mrs. R. L. Heygate, Norton Hall, Worcester; Miss Constance Peel, Ebury St., S.W.; Mr. H. W. Bayly, Cape Town; Mr. S. Lucas Tooth, Queen's Gate, S.W.; Mrs. Westripp-Dawson, co. Tipperary; and Mr. A. F. Langdon, Littleover Hill, Derby. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

HENLEY REGATTA. VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

Photograph taken by Mr. C. V. A. Peel, Oxford



POLO AT HURLINGHAM. STUDENTS *v.* RANELAGH

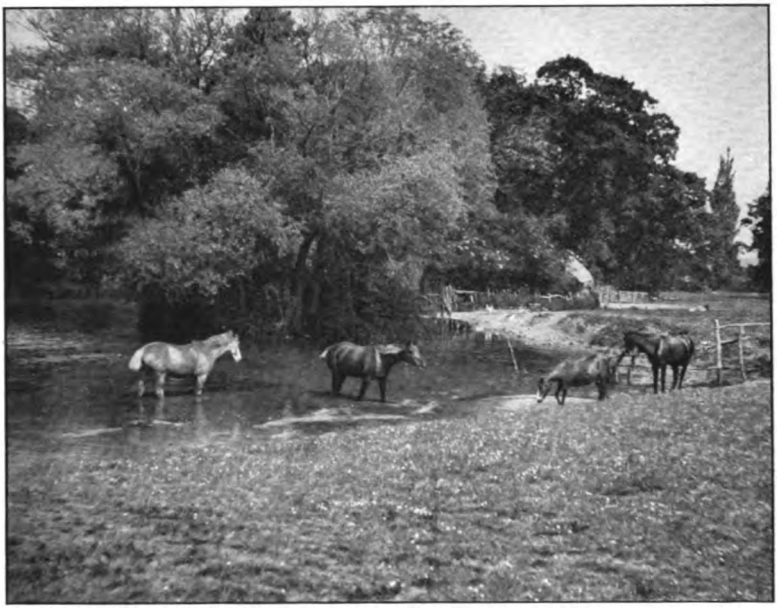
Photograph taken by Miss N. Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.

OAKSEY HUNT STEEPLECHASES

Photograph taken by Mr. H. B. Clutterbuck, Tunbridge Wells

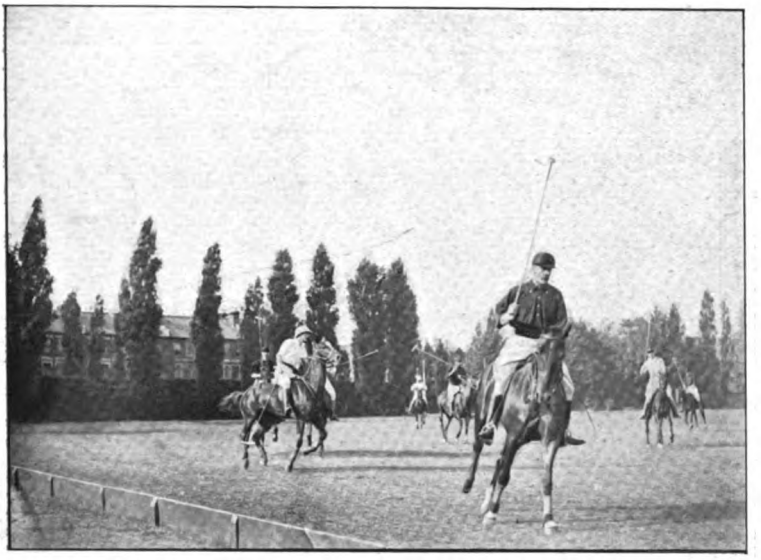
THE TRAINING HOME AT BRAMPTON

Photograph taken by Mr. C. Thompson, Brampton, Cumberland



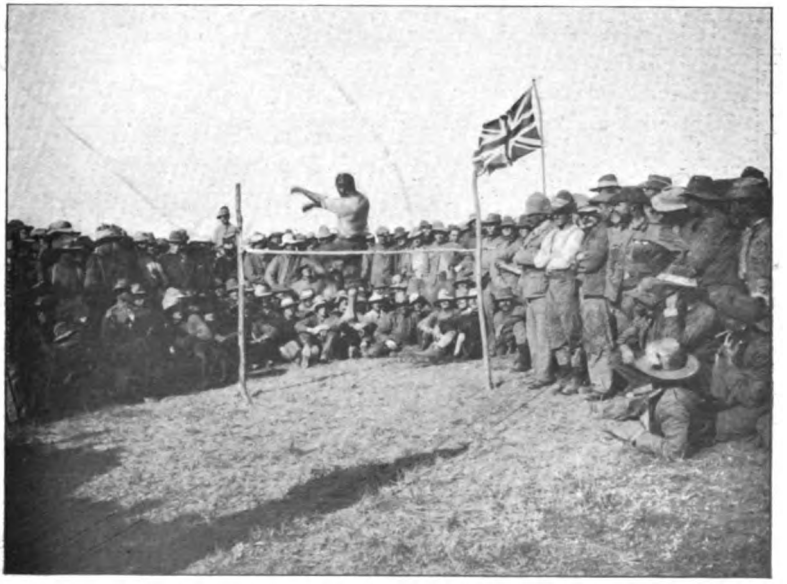
COOL CONTENT
Photograph taken by Mrs. R. L. Hevgate, Norton Hall, Worcester

TROUT FISHING ON THE ITHON, LLANDRINDOD WELLS
Photograph taken by Mr. J. W. Evans, Seaford, Sussex



POLO AT HURLINGHAM

Photograph taken by Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W.



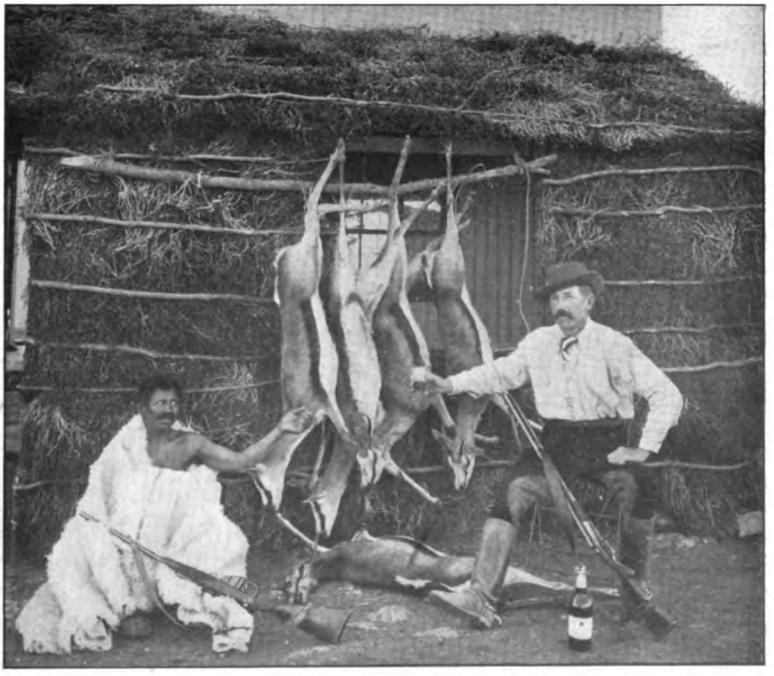
THE HIGH JUMP. PLUMER'S WANDERERS' SPORTS, SILVERTON, MAY 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. H. W Bayly, Cape Town

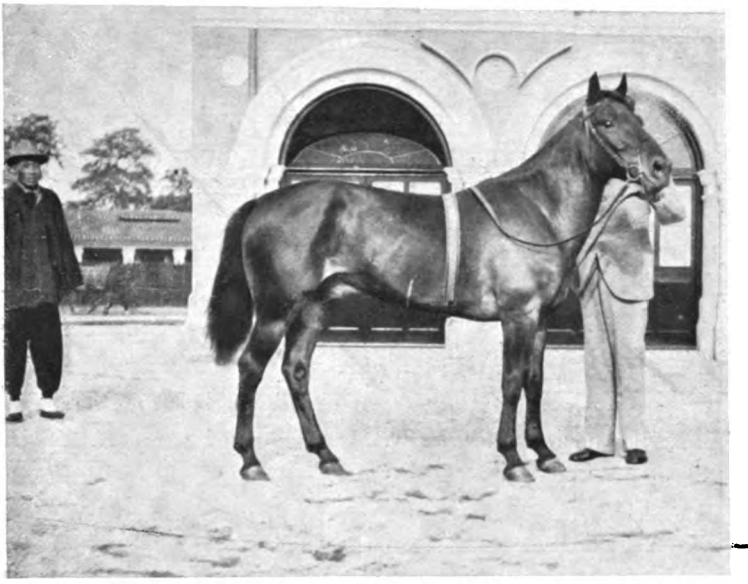
HENLEY REGATTA. BETWEEN THE RACES
Photograph taken by Mr. C. V. A. Peel, Oxford

RED DEER IN GARMDON PARK
Photograph taken by Mr. S. Lucas Tooth, Queen's Gate, S.W.

A LADY FOLLOWER OF VISCOUNT MILTON'S HOUNDS
Photograph taken by Mrs. Westripp-Dawson, co. Tipperary

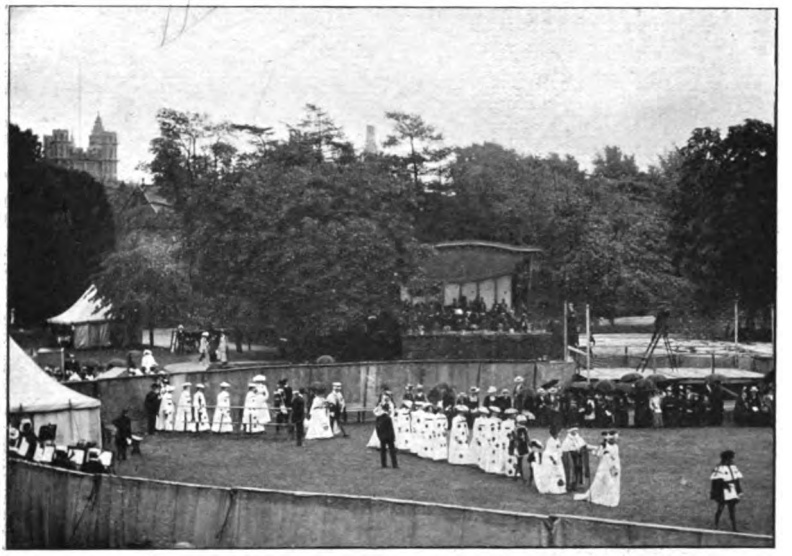


A GOOD DAY WITH THE SPRINGBUCK IN SOUTH AFRICA
Photograph taken by Mrs. Percy Ashenden, Cape Town



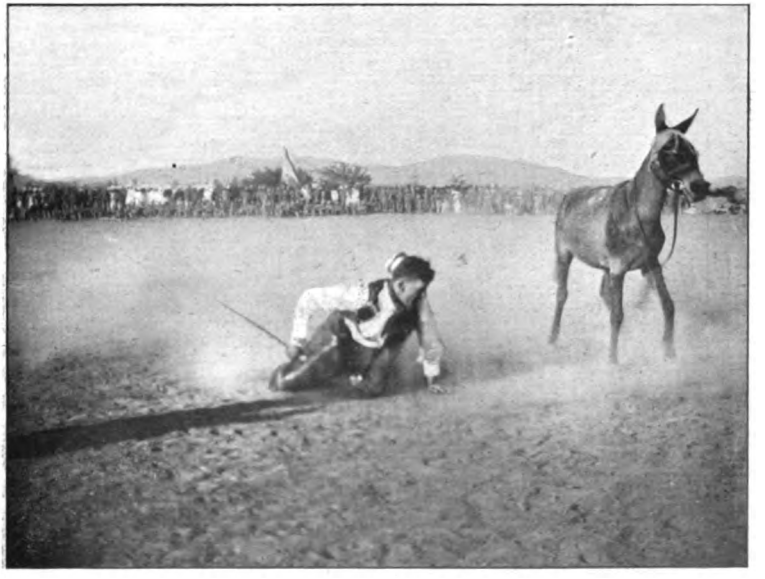
THE WINNER OF THE CHINA PONY CHAMPION RACE AT SHANGHAI
(Owned by Messrs. R. Macgregor and George Coutta)
Photograph taken by Mr. J. M. E. Machado, Shanghai

WATER-FOWL SHOOTING IN CEYLON
Photograph taken by Mr. W. W. Curtis, Highclere, Coventry



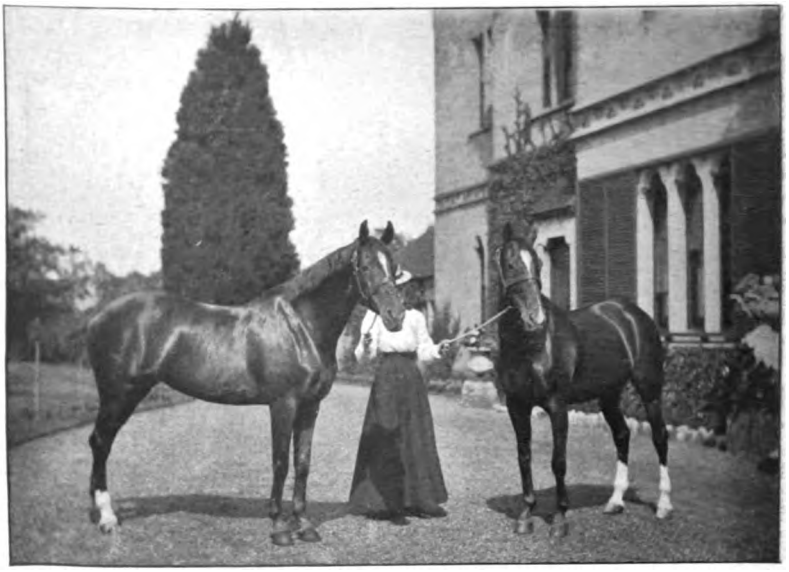
'LIVING WHIST' AT CLIFTON

Photograph taken by Mr. A. H. Hawke, Bristol



DISMOUNTED CAVALRY. OFFICERS' (IN COSTUME) MULE RACE AT THE 1ST CHESHIRE REGIMENTAL SPORTS AT QUETTA

Photograph taken by Mr. A. W. White, 2nd Suffolk Regiment, Quetta, Baluchistan



TWIN CHESTNUT MARES, THE PROPERTY OF COLONEL BARKLIE McCALMONT

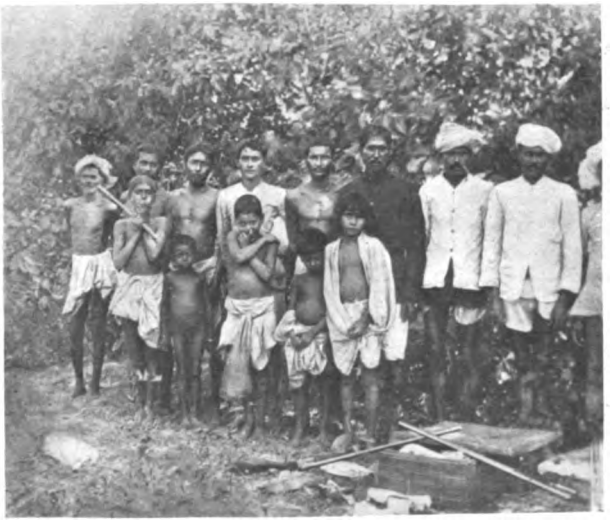
Photograph taken by Miss J. Curtis, Hamble, South Hants

PETERBOROUGH FOXHOUND SHOW, JULY 1901. WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY IN CLASS I. FOR BEST COUPLE OF UN-ENTERED HOUNDS

Photograph taken by Mrs. William Whatman, Catton Hall, Norwich

A TIGHT LINE

Photograph taken by Mr. A F. Langdon, Littleover Hill, Derby



SNIPE SHOOTING NEAR CALCUTTA. SHIKARI AND COOLIES

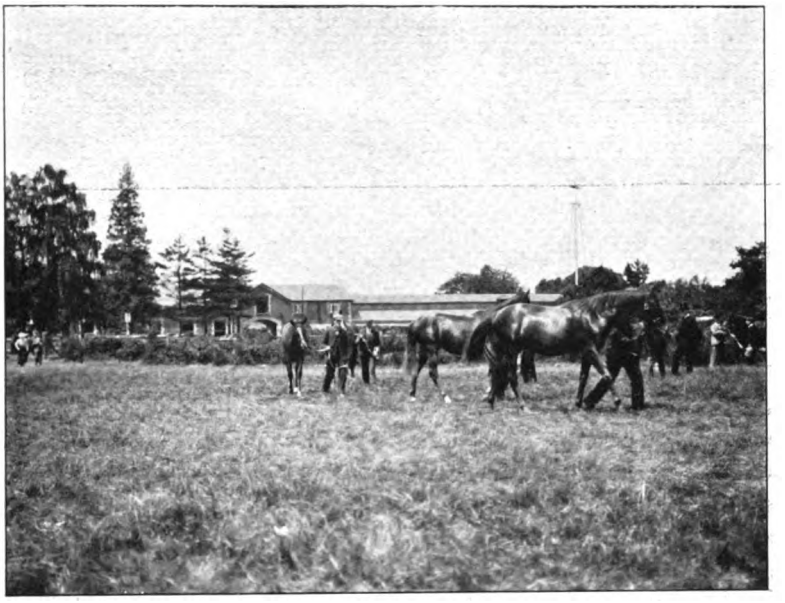
Photograph taken by Mr. W. Wilson, Calcutta

'LADIES'' DAY AT THE TOXOPHILITE CLUB, REGENT'S PARK, JUNE 28, 1901

Photograph taken by Miss W. Stansfeld, Queen's Gate, S. W.

SHOOTING BLESBOK IN THE TRANSVAAL

Photograph taken by Major W. C. Staveley, R.F.A., Chester



BEENHAM YEARLINGS AT ASCOT WAITING FOR THE SALE RING

Photograph taken by Mr. L. K. Rayner, Elgin Avenue, W.

ATHLETIC SPORTS ON S.S. 'ORATAVA' ON THE WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA

Photograph taken by Mr. C. L. Estridge, Repton

THE COLOURED PICTURES

WHEN Lord Rosebery's Ladas yearlings were first seen at Newmarket, where they were being trained by Walters, they provoked a chorus of admiration. Sailor Lad, Epsom Lad, Cateran Lad, Epsom Lass, were certainly a remarkably good-looking lot, and it was natural that great things should have been expected of them. For a long time it seemed that this expectation would not be fulfilled. Epsom Lad did, it is true, beat Diamond Jubilee at Goodwood ; but the King's horse was known to be so uncertain that this did not necessarily mean much, and when, in October 1900, at the sale of Lord Rosebery's horses in training, Cateran Lad fetched 1200 guineas, and Epsom Lad 150 guineas less, they seemed to be fairly well sold. The purchaser of the latter horse, however, was a lucky man, for, on Epsom Lad's first appearance in his new ownership, he easily won the Princess of Wales' Stakes, worth £7185, and a fortnight afterwards, owing in a great measure to the remarkable skill of the South American jockey Gomez, who rode home bare-backed, holding in his left hand the saddle which had slipped from under him, Epsom Lad secured the Eclipse Stakes, worth £10,067. As it is not at all improbable that Epsom Lad will add the Jockey Club Stakes to this total, to say nothing of other races, Mr. Kincaid, his present owner, has certainly done well. The picture shows the son of Ladas and Disorder with Gomez up, and his trainer Alvarez at his head. To the uncountable pages that have been written about 'The Partridge' much need not here be added, particularly in view of the fact that the present number includes an article on the subject, by a keen and sympathetic observer whose pleasant paper contains not a little which, it is hoped, will be new to at any rate many readers. Of all game birds the partridge is perhaps the most essentially English ; a delightfully picturesque

creature in the field and fallow, unsurpassable as an object of sport and a most succulent dainty when he has fulfilled his destiny. These ducks have lighted on 'A Pleasant Corner'—a sunny bank by the side of a mere, an ideal spot for the enjoyment of the duck tribe. For the fourth picture, 'Over in There!' we are indebted to the kindness of the artist, Mr. C. Lutyens, who has been good enough to place this spirited composition at our disposal. It has before been noted in these pages that Mr. Lutyens is an experienced sportsman as well as an admirable painter, and though the combination has before been known, in Sir Francis Grant, John Leech, and a few other instances, it is a very rare one. We believe that this is one of several hunting pictures, all noteworthy for their accuracy and spirit, which have never been exhibited.

BADMINTON 'NOTÂ BENE'

THERE can be no sort of doubt that infinitely the most satisfactory way of placing guests at a big shoot is to let them draw lots for the positions they are to occupy. Every man then gets a fair chance of a good place; heart-burnings are avoided; no one can feel that he is slighted and that some one else is unduly favoured. The rough-and-ready way is to tear up a sheet of paper into bits, write numbers on each, and let the shooters choose; but sometimes one has not a sheet of paper in a shooting-coat pocket, or a pencil is not handy; besides, the process takes time. The ingenious Mr. Albert Barker of Bond Street has patented a most convenient device for use instead of the bits of paper, in the shape of the 'Pathfinder,' a neat little contrivance resembling a match-case, made in gold or silver, and so constructed that when opened slips of metal, with a number on each, appear in the shape of a fan. The guests pick, and return the slips to their places, to be ready for another day. During the shooting season the 'Pathfinder' can be attached to one's watch-chain. Cases on the same plan, it may be added, are made for matches, for cigarettes, for both combined, and for various other purposes.

A 'Jaeger tailor' has a strong recommendation to start with, inasmuch as the material on which he works possesses valuable properties of its own; and when the material is made up with that special knowledge of sporting requirements which is to such a great extent the exception and not the rule, the 'Jaeger tailor' deserves very particular notice. The firm which suggests these remarks is that of Messrs. Askew and Co. of 42 Conduit Street, at whose establishment may be found, hanging up and ready for fitting, garments for every conceivable purpose and place, from the backwoods to Bond Street, and their illustrated catalogue will be found full of useful hints for sportsmen at home and abroad.

While many medical authorities prescribe alcohol others forbid it, and those who adopt the latter advice, and are in search of a non-alcoholic stimulant, will do well to try the Kola Tonic, prepared from the Kola nut (*Sterculia acuminata*). It is much used and appreciated by very many sportsmen and athletes, both as a liqueur and mixed with plain or aerated water. The manufacturers are the Pure Water Co. (Limited) of Battersea Park.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

A HORSE that has been much talked about and that afterwards comes out and wins a good race is readily magnified into a wonder. Usually, it may be incidentally added, he then gets beaten and is unduly depreciated; but this is by the way. Duke of Westminster was rumoured to be something extraordinary, and after his success at Ascot in the New Stakes his fame grew mightily; for it was declared that he was far from being right—he had not recovered from a cough, was lame, &c.—and Flying Lemur, who was not in the first five, came from Kingsclere with a reputation. If the latter had been second at Ascot the winner would have been further magnified; as it was Flying Lemur's running was set down as too bad to be true, though it may not have been very far wrong. At Goodwood, however, it appeared that the animal in the New Stakes that was unable to exhibit true form was Game Chick and not Duke of Westminster; for the filly, beaten three lengths at Ascot, ran her conqueror to a head in the Richmond Stakes, and thus we get some sort of key to the two-year-old form. Duke of Westminster is about the same animal as Game Chick and consequently as Royal Lancer. What Sceptre and Lavengro may be is not yet discoverable, nor will it be safe to draw any conclusion from gossip and rumour until the state of the case has been publicly demonstrated. I continue to believe that the two-year-olds are above the average of recent seasons.

It is accepted as practically certain that Volodyovski will win the St. Leger, and very possibly the belief is well founded.

What else can win? Veronese stays; but Volodyovski not only beat him five lengths in the Derby, but beat him also when he ran wretchedly behind St. Maclou at Newmarket in the spring. Volodyovski was third, twelve lengths behind the winner; Veronese unplaced started favourite. Ian, penalised, was close up in the Eclipse, beaten a head by Epsom Lad and a head in front of Disguise II. The three-year-old carried rather more than weight for age. This was a highly respectable show, but Ian was a very long way off in the Derby. Fortunatus ran with exceptional gameness at Goodwood, and I suppose a horse must stay to win the Cup from even Inquisitive and Fleur d'Été, both fillies receiving a heap of weight. Fortunatus, however, did nothing to suggest that he could beat Volodyovski. Mares have done remarkable things in September, and Aïda defeated Volodyovski (receiving 10 lb.) as a two-year-old. Her running in the Eclipse when she was not nearly herself need not be considered; but it may be well to remember that she was not many inches behind William the Third in the Newmarket Stakes, and therefore, 'in form,' is only about a length behind Volodyovski. Now in the 'mares' month' a filly is not seldom more than a length better than she was, relatively, in the spring and summer, so that if Aïda should win the Leger it certainly need not cause much astonishment.

What is the average score of a leading county eleven? In an old *Sporting Magazine*, 1793, I find the account of a match —for 500 guineas a side, as well nigh all big cricket matches were in those days when the stakes were not 1000 guineas —between the gentlemen of Mary-le-bone and Hornchurch. Mary-le-bone—the word is carefully divided—made 56 and 68, their opponents 54 and 72; and there is a note, saying 'usual betting upon a good eleven is that they do or do not get 110.' Scores have gone up greatly if these were the current odds rather more than a century since. Credit for a wicket was not, I note, given to the bowler unless he actually removed the bails. When a man was caught only the catcher figured in the score sheet. The Lord Winchilsea of the period in the first innings caught two Hornchurch players and 'stumpt' another.

From the passage with regard to the good eleven getting or not getting 110, I glanced at the current daily paper. The

man who laid against the score in question being made would of late have had a shockingly bad time of it! Here are some of the totals: Kent, 293 and 202 (for six wickets, innings declared closed); Surrey, 115 and 230. The 115 was about the worst performance of the day I have chanced upon, for other totals are: London County, 633, against M.C.C. and Ground, 501; Cambridgeshire, a feeble county, 94—here the layer against 110 would have a solitary success—and 213, against M.C.C. and Ground, 409 (for seven wickets, innings declared

AN OLD STYLE OF SALMON FISHING: VIEW ON THE TEES AT DINSDALE, NEAR DARLINGTON

closed); Wiltshire, 491, against Devon, 127 and 331; Sussex, 236, and 466 for one wicket, against Somerset, 560 (for eight wickets, innings declared closed); Lancashire, 183 (for five wickets, innings declared closed), and 260 for nine wickets and a closure, against Derbyshire, 209; Leicestershire, 272 and 322 (for five wickets, innings declared closed), against Warwickshire, 203 and 173; and Notts, 460 and 219, against 415 and 238 for one wicket. Among the above are these 'centuries': Thompson, M.C.C., 247; Bird, Wiltshire, 109; Sandford, Devon, 164; Brann, 167, Mr. C. B. Fry, not out, 119, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji, not out, 285, Sussex; Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, 194, and Lewis, 120, Somerset; Dr. W. G. Grace, 132, and W. L. Murdoch, 222, London County; G. G. Hearne,

115, Mr. C. C. T. Doll, not out, 224, M.C.C. and Ground; Mr. A. O. Jones, 149, and Iremonger, 133, Notts; Carpenter, 118, and Mr. A. J. Turner, 120, Essex. These are characteristic results of contemporary cricket. What figures should nowadays be substituted for the 110 about a good side getting which, in 1793, it was even betting?

Mr. J.W. Pattison very kindly sends the following interesting account of an old style of salmon-fishing. He writes: 'The enclosed is an illustration of a method of salmon-fishing very much in vogue till within the last few years. The net (known as the *Shackle* net) was fixed by rings on a pole about 20 ft. long and consisted of a 2 in. mesh (called the *sheeting*) on each side of which was another net of 12 in. or 13 in. mesh (called the *armour* or *wall*). When the fish struck the net, the fine mesh (sheeting) was driven through the armour, and thus formed a bag from which there was no escape. About three or four years ago this net was declared illegal, and is now a thing of the past.

AN OLD SALMON FISHER

'Here, too, is a picture of an old salmon-fisher who for more than 40 years practised this style of fishing. In the boat is seen his shackle net, while in his hand is a pole used as a support, and also for poking in deep pools where salmon might be lying.'

I have had I think exactly a dozen letters from various devotees of rowing and sculling, asking if they may write articles on the Henley Regatta question, and I find that their opinions are just equally divided: for exactly half of the correspondents say that foreigners should not be allowed to compete, and the other half would admit all challengers. I confess to being much influenced in all things, and assuredly in things connected

with boating, by the opinion of Dr. Warre; but nevertheless I do not like the idea of excluding any crew—of genuine amateurs understood—that desires to compete. It is said that these foreign crews would train carefully and that some of the English amateurs, having other occupations, could not do so; but surely it would be possible for leading clubs to find efficient crews that could manage for the credit of English rowing to get themselves fit? Now that foreign crews have been allowed to enter and contend, to exclude them would look particularly bad. We should inevitably hear that the English were afraid of healthy rivalry, that they were going down hill and did not want the truth to be made apparent. All the records of athletic performances made in the States would be emphasised, and we should be significantly reminded of what American trainers and jockeys had done. 'Let them all come and may the best men win' seems to me the sportsmanlike decision.

In my old magazine, by the way, I find what seems to me a very probable explanation of some of the marvellous 'records' that have come down from olden days—the origin of the sort of assertion that Eclipse galloped a mile a minute, whereas those who know something of horses and of galloping are not to be persuaded that he ever did the distance in a shorter time than rather over one minute and two-thirds of another. We know how long it was before the record, taken authoritatively, came down to 1 minute 40 seconds. Speaking of Childers (1793), my magazine says: 'He has run round the course at Newmarket, which is little less than four miles, in 6 minutes 40 seconds.' I do not know whether 'round the course at Newmarket' means the 'Round Course' at Newmarket. It seems probable, and, if so, it is nearly half a mile short of four miles—to be exact, 3 miles, 4 furlongs, 138 yards. That, if my arithmetic be correct, is at the rate of about a mile in 1 minute 52 seconds.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY
NEW YORK.

The Badminton Magazine

THE BUNKER BABY

BY CYRIL MULLETT

'DEAR, dear,' muttered Colonel Cleam, Chairman of the Green Committee of the Combe Havering Golf Club, 'how many more times am I to have to tell that fellow he must sweep before rolling? The green is just dusted all over with powdered worm-casts. He's a lazy brute. I wonder, now, if he has cleared those nettles out of the drain, as I told him? H'm, ah! seems to have done that; but why the devil has he left them there in heaps for the balls to tuck up in? He does everything by halves, confound him;' and the Colonel struck viciously with his stick at one of the nettle heaps as he marched off towards the next little red flag.

Thus he went from green to green, grumbling at the greenkeeper's shortcomings, till the clubhouse loomed in view; and standing on the ridge of the famous Barrows, he took a long look across the links.

'H'm, no one playing, apparently,' he said to himself. 'A bit too early yet, though. Ah, that bunker! I wonder if he raked the sand as I told him to do?'

The Colonel descended from the ridge and made a bee-line for the bunker, approaching it from the back. As he passed through the passage-way he nearly tripped over a bundle lying there.

'Hullo, what's this?' he said, as he bent down to examine it.

It was a thick woollen shawl wrapped carefully round something inside, and fastened by safety pins. The Colonel touched it.

'Good Heavens!' he exclaimed, turning pale.

With trembling fingers he drew aside some of the folds at the loose end of the wrapper.

A little curly golden head, two big blue eyes, and a rose-bud mouth appeared to the Colonel's astonished gaze.

'Good Heavens!' he exclaimed again. 'You pretty dear, I was afraid you were——'

And he took up the child. Again the little one smiled; and thrusting forth a chubby fist, seized the Colonel's grizzled moustache and tugged at it with loving might.

'Well, I never! It's a mercy you're not dead from cold. How long have you been here? Damme! what am I to do with you, my pretty? Here, come along; we'll go to the club-house and see Mrs. Tew. How hungry you must be!' And the Colonel strode along gingerly holding the bundle, and stamped noisily into the clubhouse, calling loudly for Mrs. Tew, the steward's wife.

'Quick, Mrs. Tew,' he cried, as she came bustling from the kitchen. 'See here, what I've picked up in the new bunker.'

'I do believe it's a baby,' exclaimed Mrs. Tew with some amount of conviction. 'Oh, Colonel!'

'What do you mean by "Oh, Colonel"?' he roared.

'Oh, nothing, sir. It's only a—a——'

'An exclamation, eh? Well, take the kid and give it a good square meal. It must be starving.'

Mrs. Tew took the bundle and hugged it to her ample bosom.

'The pretty dear,' she said. 'Well, if it ain't the loveliest baby as I've ever nursed. To think of leaving a poor mite like this out in the open. It's dreadful, that's what it is. This is a gent's child, I know. It's that 'andsome;' and she looked at the Colonel.

'Feed it,' he said gruffly. 'You know how, I suppose.'

'I ought to, Colonel. Which it's thirteen I've had, and all of 'em grown up, bless 'em; and thanks to goat's milk.'

'Well, there are heaps of goats about here,' said the Colonel, as he walked away towards the smoking-room.

There he took up a paper and tried to read; but he soon flung the sheet aside, and lighted another cigar, which was against his practice. He went out on to the verandah, and generally fidgeted about. No member appeared; so after worrying up and down for a considerable time, he could bear it no longer; and thrusting his head in the kitchen, he asked how the foundling was getting on.

'Just lovely,' answered Mrs. Tew. 'I 'adn't got a cradle, so I've put it to sleep in the dresser drawer. And oh, sir, its linen is that beautiful, and there's two ten-pun' notes as I've found pinned to its little shift. Its mother couldn't 'ave been a poor woman, if so be I'm not libelling the whole sec by calling her one. It's to be 'oped you won't send it to the union, sir. Rather than that, as I've been saying to Tew, and his answer was, "Do as you like, Missis," I——'

'Yes, yes, of course. We must think over it. There's no need for hurry.'

The Colonel stole in on tiptoe—for all the world like a cat on hot bricks—and peeped at the sleeping little one. It was a fair sight, and went straight home to the old Indian officer. There is the paternal instinct, just as there is the maternal; and Colonel Cleam was a childless widower.

He heard the tramp of boots on the verandah, so he scuttled out of the kitchen rather shamefacedly. It was his old friend and opponent, Sir John Alvey.

'Hullo, Cleam. Want a match?'

'Yes, I do, John. And, moreover, I'll play you for half a crown.'

It did not take many holes to show that the Colonel's half-crown was as good as lost. He was distinctly off his game, and a wickedly topped ball at the fifth tee landed him in the bunker.

'What on earth is the matter with you this morning?' asked Alvey.

'Well, the truth is that not an hour ago I found a baby in this very bunker.'

'A what?'

'A baby. A beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired girl. That is to say, I'm not quite sure it *is* a girl; but, somehow, it seems to me that it ought to be.'

'Where is it?'

'Well, I haven't got it about me. Mrs. Tew is looking after it at present.'

'Good gracious! what a disgraceful thing. Some servant-girl, I suppose.'

'I don't think so. It was robed in fine linen, and had two ten-pound notes pinned to it.'

'Dear me! A romance. Can't be any one round here, Cleam. Some one in Greathampton, I should say. What are you going to do in the matter?'

'I don't know. Here, I'll give up the hole. I can't get out of this confounded bunker. Hope I'm not always to come to grief here for the future. I've a sort of presentiment.'

The interest in the game had practically fizzled out. The conversation no longer bore reference to strokes or chances; it revolved constantly round the baby. Alvey was eager for details, and the novelty of the affair so occupied the pair that the match was pursued in a perfunctory manner—taken up, as it were, at intervals. The Colonel had been five down by the time he had imparted the news to his partner, and it is to be supposed he remained five down, since, at the fourteenth hole, the match was abandoned and the pair returned to the club-house.

While the Colonel was in the dressing-room, Alvey sneaked off to have a peep at the foundling, and he gave Mrs. Tew the half-crown he had just won. Other members were now arriving rapidly, and made a continuous procession (on tip-toe) across the kitchen to the dresser drawer. May be, it was the mystery surrounding the situation that aroused this interest in men who, ordinarily, would rather have avoided than sought the presence of a sleeping infant. Three or four members were peering curiously into the drawer when its occupant suddenly awoke with a yell. The gazers fled incontinently, as though for their lives; much to the amusement of Mrs. Tew and of the Colonel, who was being bombarded by inquiries from all sides. During lunch the baby formed the staple of conversation.

'What are you going to do with it, Colonel?' asked one man.

'Well, I don't quite know,' replied the Colonel candidly.

'It isn't for Cleam to decide,' remarked another. 'It isn't his baby. It's treasure trove, and belongs to the club on whose ground it was found.'

'Treasure trove goes to the Crown, my friend,' observed

Parchmore, who was a solicitor. 'Although I don't think the Crown would care to exercise its prerogative in this case.'

'Then, if the Crown renounces, the child goes to the club; if the club renounces, the child goes to the Colonel; if the Colonel renounces——'

'It goes to the union.'

'I'm damned if it does,' said the Colonel.

'A sand bunker is a queer place for wild oats to crop up in,' said young Flitwick.

'Shut up, Flitwick,' whispered his neighbour. 'Can't you see the Colonel's touched on a soft spot?'

'You're right, old chap.' Then, aloud, Flitwick said: 'I beg to move that this club do now solemnly charge itself with the keep and maintenance of the baby bunker—I mean the bunker baby, until such time as it shall reach the age of twenty-one years—and so on. All those who are in favour of the resolution will please signify the same in the usual way.'

There was a general laugh. 'I don't think we are a quorum, Flitwick,' said the Colonel. 'And I rather fancy a general meeting would listen somewhat aghast to your resolution.'

Nevertheless, Flitwick's random proposition did, to some extent, filter down in a modified form into the Colonel's mind. Apart from the alternative of sending the child to the workhouse, there was, pending arrangements, no other course open than to leave the foundling in the stewardess' charge at the clubhouse, where for nine days it was a wonder to the members, and then practically dropped out of their minds. In this way matters drifted on for months; nothing was settled—nothing done that had any appearance of finality about it, and, although a baby can be supported for a long time on two ten-pound notes, there is an end to most things; and the day came when the twenty pounds had melted into patent foods and short clothes. This created no anxiety in Mrs. Tew's warm heart, but it began to sway the Colonel. If the stewardess continued to maintain the child (and she desired nothing else), the child naturally would grow up as hers and of hers; an arrangement which the Colonel was loath to accept. He would (and, no doubt, he had originally been animated by this idea) have charged himself with the little one who had so strangely thrust herself into his gallant old heart, but he felt that in doing so now, he would, perhaps, be acting somewhat invidiously towards the foster-mother, and, moreover, that the

mere fact of his personal payment might not, under the circumstances, bring with it any personal control. If, however, he were just the acting member of a trusteeship, the office would involve an impersonal position which would render practical guardianship much more easy should developments point to interference as desirable. Flitwick's proposition had now become objective for a goal to be determinedly aimed at, and Colonel Cleam, in due season, boldly proposed in general committee that the Combe Havering Golf Club should formally adopt the child. Having based his proposal on the 'middle course' reasoning indicated above, he proceeded to unfold the scheme by which, he suggested, the business could be carried out without financial burden to the club.

'My idea,' he remarked, 'is to institute a big annual competition for a cup of suitable value, which I myself hope to be allowed to present. The entrance fee, I must admit, would be high—say, a guinea; but not too high if we regard the matter in the light of a charity viewed from the social standpoint of our members. These entrance fees—to be applied to the maintenance and bringing up of the child—would go to form a fund which I will administer; and, moreover, I will guarantee to make up any sum that may be required from time to time to balance the accounts. I cannot, as you will appreciate, take the child myself; I do not want Mrs. Tew to do so, for reasons you already understand. Let the ciub, then, nominally adopt the girl on the lines I have laid down, and I will be responsible for the carrying of them out.'

The committee raised no opposition to the scheme, so the proposal was agreed to, subject, of course, to the decision of the annual meeting. This took place some three weeks later, when the Colonel moved the adoption of the committee's report, and young Flitwick seconded the motion in the warmest possible terms.

'Members of the Combe Havering Golf Club,' he said, 'representatives of all that wealth, beauty, and intelligence which has been scattered with no niggard hand in Greathampton and its immediate vicinity, shall we hesitate for a moment to adopt a proposal which will, without trouble to ourselves, confer upon a small, but interesting fellow creature, the inestimable benefits of our vicarious parentage? If we should reject this motion by an idle, indefensible vote, we thrust the interesting fellow creature down to the bottom of the social ladder. All men, and, I suppose, all women, would be socially equal

were it not for their parents. This child has no parents that we know of, and is thus deprived of any position they might be able to bestow on her. Gentlemen, will you handicap this child at the outset by handing her over to the union, or will you throw the mantle of your protection around her and give her a chance? All the while with the comforting assurance that you are not asked to pay for the cloak. You have heard Colonel Cleam's reasons for asking you to do this thing, and they are the reasons of one who would do as he would be done by. Think, gentlemen, of the glow that shall pervade you when you see the child growing up in all the beauty of her promise, till the chances you gave her shall bring the fairy prince to her pretty feet. Think of the righteous thrill you shall feel when you realise how you have saved her from servantgirlism, barmaidism, or the milliner's shop; and that you who give your five guineas annually to help bring niggers to top-hats and intemperance have done this thing at the cost of a vote. Therefore, I say, give the child a chance; at least, start her with a teed-up ball. Life is like golf; in it we make good strokes, and we sometimes foozle. He who votes "Aye" to-night is making a long shot which may, haply, turn out well, but he who votes "No" is most certainly foozling. I beg to second the resolution.'

It was carried unanimously.

The business of the club-adoption brought to the members a recrudescence of interest in the young lady who lay serenely unconscious of it, eating and sleeping after the manner of babies, in the steward's rooms; till the excitement waned again and the whole affair, for the general, gradually took its place in the limbo of ancient history. Once a year, when the Cleam Cup was played for, the large entrance fee required some explanation in certain cases; otherwise, things went on uneventfully enough. The child grew and flourished; and walked and talked, till it was old enough to be sent to a small private school in the village.

At seven years of age, Ilfra Combe—for so the foundling had been registered, began to worry the Colonel. *His* interest in her had never diminished, and it now pained him considerably to discover that even when allowing for the shortcomings of infant speech the child was practically h-less. Of course, this was due to too much Tew; so the Colonel, who was a man of action, very soon packed Ilfra off to a boarding-school in the next county. Here her speech was gradually mended, and her natural abilities fostered during a period of eight years school-

life, punctuated by vacations passed at Combe Havering. It was during these vacations she came to understand that she was Mrs. Tew's niece; a belief, however, her natural refinement, and her growing appreciation that a gulf in class was surely fixed between her and her supposed relatives, gradually undermined as she grew older and 'saw things.' By the time she went away to a convent in Belgium she had begun to ask herself questions, and was worried by doubts she shrank from hinting to the kindly old 'auntie' who lavished so much care and love upon her, but who, at the same time, obviously regarded her as of much finer clay than the other members of the family.

Ilfra was now eighteen. Eighteen years had passed since the Colonel had found the bundle in the bunker on that sunny June morning. He was an old man now, and alone was left of all the members who had voted that memorable resolution of adoption. Sir John Alvey had long since been gathered to his fathers; Parchmore was dead, and young Flitwick—now middle-aged Flitwick—was a brewer and staid J.P. up in Yorkshire. All, all had gone, save the Colonel and the Tews; and they were old and would go soon. A fresh generation of members foregathered on the verandah now, and entered for the Cleam Cup with very hazy views of the charity in whose support it had been instituted. For three years Ilfra had not been seen at Combe Havering; but now her education was finished, and she was coming back from the convent. She was eighteen years of age, and when the Colonel saw her he sighed. He had cast his bread upon the waters; it had returned to him after eighteen years, and now he did not know what to do with it.

The girl was as fair as that golden morning on which he had found her in the bunker, and she wore that indescribable air of charm which is lent by health and high education. Her restriction to the steward's apartments was out of the question now. In fact, the idea vanished like a flash before her presence; and she moved like a queen about that part of the clubhouse to which ladies were admitted. The younger men gazed with awe upon the vision occasionally vouchsafed to them; till, as time wore on, she would sit in state on the verandah, surrounded by what Flitwick, in her own support and advocacy, had styled the 'wealth, beauty, and intelligence of Greathampton,' all hanging on her words and bidding for her smiles, until matches grew to be a question of her presence or absence, and the caddies grumbled at so much unfruitful idleness.

Ilfra Combe knew all about herself now ; or, rather, she knew as much as there was to tell. One day, the Colonel, sitting alone with her, told her her history. She listened quietly till he had done, when she said slowly :

'Yes; I must have had some prescience of this, I think ; but as through a glass, darkly. I can see all now,' and she laid her hand on the Colonel's rugged old fist, as two tears rolled down her cheeks. 'God bless you, Colonel,' she said with a little sigh.

The little sigh went home to the Colonel's heart. Had he treated the child fairly after all ? His thoughts harked back to that remark of Flitwick's, made eighteen years ago. 'At any rate, let us start her with a teed-up ball.' But to the old man it now seemed that the girl was the ball. She had been teed-up, certainly ; but whence, from whom, was to come the stroke that was to launch her forth for good or ill ? Launched she must be, in the natural sequence of events ; but how ? He was old ; and when the tie between Ilfra and the club should snap, as snap it must ere long, would there be any one left to forge another link ? He shook his head. What was to become of her ?—unless she sank the position he had so carefully maintained for her. Had it been all wrong ? He could not provide for her. He was not rich, and what little he had his dead sister's children claimed by every right of kin, blood, and affection. Had he been subtly selfish ? Had he, in bringing his *protégée* up as a lady, been, in reality, offering her interests on his own altar to altruism ? And the girl had sighed when she had asked God to bless him for doing what he had done ; did that sigh contain the *hope* that the petition might be justified by results ? He wondered. And the old man sat there silent, dreaming by the girl's side, till he was aroused by the gride of the wheels of a waggonette which had brought over some six or seven members from Greathampton.

With one accord the young men pushed forward to pay their court to Ilfra, sitting there as sweet as a rose in June. The Colonel knew all the men ; they were well bred, well educated, and more or less well off—eligible *partis*, all of them ; and although the word '*parti*' was not specifically expressed in his own mind, yet the idea contained therein suddenly broke in upon the Colonel in a wave of light ; and he keenly watched the girl's countenance as she welcomed each of the new comers. He drew that covert blank ; but continued observation showed him that although the whole half-

dozen were over head and ears in love with the girl, there were half a dozen subtle grades of feeling producing the emotion. Without doubt, Frank Lofter's was the deepest, truest, most religious.

'Well, well,' thought the Colonel as he moved away. 'A good fellow, well off, and a capital player.'

It was a pity, however, that he did not wait a few moments longer—just long enough to see Dick Merstham arrive. Ilfra's manner towards Dick differed not a whit from that which she had exhibited towards the others ; but at the first sound of his footfall on the verandah a sudden brighter light had leapt into her eyes. After a while matches were fixed up and the players started off, but Lofter and Merstham still lingered on by Ilfra's side. At last she said :

'Are not you two going to make a match ?'

'I don't know,' replied Frank. 'The truth, I think, Miss Combe, is that we are a bit afraid of each other.'

'And what sort of effect does that feeling have upon your game ?' she asked.

'It begets an over-anxiety which is destructive to play, temper, and kindly feeling towards your partner.'

'If golf contains such potentiality for evil it should not be played.'

'Oh, the game is not to blame ; it is the idiosyncrasy of the player that is at fault,' said Dick.

'But the game brings out the idiosyncrasy ; just as the apple brought out Eve's faculty for disobedience.'

'Would you abolish apples, then, Miss Combe ?' laughed Merstham.

'No, but I would avoid them if they disagreed with me.'

'That is just what we are doing by sitting here instead of going round together,' said Frank.

'Mr. Lofter, you reason like a rat-trap,' said Ilfra. 'I suppose, however, none of these dreadful consequences ensue when you are playing on the same side, eh ? Well, then, rather than you should loaf about here doing nothing, if you will give me three holes and a stroke I will play your best ball. There !'

They both jumped up, assenting eagerly. 'But suppose we beat you, Miss Combe ! we should never forgive ourselves,' cried Lofter.

'A common sorrow is more than kin. Think of the kindly feeling you will have for your fellow sufferer.'

They laughed. 'Suppose you beat us,' said Dick.

'Then you will never hear the last of it.'

So they went forth; two men and a maid. Does the world go faster or slower when there are two to one? The Colonel, as he was crossing the heath on his way home, saw them playing in the distance, and he stopped to gaze. 'Yes,' he thought, 'good fellow, well off; capital player, too.'

Things, however, did not seem to move very fast in the way the Colonel desired; in fact, as well as could be judged, it could hardly be said that they moved at all. The reason, as the Colonel more than half suspected, really lay with the girl herself. Well she divined, being a woman, how a drop of favour, however small, would serve to precipitate matters in more quarters than one; what it cost her to withhold it in, perhaps, one quarter no one will ever know. But the girl knew now who and what she was, and with the knowledge came perception of where lay certain worldly interests; interests which the very fact of her owning condemned her to mortify. Her heart and these interests were marching along the same road, entailing stern conflict to prevent them joining company. The lightest encouragement would have brought a dozen men to her feet, and of these there was one she loved. Yet, understanding all this, she held back. He was a gentleman; she a waif, a foundling, a charity girl; not fit or free to pick and choose like other girls, but bound in honour to wait on the will and judgment of those who had hitherto provided for her. The one return that she could make for all their goodness was a determination not to consult herself where, perchance, the consequences might be regarded by her benefactors as unfortunate.

One night as the Colonel lay in bed an idea came to him.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed. 'It ought to pan out all right. Lofter is *plus* two; so that if they all play from scratch *he* would have an advantage. A competition like this ought to be played from scratch—the Alvey Memorial Cup is. Merstham's the only dangerous one. He's two; so, practically, he'll lose three strokes, which ought to put him out of the running. It's a good idea, if I can only work it; and I think I can. It will have the effect of removing her disabilities, in that she will not appear as a free agent. I know the poor child feels that her heart is caged by her position; but as Frank is sure to win—well, I reckon no god from the car could arrange it half as well as I have.'

The only doubt the Colonel had was whether Ilfra would come into line with his plan, as he did not feel confident of being able to venture an explanation of the under-plot he had devised for securing her happiness. However, as she appeared to have deliberately effaced her personal will, and, by implication, to have referred herself and her duty entirely to the direction of those who all along had ordered her life, he decided he would put his scheme to her in the form of a suggestion for her benefit he, personally, earnestly desired her to fall in with. If she agreed (with or without an *arrière pensée* as to Lofter's success) to thus offer herself on the altar of duty, she would reap her just reward. So when the Colonel next sat alone with the girl on the verandah he placed the matter before her in what he considered a highly diplomatic manner.

'My dear,' he went on, after a little beating about the bush, 'there is something which has been troubling me for a while past. I am an old man. In the natural ordering of things I cannot hope to continue much longer to be the link that binds you to the club, and before I go, Ilfra, I would dearly love to see your future assured, and the tie age will soon call me to relinquish assumed by some one who shall succeed to it, not, perhaps, from the same feelings—deep and affectionate though they be—as fill me, but rather from those which would be inspired by a strong, abiding passion for yourself—some one who will love and cherish you for all your life. You understand me, Ilfra?' The girl bowed her head. 'Of course,' he continued; 'you know how there are quite a dozen youngsters—capital fellows, all of them—who bid daily for your smiles; who would, every one, gladly give anything for the right to call you wife; and I think, moreover, that perhaps it is this *embarras de richesses*, if I may so term it, which has, up to now, hindered you from making up your mind. Now, my child, I have a proposal to make: it is that you should consent to give your hand to the winner of a tournament which, given your permission, I have reason to think I can arrange with every prospect of success. Those who will enter you know as well as, or better than, I do; and there is not one among them who would not make any girl contented and happy. Circumstances do not permit me to provide pecuniarily for your future, but I shall die happier if I have the knowledge that I have been the means of placing it, safe and assured, in some other hands. What do you say? Ilfra, if for no other reason, will you do

this thing for *me*; to rest the mind that has ever sought your welfare? Believe me, you will not regret it.'

The girl raised the old man's hand to her lips. 'Thank you, Colonel,' she said softly, 'for giving me this opportunity of showing my gratitude to you for all your goodness.'

Whether Ilfra approved or not of her guardian's scheme she fixedly and determinedly declined to discuss with herself. At the moment when it was being placed before her certain hopes and fears did begin to move in her heart, but she had strangled them at birth with a stern resolution quickly evolved from her sense of duty to the Colonel and her earnest desire to follow it loyally without the lightest reference to anything beyond. Henceforth one corner of her mind was in a state of continual repression; for the instant the personal strove to assert itself she strenuously crushed it down; and refusing entirely to think about it, she sought refuge and found relief in the soothing sense that all her responsibility had been laid aside by the complete surrender of her will into the hands of her benefactor. She was filled with gratitude towards him, and she steadfastly—with, perhaps, some measure of inner design—ignored the claims of any other feeling to admission to her heart. And when Dick, Frank, and the others hung around her she forced herself to think how they were all alike; good fellows, and each one born to make a good girl happy.

At last, after it had several times been discussed by the committee *in camera*, the Colonel's scheme was unfolded in a circular letter to the members of the club. What the married men thought of it concerns us not at all. Success was instantaneous. A dozen entries came to hand by the first post; a number that was ultimately increased to thirty-two, thus preventing any 'byes.' For reasons not far to seek there appeared a tacit bond of agreement between the members not to talk much about the competition even among themselves; while to outsiders it was, possibly, never mentioned at all. The truth is it was understood in all its aspects and undercurrents; and Ilfra, Queen of the Combe Havering Golf Club, whom they all petted and admired, was not to be 'given away' to the uninformed views of the general. Some of the entrants were heard to grumble at the 'scratch' clause; it practically put so many of them out of the running. Still, Hope, the deceiver, is always to hand; so an immense amount of practising became noticeable; the pro. was never so busy, and the links were

thronged from morning till night. But Ilfra no longer held her court on the verandah.

By some freak of chance Lofter and Merstham came out respectively at the top and bottom of the 'draw,' so that if both got through the extremes would meet in the last round; and meet they did. When Frank and Dick came together in the final they both recognised that there was far more in this match than in any of the preceding ones. Here were the two men who best loved Ilfra, and they knew it; while, in default of any sign from her, self-respect bade each tell himself he was the better designed to make her happy. Right through the tournament Ilfra had appeared deadly neutral; but now, when the end was nearly in sight; when in the space of two short hours it would be determined which of these two men should walk by her side through life, it needed all her strength to prevent her heart from bursting forth into a prayer for the success of one of them—*not* the one whose victory was deemed the more probable, *not* the one her guardian, in his innocence, had plotted to assist. So she stood, still firm and self-defiant, with the Colonel and many others by the home green, waiting for her fate.

Dick and Frank had started accompanied by a large gallery. With little between them, and each playing all he knew, the match was of that hard, ding-dong character which is exciting to the spectators and exhausting to the players. Reports of how the game was standing were from time to time brought in as the match gradually worked its way around the course. And now they were nearing home. Frank had been one up at the fifteenth hole; but it was apparent that Dick had pulled up level again at the sixteenth. The seventeenth was halved. All even, and one to play. The excitement grew so great that all interest became centred in the players, to the exclusion of the girl who stood there fiercely struggling with herself; desperately fighting to keep out a flood of emotion that threatened to overwhelm her. Dick drove off—a good ball; but Frank outdrove him by ten yards, and the Colonel so far forgot his *rôle* as to grip Ilfra's hand and say, 'It's all right, my dear'; but the girl's hand was so cold that he was startled. Then Dick played his second, and lay on the green eight or ten feet from the hole. Frank played his second, and lay almost dead. The tension was now extreme. Frank could not lose, and Dick had a long putt for the half. The spectators moved forward nearer the green, with Ilfra led by the Colonel to the

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietor of the Copyright and Publisher, C. Klackner, 12 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Also 7 West 28th Street, New York, U.S.A.

ON THE ALERT.

place of honour. Dick took a long look along the line, addressed his ball, hesitated for an instant—then missed the hole by a hair's breadth, as the girl with a little helpless gasp gave up the fight and let in on her heart a terrible wave of passionate regret. Frank advanced to putt his ball down. It was not a foot away from the hole; but a foot putt can be missed, so he stooped and carefully brushed away a little loose sand. As he rose he saw Ilfra. She was standing with her hands tightly clenched; her face grey and drawn; her eyes dry, but full of dumb despairing appeal. As Frank looked at her her lips seemed to move; then he bent down and addressed his ball. He took an absurdly long time. Suddenly, pretending once more to examine the line, he looked up again at Ilfra. The eyes of all were upon the girl now; they had become conscious of the little drama that was being played before them. The Colonel saw, and cursed himself for his blundering. Once more Frank laid his putter in a line with the hole. He drew it back, stopped; then swiftly stooped and picked up his ball. A confused murmur arose from the spectators, and they drew quietly aside as Frank went over to the girl. Her eyes were full of tears now, and she half held out her hand to him.

'Ilfra,' he said, placing in it the ball he had been playing with, 'will you accept this as a wedding gift?'

CANOEING AT OXFORD

BY A. C. GATHORNE-HARDY

IF the visitor to Oxford will transport himself to any part of the lower reaches of the Cherwell, and if again it be a suitable day in May or June, he will find under every shady willow a variety of punts and canoes, in which if he looks carefully he will descry, propped amid a wilderness of cushions, a number of recumbent figures, whose only sign of life is a slow blue spiral of smoke ascending from each one of them to heaven, as from the chimney of a Glasgow manufactory.

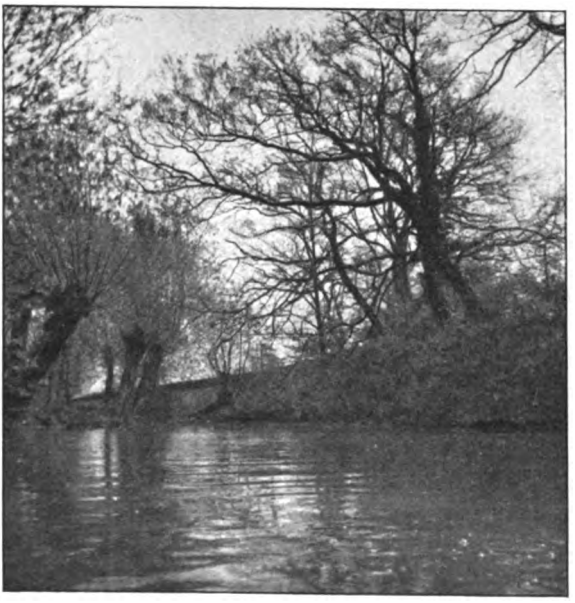
Now two-thirds of these columns of smoke afore mentioned emanate from the recesses of canoes, and hence, logically I suppose, the individuals from whom they proceed are strictly entitled to be called canoeers; but I wish to draw an emphatic distinction between this lotus-eater existence and real canoeing.

The ambitions of the person I have hitherto described may be briefly summed up under two main heads—to get comfortable and go to sleep. *In pace requiescat;* he harms no one, and his canoe with its brightly-coloured cushions form a pleasant contrast to the green of the willows; but it fills my soul with a profound melancholy when I think of what he misses, with all the required paraphernalia at hand, as compared with the true canoeer, who, with two or three companions like unto himself, ranges far and wide, rejoicing in the ever differing incident and ever varying scenery of the Evenlode, the Isis, or the Cher.

Peacefully minded he must be, and prepared to face with

equanimity a number of minor hardships, such as almost inevitable wetness, briars and thorn bushes of the most penetrating description, shallows, sharp stones when wading, and the like, but in recompense for this he will enjoy pleasures and excitements which are absolutely unique, and which once experienced can never be forgotten.

If he is a naturalist, he will be able to regard his hobby from a comparatively unhackneyed point of view, and whether it be the darting flight of a kingfisher, or the comical faces and



A TYPICAL BACKWATER

fearless behaviour of the water-rats that fascinate him as they endeavour to lie *perdu* behind some thick patch of drift-weed, with one bright eye all the while fixed sharply upon the intruder, I will warrant he will return home a contented man. If he has any of the instinct of the pioneer latent within him, he shall steer us down a rapid, past a shallow, or through the branches of a fallen willow, and I fancy he will find excitement enough to keep him amused. Finally, if he is in any way better than the beasts that perish, he cannot fail to be captivated by the noiseless, motionless gliding of the canoe, the ever shifting scenery; and lastly, and perhaps most of all, by the

rare and delightful experience of a navigable stream without the usual accompanying drawback of cheap excursionists.

My object then is to try to show that canoeing can be raised to the level of a genuine sport, with sporting excitements and sporting interests, and it is for this purpose that I beg leave to tell of a certain expedition up the Evenlode which took place not long since.

Owing to a variety of causes our start has been delayed, and it is nearly two o'clock by the time that we arrive at the river, bearing with us as our sole provisions a large earthenware jar filled with cider-cup. The sun has been shining all the morning, and indeed the day is still almost cloudless, but there is an ominous stillness and heaviness in the air, which has prompted the wisest of us (of which I am not one) to bring with them mackintosh capes, or at least some kind of protection against the weather.

The first part of our journey is not likely to be impressive, as our course takes us along the suburbs of West Oxford, so as soon as may be we hire a suitable-looking small boy, who for the modest sum of sixpence will tow us for half an hour past seemingly endless rows of squalid yellow-brick houses, which come down to the towing path on the right, while on our left is an example of that peculiar form of agriculture, part kitchen garden, part dust-heap, which may be observed on the outskirts of any fair-sized town.

Gradually the houses fall away, the land assumes more rural appearance, and we arrive at Medley Weir, where we haul out our canoe to carry it above the fall, which, even in the case of a lock, is quicker than waiting for the water to rise, and moreover gives us an opportunity for stretching our legs. Here, too, we dismiss our boy, who departs gladdened with an extra penny or two, and as the scenery is still too familiar to be really interesting, and moreover time is pressing, his place is taken by one of our party and we proceed merrily along the upper river, the huge green expanse of Port Meadow on our right, with its mixed assortment of horses, geese, and cows, and on our left the towing path, with its high hedge beyond. Sitting lazily in the boat, we have ample opportunity for 'watching the weather,' which is rapidly becoming less and less promising. Great thunder clouds flock up apparently from all directions, and as we pass the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, the lightning is flashing all around us, but still no rain. For a while we shelter under a convenient thornbush in expectation of what is to come, but as

time is pressing and the rain still holds off we eventually sally forth and take our chance of a ducking. Nor indeed are we disappointed, for as soon as we have got well away from all hopes of shelter the rain that we have been expecting suddenly descends, and we are treated to as adequate a deluge of 'the wholesome element' as Scrope himself could have wished for.

No chance of shelter here. There is indeed a hedge somewhere in the distance, but the bank is muddy and fringed with a broad belt of sedges which makes landing out of the question. By the

THE OLD MILL

time we have discovered anything like a place to land the storm has ceased and the sun is shining again, so that but for our sodden garments we should find it difficult to believe that such things as thunderstorms existed. Soon after this we arrive at the mouth of the Evenlode, here a shallow, reed-fringed stream, showing but little promise of the beauty which is to come. Up this we punt, wade, or paddle as occasion may require, but it is tedious work, and we all give a sigh of relief as we emerge into a deep pool just below a railway bridge; but alas! more haste often makes worse speed, for the spurt which is the natural result of hope deferred and dangers past, lands us with an extra

vicious thump on to a sunken pile under the bridge, probably the remains of a former bridge destroyed when the present one was built. Something must be done, and done quickly, for I can feel the canoe bulging upwards beneath me; but fortunately the bridge is a low one, and by standing up I can catch hold of a girder and swing myself up out of the boat. There I hang suspended bat-like upside down—in a position which I am

THE THAME ABOVE DORCHESTER

reminded was assumed by Odysseus under circumstances which I may fairly claim present a striking parallel to my own.

The much-enduring Ithacan has left it on record that he found considerable difficulty in maintaining his position on the fig-tree; he was moreover waiting for his ship, or what was left of it, and lastly, he had particularly good reason to fear a fall. Now as I hung I was haunted by the uncomfortable conviction that if I fell, as fall I must if I hung there much longer, I should descend not into the water, which in my present condition would not matter much, but on to the pile below me. However, all things come to an end, and eventually just in time the canoe is dexterously manœuvred so that I can get in without the risk of re-establishing our connection with the stake.

Away we go, and in three minutes or so arrive at the first mill, the name of which I do not know. Here the miller comes out to help us, and as we portage our canoe shows us among the long grass some mementoes of the thunderstorm—huge hailstones, some still the size of a pigeon's egg, all with a strange opaque white stain in the centre, the rest as clear as crystal, a phenomenon which those may explain who can. We emerge into the deep water which experience has led us to expect above a mill, and for the next half-hour glide smoothly along some time through open fields, between banks ablaze with flaming marsh-marigolds, sometimes through a forest of willows which meet and form one continuous arch above our heads. How still it all is! Nothing breaks the absolute calm of the water save the swallows that here and there dip into it in pursuit of gnat or fly, or a moorhen which, startled by our noiseless approach, scurries off her edge-lined nest and splashes across the water as fast as wings and legs can guide her. All right, old lady, we are not like those pestilent boys that we saw near Banbury the other day. Quaintly armed they were with a kind of miniature pitchfork, with which they pinned you down wherever they saw that tell-tale red neb of yours appearing among the sedges ; in August, perhaps, we might compass your destruction, for you make the best of soup, but in May! As we thread our way through the branches of a fallen willow, of which this reach can boast a goodly number, we come suddenly upon an old heron standing at the edge of a little clump of rushes, and gazing at his own reflection with the fixed expression of low cunning peculiar to his species. How slowly he seems to flap away, and yet how fast those great lazy wing-beats carry him up the stream!

In due time a turn in the river brings us suddenly upon Cassington Mill, a picturesque rambling old place, built and tiled with the beautiful grey stones which come from Stonesfield quarry further up the river. The miller meets us, and to our surprise and horror informs us that the pathway through which we must go is strictly private, and that, to put it briefly, back we must paddle. Long and heated is the wordy conflict waged between the irate miller and ourselves, but in the end our sopping clothes and generally dilapidated appearance seem to inspire him with a quite unnecessary compassion, and he agrees to let us through on the strict understanding that this is not to be regarded as a precedent for further invasions of his privacy. The poor old man seems troubled with the vision of

an endless stream of undergraduates tramping ceaselessly through that ridiculous patch of garden, quite oblivious of the fact that there are not a dozen Oxford men who are in the least likely to come near either him or his mill during the whole course of the season.

On leaving the mill we now proceed through very different country ; the willows have ceased, and our only cause of annoyance is the seemingly endless beds of reeds, which here in places make progress almost impossible. Besides this, we suffer some of the torments of Tantalus, for we can see in the distance the village spire, which to us conveys but one idea—supper—but the river of late has taken to winding so distractingly that we seem rather to recede than to approach.

Nowadays we are more experienced, and find it on the whole best to take with us some raw bacon and a frying-pan, for though bacon for breakfast, luncheon, and supper is apt to bring satiety, anything is better than being tied down for meals to fixed and unalterable places to be settled upon and written to overnight. On one such occasion we discovered to our horror that though we had laid in a plentiful supply of bread, bacon, and butter, we had overlooked a somewhat important item of the cuisine in the shape of the frying-pan! Fortunately we had with us a lid of an old biscuit tin, which we had found useful as a foundation upon which to build our fires. Even after thorough washing it was filthy in the extreme, but our appetites would brook no delay, so we bent it into as receptive a form as possible, and on the fire it went. It dribbled fat from each of its corners in turn, it was out of the question to think of holding the thing steady, and from time to time the whole concern would give a lurch and precipitate its contents into the fire ; it was, in short, the very nightmare of a frying-pan, but in course of time the bacon was in a manner of speaking cooked, and we were all too hungry to be very fastidious. The culminating point was reached when one of the party, emboldened by success determined to try conclusions with a moor-hen's egg, but that is a painful picture over which I prefer to draw a veil.

But to return from this digression. After paddling for some hours, the village being for the time in comparative proximity, we moor our canoe among some rushes just above a little low single-arched stone bridge, and after spending valuable time in a delicious bathe from the said bridge, off we trudge across the fields to the village and a well-deserved supper, to which we devote ourselves so completely that it is almost dark by the time

we have finished. Moreover, our old enemy the thunderstorm is returning, so we make all haste to our canoe, and arrive there just as the storm breaks. Now our boat, as I have already said, is moored quite close to the bridge afore mentioned; but the blackness is so intense that but for the lightning we should never be able to reach its friendly shelter. As it is, we are continually running into the sedges at the side of the stream, and on each of these occasions there are four distinct opinions

A TANTALISING LANDMARK

as to the right course to be pursued. At length an extra vivid flash shows us the bridge close above us, and of course exactly where it was least expected.

The belated traveller would have been startled to hear muffled and discordant voices proceeding from apparently nowhere, and chanting wildly inappropriate songs such as 'Jolly boating weather' in the midst of a raging thunderstorm. If poetically inclined he would have attributed them to some spirit of the storm, if practically minded to his own disordered liver, certainly not to a party of soaking Oxonians under the bridge. Still the songs serve to pass the time until the storm is

over, and we proceed to retrace our steps down stream by the light of a glorious moon.

A journey down stream is of necessity very like a journey up such as I have described, and it would be tedious were I to tell of our paddle back through the damp night mist. Sufficient to say that in due course we arrive at Oxford just in time, and so to bed, tired but contented.

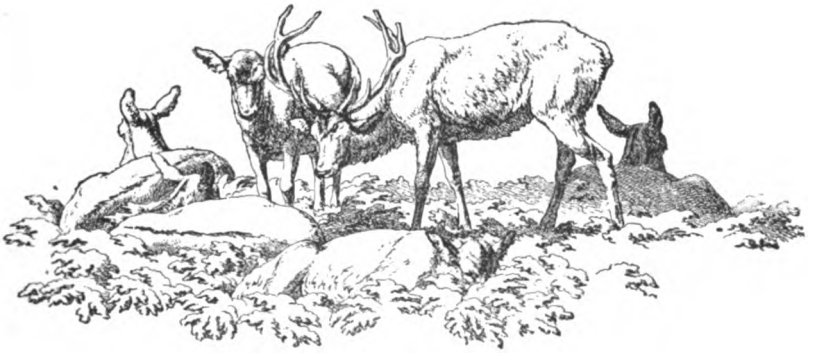
The chief difficulty of these expeditions lies in the fact that

COOKING BREAKFAST

it is impossible to predict how long they will last; a thousand mishaps may detain you: I shall not easily forget the night when we stove in the canoe against a rock in a rapid, and that so seriously that she nearly sank before we could get ashore. On examination she proved to have no fewer than three large leaks in her. Hastily we despatched one of our party round by the bridge about half a mile down to the station, to see when the last train left for Oxford. Meanwhile the rest of us tried what could be done to repair the canoe. The wounds in her were appalling, but the wood had not been broken away, and with the aid of some hardened sods held down by the bottom boards, some paper and some cold dripping from the frying-

pan, we managed to produce a very serviceable mend. Just as all was finished a figure was seen tearing across the fields and arrived breathless with the announcement that the station was three-quarters of a mile away, across country, and that the last train left in seven minutes. After a hasty consultation we decided to take our chance with the canoe, and in the end the result amply justified our decision.

On another expedition we discovered to our horror that our tow-rope, in which we had centred all our hopes of getting back to Oxford in time, had somehow been lost. We paddled on wearily until we came to a lock, where we had hoped to find a man who could lend us a rope. Never a sign of life was there, but fortunately the lock-keeper was a careless man, and had left the key in his shed. There we discovered a horrible instrument like an anchor which was used for dragging the lock. From this we detached the rope, and departed, leaving half a crown and a polite note to say that we would return it when done with. We did so the very next day, but yet I am not anxious to meet that lock-keeper.



THE WILD DOG OF ENNERDALE

BY A. G. BRADLEY

EVERY one knows that the Cumberland dalesmen have been for all time, in the peculiar fashion necessitated by the nature of the country, ardent fox-hunters. But my purpose here is to recall the remarkable exploits of a quadruped other than a fox who gave the hounds of Lakeland a whole extra season's sport—to wit, a summer one—and such a doing as no fox that ever was cubbed could claim to place upon his record.

It is now nearly a hundred years since 't' girt dog of Ennerdale' descended, whence none knew, upon the sheep-walks of West Cumberland, and perhaps no four-legged animal in a modern and civilised country ever caused such prolonged commotion, or wrought such havoc, or yielded such marvellous sport. The incident is now but a tradition among the older farmers in the neighbourhood of Buttermere and Loweswater, handed down by their fathers and grandfathers who took actual part in it.

But the late Mr. William Dickinson, the well-known writer on the dialect and rural life of this, his native county, not only witnessed the proceedings himself as a boy, but in after years, while the more serious participants in the business were yet living, took particular pains to collect every detail concerning it. Nor was he contented with mere verbal evidence, but had much of it placed in writing, which, added to his own recollections, leaves as remarkable a record as could be found perhaps in canine history. If the formidable beast could only have contributed a journal of his own to that of his foes there would have been a tale indeed!

Now sheep-worrying is an annoyance to which all flock-masters, particularly in mountain districts, are, of course,

liable ; but, as a rule, the mischief is on a restricted scale and can be put an end to within a reasonably short period. At any rate, such a pastmaster in the art as 't' girt dog of Ennerdale' had never been seen in Cumberland, and has most certainly never put in an appearance there since. The head of Ennerdale, it may be remarked, is about the wildest bit of the Lake country. Travellers who cross it alone between Scarf-gap and Blacksail have been known to feel quite creepy as they drop down into the lonely trackless valley where there is no sign of human life, no touch of verdure, no sound but the faint bleatings of wandering sheep, no movement but the winding silvery thread of the Liza brook twinkling amid a russet carpet of bogs and moorland grasses. It was while seated up here one day on a rock with a venerable sheep farmer, whom I found upon his rounds, that I first heard the vague outline of 't' girt dog' story, as my informant had it from his father, who saw the animal killed ; a story which, aided by the influence of the surroundings, fascinated me sufficiently to provoke more exhaustive investigations. For, as we sat there, the rugged breasts and savage precipices of the Pillar Mountain faced us, wrapped in the gloomy shadows with which their northern outlook for so long enfolds them. The Great Gable rose at the valley head, and beyond this again towered the dark and still snow-capped crest of Scafell. It was a fitting place for a thief-of-the-night, whether of two legs or of four, to commence operations, and it was somewhere on the lower fells towards the lake, a corner of which could be seen shining between the mountain slopes, that on May 10, 1810, the famous vampire-dog was first seen by Mr. Mossop, a farmer, who merely noticed him as a stranger, though with some precision on account of the dark tigerlike stripes that covered his tawny skin.

The strange dog appeared to be a cross between a mastiff and a greyhound, and evidences of his criminal profession soon began to show : two or three sheep on this farm and as many on that being found dead in the morning with their throats lacerated and collops torn from their carcases. The usual measures were taken, and men with guns watched through the night at spots where the dead sheep had been found. It soon, however, became evident that this was no ordinary sheep-worrier, for the cunning of the brute defied all ordinary methods. While the owners of the flocks recently attacked were keeping sleepless vigils beside their Herdwicks on Kinniside Fell or by Crummoch Lake, the enemy would be away in

the low country by Lamplugh tearing steaks and chops out of Leicesters and Cheviots. The wild high fell and the low grass-farms towards the sea were alike his raiding-ground, and he was evidently much too practised a hand to visit the same haunts on two successive days. No sheep that he touched was ever known to recover, for he seemed to strike the jugular vein with the precision of a surgeon and then to tear out lumps of living flesh, tit-bits from behind the shoulder or on the back. Two or three sheep a night usually satisfied him, but sometimes, from mere wantonness, he would kill seven or eight, hunting nearly always in the dark and in perfect silence, and lying hid throughout the day. He was occasionally seen, however, both in the high fell and in the low country during the day, but always by unarmed men, for he seemed to have as intuitive an instinct for a gun as a curlew. One individual, it is true, started him from a ditch where he was sleeping off his preceding night's orgie, and had a shot at him at close range ; but the gun, a not uncommon occurrence, I fancy, with rustic weapons of that date, missed fire, and the dog lived on to work further ruin and make history. Another day, at early dawn, he was seen to run down a valuable ram, on this occasion not killing it immediately, but tearing out and swallowing lumps of living flesh from the wretched brute's hind quarters as it crawled forward on its forelegs. It was noted, too, that no sound was ever heard to proceed from this canine monster : he was never known to utter either bark, or cry, or growl.

Not a morning broke but fresh evidences of this elusive and sanguinary gourmand lay stark upon fell or field, between Loweswater, Lamplugh, and Wastdale Head, or away towards the sea. A month thus passed away, and his evil reputation reached a pitch beyond that of any sheep-worrier hitherto known. The dog's extreme shyness had at first caused the hope that he would soon be frightened out of the country if not captured, but it now became quite evident that he had taken a lease of the district and had come there to stay. He grew more bold too in the daytime, abjuring ditches and woods and taking post on high crags and eminences, whence he could command the country and make sure against surprise, his tawny skin not being easily seen against the reddish-grey rocks of the country. The shepherds sometimes got within view of him and their collies gave chase, but from these he easily walked away, or turned upon the leaders with a ferocity that effectually cowed them, often returning the same night and leaving three or four

dead sheep as a mark of his contempt. A few odd hounds were now collected whenever the wild dog was marked down, which was often the case, as the whole countryside were by this time on the look-out, and every man in the district got out his gun and kept it loaded ready to join in the hue and cry. In this way he was several times run from the fells down into the low country, and 'many an enlivening gallop,' says Mr. Dickinson, 'was enjoyed in that unusual summer season by occasional horsemen who were crossed and surprised by the chase in full cry.' So exciting did it become, that when the cheering echoes gave notice that the game was on foot, horses were hastily unyoked from carts or ploughs, mounted bareback and ridden as long as they could go, and then left to take their chance whilst the riders continued the chase on foot. 'It was no uncommon sight,' says the same authority, 'to see a score or two of men running at the top of their speed after the hounds, without hats or coats, to the wonder of the inhabitants of the districts through which they passed, and many well-to-do yeomen have been obliged to strangers for hospitable refreshment at the end of the unsuccessful chase, ending many miles from home or the starting-place, having joined the hunt in their hurry with empty pockets.' But 't' girt dog' ran away from them all, and from the straggling nature of the running made by such scratch packs he would sometimes coolly wait for the leading dog and give him such a crunch in the shoulder as to stretch him howling in his tracks.

By July the losses in sheep had reached a serious total, to say nothing of the loss of time, and the excitement throughout the district became intense. Poison was useless, for his lordship never touched dead meat, but fared wholly on quivering flesh. At the sheep-shearings, now beginning, subscriptions were taken up amongst the farmers for collecting the best and fastest hounds from the surrounding packs and keeping them till 't' girt dog' was accounted for. Mr. Russell, a Whitehaven brewer, who had a sheep farm in Ennerdale, offered ten pounds reward for the dog's hide and unlimited ale to those engaged in the pursuit, while as much again was put up by the farmers for expenses of food.

A good pack of picked hounds was now secured and much enthusiasm aroused, and their first organised effort will give a notion of the quality of the quarry. It was on Kinniside Fell this time that they roused him, and before the shouts of two hundred men and before the noses of eight or ten couple of the

best fell hounds he went away for Wastdale Head, and there finding, as he generally seems to have done, the rocks and screes too much for his heavy carcase, he swung to the right, crossed the mountain ridge on the north-west side of Wastwater, the shouts of his pursuers echoing over this wildest of lakes, and thence running down to Stockdale Moor sought covert in a corn-field near Priorscale. The corn-field was now surrounded by watchers, while Mr. Mossop, formerly mentioned, and otherwise called 'Merrie Charley,' rode round the neighbourhood beating up for more hounds, which were as plentiful as blackberries in those days in Cumberland. But in the meantime this unconquerable vampire had stolen away, unobserved by the watchers. The reinforced pack was then laid on his trail, and they hunted him slowly through Calder and all the low country to Seascale on the coast. Thence he doubled back along the shore to Drigg, where at length the reluctant summer night fell on a twice-beaten field, leaving them a homeward tramp that even fell hunters can scarcely have much relished. People familiar with the district will appreciate the distance covered. Those who are not I may refer to the map, but perhaps the time occupied will be sufficiently significant. And, after all, this was but a sample of his achievements.

Soon after this the wild dog was run from the same spot across the vale of Ennerdale, through Loweswater, and got away again at dark in the woods at the foot of Crummock, but was back before morning and made an excellent supper on two sheep at the very spot where he was roused. Another time he took his pursuers from Ennerdale to Lamplugh, crossed the river Marron several times, and then on to Clifton. Here he rested in a plantation till the hunt came up, when he carried them away to the Derwent, a run of twenty miles in all, and there, though more exhausted than usual, he managed to escape again. A few days afterwards he was run from the head of Ennerdale over Kinniside Fells, through the mining district of Egremont, and ultimately found secure refuge in a back garden amid the academic shades of St. Bees upon the sea-coast.

He had little respect for etiquette in the matter of countries. The fell fox nearly always sticks to the fells, while the low country fox rarely, I believe, runs actually into the mountains to the discomfiture of the horsemen who are his particular following. But 't' girt dog of Ennerdale' ran through the territory of horsemen and footmen alike, and by

all accounts had usually a much bigger field of both classes of sportsmen somewhere in his rear than any fox, whether of fell or low country, could ever have known.

Nothing now was talked of throughout the district, at church, at market, or in farmhouse kitchen, but the terrible dog. Children were afraid to walk to school or pick flowers in the fields lest they should meet him, and trembled in their cots at night, when the wind roared in the chimney, or an owl hooted in the wood. Scores of industrious men with guns spent their nights upon the fells, and half the loafers in the country armed themselves with rusty muskets, and demanded cakes and ale of long-suffering housewives at inconvenient hours, on the plea that they were engaged in the great cause. But the vampire laughed at them all. He was in great condition, evidently making it his boast in his grim, doglike way, that he never fared upon cold meat, for he took it warm and palpitating all the time, and as regularly as an alderman. Once or twice, to be sure, he was nearly caught napping. One Anthony Atkinson, for instance, marked him into a hedge and hastened back for his gun. The beast, however, was just too quick for him, though he got three pellets into his hide at long range, which were duly found there at his death. Another time he incautiously allowed himself to be surrounded in a corn-field by a dozen men with guns, and was so bewildered that he ran out under the very nose of one Will Rothery, perhaps with his devilish instinct knowing his man; for when the excellent William saw the awesome brute who had been for so long the terror of the country, he quite forgot to fire, and merely leapt up in the air exclaiming, 'Skerse, what a beast!'

It was the ripening corn-fields in great part that helped the brute to get rid of hounds so readily when he was tired of running, since in the low country he could steal from one to the other, particularly at a season when scent was bad even in the open. On one occasion a Mrs. Russell, at Birkmoss, having gone out to gather some apples in an orchard on the banks of the Ehen, came running back in great alarm, saying she had seen 'an awful wild-looking beast' lying in the long grass under the very tree she was approaching. John Steel, the hero who ultimately shot him, had just come down from the fells, where he had been watching for the dog, and forthwith setting a guard on the orchard went to beat up some hounds and men. The quarry was quickly found and went away at the nose of

the pack, running in his hurry and confusion right between the notoriously crooked legs of a stone-deaf old man, Jack Wilson, who was picking up sticks near by in blissful unconsciousness that anything unusual was going on. The veteran turned a somersault, and till his dying day swore it was a lion that had upset him. On this occasion again the dog led his pursuers a futile chase as far as St. Bees, and there escaped among the town gardens and enclosures.

That the 'girt dog,' with all his sanguinary grimness, had his moments of levity and his notion of humour is quite evident, for after his whole brigade of enemies had spent one Saturday night armed to the teeth on the high fells towards Pillar Mountain, while his ogreship as usual was killing his supper in quite another direction, he arranged quite a pretty little diversion for the ensuing Sabbath. As the wearied watchers, with guns and hounds in couples, were returning home just before service on the Sunday morning, he hid himself in a wooded gill right in their path. At their approach he broke covert and was halloed away, the dogs in full cry and the tired men renovated in their limbs and lungs. After various manœuvres, in order, doubtless, to let the parson and congregation settle down to their devotions, the impious beast headed straight for Ennerdale Church and carried the swelling chorus of the hunt in tumult past the open door. Few congregations could have stood that much, and certainly no Cumbrian one; and men and boys, churchwardens, clerk and choir tumbled out of the sacred building with indecent alacrity, and followed as fast as their legs could carry them in the wake of the flying hunt. Even the Rev. Mr. Ponsonby, says a chronicler, caught the infection and brought up the rear of his sporting congregation to the best of his staying powers. This run ended near Cockermouth, where the dog as usual got away, and the field were punished for their Sabbath-breaking by a severe drenching from a thunderstorm and a twelve-mile walk home.

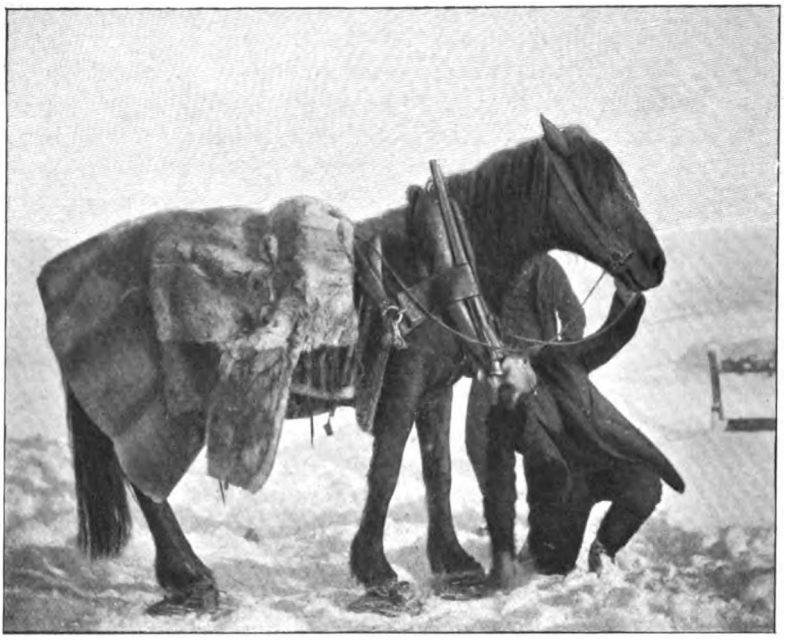
As harvest approached the countryside put their heads together and came to the conclusion that even the damage done by the dog, who had now destroyed nearly three hundred sheep, was not worth the loss of time and sleep, wear and tear of limbs and clothes, expenditure of money and damage done to growing crops and neglect of other ones, in useless hunts after the common enemy. So it was decided to let him work his wild will till after harvest, when there would be a better chance of success.

By September the corn was mostly cut, and men and hounds took the field again, for the dog was still levying his toll almost nightly. On the twelfth of the month an old farmer chanced to mark the brute into a late corn-field not yet cut, and going quickly to work he collected a sufficient number of men with guns and hounds to surround it.

The dog, when the field was beaten, was luckily found to be still in it, and, on breaking covert, gave a long shot to the same old man who had found him, receiving a severe wound in the hind quarters. This took a turn off his speed, and the hounds raced him level without difficulty, but not one of them dare touch him. The cry was now taken up through the country, and the wounded dog, harried and bleeding, and unable any longer to outrun his pursuers, was turned from point to point by fresh parties hurrying up to his undoing. He kept bravely on his feet, however, and with great hardihood succeeded in making his way from Kinniside by a circuitous route as far as the river Ehen. Here John Steel, of earlier notice, was the first to come up with his gun, and found the quarry quietly cooling himself in the river, with the hounds looking on, afraid to venture within reach of his terrible fangs. When the dog caught sight of Steel, who could not fire on account of the hounds, it made off as if refreshed, with the pack on its heels, to Eskat Woods. Here, after some hustling backwards and forwards, it at last gave an easy shot to the above-named sportsman, who had better nerve than Will Rothery, and, with a well-planted shot, ended the career of this astonishing animal and earned the ten pounds.

The dog's carcase was carried in triumph to the public-house at Ennerdale Bridge, where the inhabitants celebrated the event in so prolonged and wet a fashion that it was many days before the valley settled down again to its normal existence.

'T' girt dog,' when dead, weighed one hundred and twelve pounds. His skin was stuffed and mounted and exhibited in a museum at Keswick, with a collar round his neck giving the statistics of his deadly four months' campaign in Ennerdale and neighbourhood. For aught I know it may be there yet. But if his shade does not return to earth at times and flit about the gloomy solitude of the Pillar Mountain, I for one shall reject the notion of a canine ghost of any kind.



FIXING SNOW-SHOES

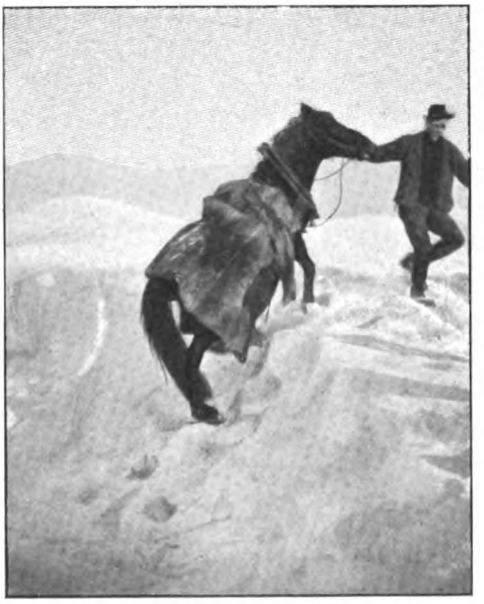
TROTTERS IN NORWAY

BY NICHOLAS EVERITT

IF there is one thing more than another a Norwegian takes a pride in it is his horse, a sure-footed sturdy little animal, that will do any amount of work and travel great distances over the most uneven, and at times, treacherous ground, or up and down the severest hill-sides, nor does he hesitate at the steepest mountain path in any weather or under any condition, and when left entirely to his own instinct is seldom, if ever, at fault.

During the winter months in Norway every one must of necessity put on snow-shoes. Even the horses which are used for fetching timber and fuel from the forests have their own particular pattern, fashioned somewhat after the style of round basket lids. They are securely strapped to the horses feet with thongs of raw elk hide. They are not very large, but it is wonderful what a difference it makes to their progress even when the diameter of their snow-shoe is only twelve inches.

The two photographs accompanying show a Norwegian horse with its master adjusting one of the shoes before taking it to work. The second picture shows the same horse climbing a steep embankment of soft, deep drift snow. If it were not for the fact that the horse was wearing these shoes it would be floundering helplessly in this drift from which it would be almost impossible to extract it, as the snow all around lay twelve feet deep on the level, and the crust was so thin that it would not support a man



TAKING A HORSE UP A STEEP SLOPE OF SOFT SNOW, THE HORSE WEARING SNOW-SHOES

of ten stone, let alone a horse, except in tracts that had been beaten down and become hardened.

There is another point in connection with the use of snow-shoes on Norwegian horses which should not be passed over. One would naturally think that when these cumbersome-looking appendages were fastened on to a horse's feet it would never be able to walk at all, and that if it did move it would only result in one shoe being placed upon the top of the other in a manner which would anchor both. This might be the case in other countries; but in Norway where animals are made the friends and real companions of man the intelligence shown by them is remarkable, and hardly to be believed except by the observer. Hence

it is that the Norwegian horse needs practically no training at all in the use of snow-shoes, and most of them start walking well at their first trial. Should their master be using snow-shoes at the same time and walk in front, lifting his feet, his horse will follow his example, whilst its intelligence soon demonstrates the benefit conferred upon it.

If the traveller requires to post a distance by sledge these snow-shoes are rarely worn, for the beaten track is followed and they do not therefore become a necessity.

ONE OF THE POINTS OF RENDEZVOUS NEAR THE RACECOURSE

In winter time the ends of a horse's ordinary shoe are turned back, being inclined inwards whilst the points are sharpened until they become formidable spikes. The roadways throughout the interior of the country are only negotiable in part, by reason of the water courses, which in summer time can be noticed springing from the hill-sides every thirty or forty yards; these become frostbound, and as the water oozes out over the ice it freezes and freezes until an impenetrable barrier is formed, which it would be too expensive to cut through, were such a course even practicable. Then again, by reason of snow-slips and -drifts, to keep the road open would be a more expensive business than the local surveyors could undertake, for which reasons the lakes and rivers that are found in almost every valley become the

king's highway during the winter months. Shod as before described the hardy little Norwegian horses travel happily over the frost-bound track, and can trot, walk or gallop at ease over the smoothest and sheerest ice without the slightest inconvenience. Where the surface of the river may be broken by a spring beneath or from other causes, danger signals of a primitive nature are placed consisting of a few boughs cut from the fir-trees, and these, being firmly secured in the ice in an upright position, wave their warnings to the traveller as he passes. When

NORWEGIAN FARMERS STARTING FOR THE RACES

a deep snow-drift is met it must be crossed in the best manner possible, but if left to itself in these emergencies the horse will scramble through or over with much less difficulty than the driver, whilst, when as most frequently happens, the sledge becomes overturned, it in no way excites itself or attempts to move until the driver comes and rights the sledge or shifts it into such a position that the journey can once more be proceeded with. Should four or five persons be sledging along the same road it is only necessary for the foremost to make any attempt at driving at all ; the other horses follow one behind the other without assistance from either rein or whip. When the front horse stops they all stop, likewise trot, walk or gallop,

and all the drivers (except the leader) can tie their reins with perfect safety to the front of the sledge and smoke, talk or go to sleep, as they feel disposed.

By reason of the silence which the snow gives to winter travelling, all the horses are decked with bells on their collars, or on the wooden yokes which take their place. These bells are called 'klokker,' and merry is the music they make. It is, indeed, the sweetest music to the ears of the *skilöber* (snow-shoe runner), as he toils up the rough *fjeld* (mountain) side. It is rendered sweeter when mellowed with the echoes of the forest,

A NORWEGIAN HAND SLEDGE WHICH IS STEERED BY MEANS OF A LONG POLE

or when increased by the energetic struggles of the sturdy little animals plunging through some deep snow-drift bearing the traveller on from one *skydsskifte* (posting-house) to another, or as they pluckily tug away at the heavy timber logs which they are hauling to the valley below, to be deposited on the frost-bound river ready for floating down stream to the saw-mills as soon as the ice is released by the spring thaws.

Although one often sees Norwegian horses dragging what, to the uninitiated, might seem to be a cruel load, it must not be thought that a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is needed in Norway. The Norwegians think far more of their horses and their dogs than we do, and more than the Irishman does of his pig. In no country in the world are animals so petted and made so much of as they are in Norway,

which fact will soon be impressively instilled into the foreigner before he has travelled even the shortest distance in the Land of the Midnight Sun. So careful are the drivers that their horses may not be overdriven or unduly worked that to discuss a trotting match in Norway would seem preposterous in itself; but the fact remains that trotting or *travsport* is in high favour in many districts, more especially where there are large lakes or open spaces, such as broad rivers and inland arms of a *fjord*, which during the greater part of the winter months are frost-

PROSPECTIVE SPECTATORS EN ROUTE FOR THE RACES

bound and afford the finest of tracks for trotting matches. On the Piperviksbugten (or the Bay of Pipervik) lying in the heart of the City of Christiania, or on the more secluded Frognerkilen (near Oskarshall), trotters can be seen every day throughout the winter practising upon the regular tracks which are there marked out for them; so, too, at Drammen, Hammer, Lillehammer, and many other places throughout the country, whilst there are several large farmers who breed specially for speed, and import animals from other parts of the North of Europe to obtain a good strain of blood.

The prizes are not large but they are not the less keenly contested, whilst betting to any extent is quite out of the question. The Norwegian trotter owner is quite content if he

wins the blue ribbon at his local gathering regardless of the money prize, although some of them go to the expense of a professional trainer in their desire to turn out the fastest known trotter of their country.

The writer of this article was, some years ago, on friendly terms with a professional trainer who was in charge of an establishment of trotting horses in the vicinity of Christiania, and many a spin has he enjoyed in the early morning, round

SCHOOLGIRLS OUT FOR A DAY'S HOLIDAY

the track at Frognerkilen. To trot round a track at the rate of twenty miles an hour over ice ten feet thick, with the temperature many degrees below zero, is an experience that has to be tried before it can be realised. Should one's eyes water or be closed for a second or so, they become frozen up and cannot be opened unless the eyelashes are pinched with the finger to free the ice, whilst one's moustache is frozen hard to one's clothes or to the furs in which one is usually enveloped on such occasions; the sensation imparted to the occupants of the sledge, is as near flying, or rather skimming along over the ground, as one can imagine, except perhaps in the more realistic experience of a sharp descent on ski. The horses belonging to

this racing stable all had to go upstairs to bed, which struck the writer as exceptionally quaint until he had seen similar stabling in Birmingham and elsewhere, but to see a horse go up a winding staircase of three stories to its stables is remarkable to say the least of it.

In Sweden, trotting is in much greater favour than in Norway, possibly because the Swedes are richer people, and can, therefore, indulge in this expensive pastime better than their less fortunate cousins; at the same time there are many trotting clubs in Norway the most prominent of which is *Den Norske Traver-Klub*, founded April 1, 1879, which provides trotting matches both winter and summer.

Herr Jacobsen's Kvik holds the Norwegian record for two English miles in 5 minutes and 38 seconds, whilst a good horse named Alf travelled one English mile (1609 metres) in 2 minutes 44⅘ seconds. Considering the size, build and breeding of the animals in question, these performances are not to be despised. Amongst other really good trotters may be mentioned Flygaren, Bravo, Dynungen, Frithjof and Falken.

The trotting matches which are held near Christiania and Drammer are very similar, so far as the actual business is concerned, to the trotting matches held in our own country and in America, although, of course, the Norwegian races are on a much smaller scale, and it is therefore, more interesting for a stranger to attend if possible a meeting held in the interior where no foreign element is likely to be present and the proceedings are purely of a national character.

Perhaps it would be difficult to hit upon a better place for this purpose than one of the meetings which are annually held on the Lake Mjosen, the largest lake in Norway. It lies in the Christiania Amt. Hammar is the largest town on its banks, and this is well known to Englishmen by reason of the distinguished skaters that have trained in that district. Amongst others may be mentioned Axel, Paulsen, Carl Werner, Harald Hazen and Lindal. This lake is nine and a half miles wide in its broadest part, over sixty miles long, and forms the most beautiful field imaginable for skaters, ice yachting, or ice trotting matches.

On March 10 last was held the annual meeting of the *Lillehammer og Faabergs Traverselskab* (*Anglicè* Trotting Club) in beautiful weather. There was a light wind blowing, which was uncertain, and without doubt was sufficient to make a difference in the times returned, whilst the going was not of the

best, as there was some little water on the track. The young horses which put in an appearance were not quite so good in class as in former years, but an exception may be mentioned in the winner of the race, *Lynild*, who completed the distance of 400 metres, not far short of the record tie for a Norwegian horse of that age. One old stager put in an appearance for the last time, the veteran *Glomma*, a horse twenty years of age, who has a record on those far northern trotting paths to be

THE STARTING- AND WINNING-POST

proud of; and when an extra prize was given to it for its firm action and general merit, one and all who attended the gathering were pleased at the recognition. The judges were Ole Elstad, R. Kram, H. H. Lingjerd, D. Helgestad and E. Homb.

The programme was as follows:

RACE I.—400 METERS.

Three-year-old Horses.

		Seconds.	
1. Lillemor .	(C. Wollebæk) . .	56	Second.
2. Dag . .	(O. A. Hov)		

		Seconds.	
3. Glittreson .	(B. K. Dahl) . .	57⅔	Third.
4. Basken .	(C. Wollebæk)		
5. Lynild .	(Peter Rotaas) . .	51⅕	First.
6. Storegut .	(J. Skjæggestad)		

RACE II.—2000 METERS.

Open. 2.05 on the line. 15 m. added for every second.

		Time.	Distances.	
7. Bera . .	(J. Flesvik) . .	4.09	2000	Second.
8. Nora . .	(O. Formo) . .	4.06⅖	2045	First.
9. Apollo .	(J. Kindlihagen) .	4.18	2090	Third.
10. Freidig .	(E. Gilberg)			
11. Daisy . .	(Kapt. Jensen)			
12. Glomma .	(L. Bergseng)			

RACE III.—500 METERS.

Four-year-old Horses.

		Time.	
13. Bruna .	(Lars Oudenhus)		
14. Rauen .	(Ole Hauger) . .	1.19⅗	Third.
15. Tip . .	(E. Homb) . . .	1.10⅖	Second.
16. Rap . .	(Lars Jevanord) . .	1.09⅕	First.
17. From . .	(Simen Borud)		
19. Piril . .	(A. & C. Traaseth)		

RACE IV.—1000 METERS.

Five-year-old Horses.

		Time.
11. Daisy . .	(Kapt. Jensen) . .	2.18⅕
18. Tryg . .	(Mengshot & Samsal)	

RACE V.—2000 METERS.

The Gudbrandsdal Stakes. For Six-year-old Horses.

		Time.	
8. Nora . .	(O. Formo) . . .	3.53⅗	First.
9. Apollo .	(J. Kindlihagen) . .	4.08⅘	Second.
12. Glomma .	(L. Bergseng)		

RACE VI.—3000 METERS.

The Lillehammer Handicap. 2 minutes on the line.
20 m. added for every second.

		Time.	Distances.	
7. Bera . .	(J. Flesvik) . .	6.27⅖	3000	Second.
8. Nora . .	(O. Formo) . .	6.24⅕	3060	First.
9. Apollo .	(J. Kindlihagen) .	6.29⅗	3020	Third.
10. Freidig .	(E. Gilberg)			

An extra prize, *Aerespraemie* (prize of honour), was presented to Glomma (L. Bergseng) for the horse showing the best form, action, and general merit at the meeting.

On the morning of the day fixed for the trotting races the whole neighbourhood is early astir, and from every direction little groups come flying over the snow to the appointed rendezvous . . . on sledges, Kjælker or Ski. All the rivers and lakes being ice-bound, and covered many feet deep with a packed mass of snow, a line as the crow flies can be taken by the traveller in any direction. And it is interesting indeed to sit on the grand stand bordering the race track with a strong pair of binoculars, to watch the prospective spectators

A RACING SLEDGE

coming down the mountain sides, like little ants running over a white table-cloth.

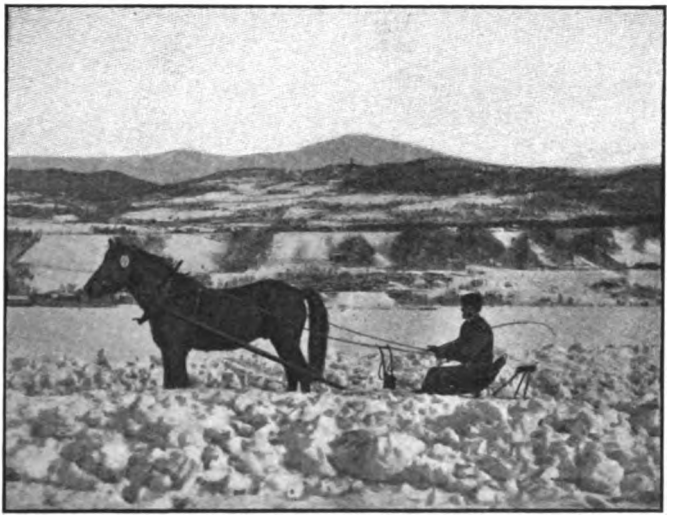
Most of the older folk come in sledges, sitting on a sack of hay, which is invariably carried in case their horse gets hungry, and clad in big dog- and wolf-skin coats of great beauty, the fur of which is always worn outside.

Those who think that two is best company, and wish for little to do and much opportunity of pleasant intercourse, come by Kjælker, which will carry one, two, or three.

But the crowd arrive on ski, the most popular mode of winter travel which is indulged in freely by every Norwegian male or female, from four years old to ninety and upwards. As one looks at the every varying groups of arrivals all sorts and conditions of men may be noticed; sporting miners,

black and grimy as they come from work ; young students and schoolgirls out for a day's holiday, and intent on enjoying themselves ; English tourists eager to see a new phase of sport and participate in it (if possible) to the same extent as their Scandinavian relations ; also the dapper Norwegian town *Skilöber* (snow-shoe runner) in the regulation costume of the Christiania Snow-shoe Club ; and the most aristocratic of all Norwegians, the big landed proprietors, who have lived most part of their lives abroad.

Other illustrations which accompany this article depict the



A PRIZE-WINNER ON THE TRACK

grand stand occupied by the judges and committee, which was also the starting- and winning-post, and from which the Norwegian flag is seen fluttering in the breeze, a racing sledge, a prize winner on the track, the two fastest horses seen at the meeting, and a photograph of what might be styled the paddock. There was a band of four musicians on the ice track who played popular airs from an impromptu stand made in the snow, and the music they discoursed was a great attraction to the peasants, although it could not be described as even second rate. Ticket-holders and members of the club had a stand erected for their special benefit, consisting of a few rough benches partitioned off by post and rail. As soon as the last event on the card was over the greater part of the onlookers mounted

sledges of various build, make and design, some of them dating back perhaps one hundred and fifty years, and disappeared in all directions to their respective homes in the surrounding country.

In such a land as Norway, where the population is thin and the roads are rough, sure-footedness is of far greater importance than speed, for which reason not much encouragement is offered to the Norwegian farmer to import fresh blood to improve the breed of his horse flesh; thus it is that the same stamp of animal is met with all over the country.

THE TWO FASTEST HORSES AT THE MEETING

These rough-coated little horses are too well known in England to need a minute description, and though they are fed on the very coarsest of food they always look well, but where one or more is selected for the purposes of training for trotting they are better fed, although they cannot be much better looked after.

The track at Lillehammer as elsewhere was as good as could be wished for. Nature provided better than man could design in this particular instance. The frozen inland sea, on which the ice was many feet thick, had its surface well covered with snow which the wintry blast had not assisted by sweeping away; in consequence the course had to be marked out and the snow-plough brought into use before a surface could be sufficiently

cleared for the purpose in hand, but there were many willing workers for this task who would put in hours and hours of toil without hope of any remuneration or reward, beyond the fact that they would be witnesses of the sport that was to follow. On the day in question they might be seen arrayed in furs of all descriptions, the hide innermost and the fur outwards, which is known to be the warmest way of wearing it. These *skinpelser* or fur overalls are worn by every farmer or person worth a pound a week. They are made from wolf, bear, reindeer, fox, dog, goat, or sheep skin, and vary very much indeed in colour, shape and pattern. Most of the men wore boots made from

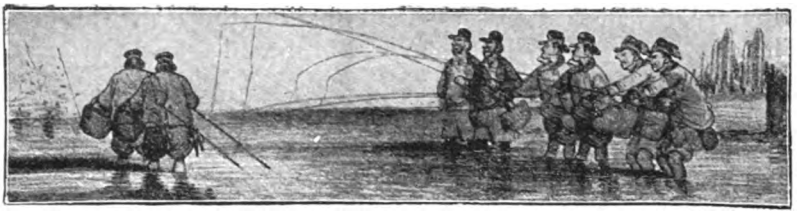
THE PADDOCK

reindeer or elk skin, the fur outside and lined inside with the fleece of early lambs.

Amongst the onlookers were many women, but in the Christiania Amt the national costume is of such a sombre colour and combination that not much life was imparted to the crowd, though laughter and light-heartedness made up for any deficiency in this respect, whilst one and all showed the very keenest interest in the races, and gave the winners such applause as they could not hope for in any other land the sun shines upon. The length of the course was exactly one thousand metres, and the quickest time was done by Herr O. Formo's Nora, which won all three first prizes.

I have seen the *Skirend* at Holmen Kollen, where young Vi-kings make their giant leaps of ninety feet through the air on

snow-shoes, skating races on the fjords and on the rinks, trotting races for far larger prizes, ice yachting on the vast expanse of lake and fjord, and other winter sports and pastimes of the North, but this little gathering was not to be equalled for sport, enthusiasm, good feeling, and real thorough enjoyment.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

BY WILFRED MORRIS

THE Grange Water is strictly preserved by the proprietor, and the opportunity of fishing thereupon is not to be lightly thrown away. When one has the chance of passing a day amidst those delightful scenes, of fishing over waters so rarely fished over, and, with ordinary luck, of filling a creel with the bonnie trout, it must be a most important matter which will keep the average angling man away. There is one good thing (for most anglers are selfish mortals) about a day on the Grange: you get the whole water to yourself, as the proprietor leaves the river solely to the fortunate angler to whom he has granted permission, and no other is allowed to cast a fly thereon that day. But you must take the luck that comes. A day is mutually fixed. Then you pray for good angling weather for that day. It may happen that you are favoured, or it may happen that the little river is in raging flood and useless for your purpose. In the event of the first condition prevailing, you are correspondingly happy; if it be the latter, you are inwardly convinced that you are the most unfortunate of men.

A day had been fixed early in the month of June for me to go over to fish this fine water, and I was looking forward with pleasure to my outing. Then, when the day did come, business claimed me until well on into the afternoon, and I did not get to the waterside until three o'clock. But it was the height of summer, so this mattered little; for as a general rule fly-fishing is of little avail in the north at that season of the year, except towards sunset.

The Fates, however, seemed to have conspired against me. When I crossed the bridge over the main river, and reached my destination on the banks of the Grange, which I may say is a

tributary, my disgust was great at finding the water in flood. There had been heavy local showers in the hills, it appeared, and these, while not affecting the main stream, had left the Grange a muddy red colour, with the red mud from the igneous hills. Perhaps, I thought, the waters will clear off before evening, as the red mud does not often last long after the first torrent has washed down.

From daybreak until now the day had been a glorious one and dry, yet the water showed little sign of improvement. So I fitted up my rod leisurely, and then sauntered up the river until I came abreast of the tail of a pool, which I knew would be one of the first places to furnish sport when the waters cleared. Here I waited for an hour or two, waited most faithfully, smoking the pipe of peace and contentment, and drinking-in the fresh balmy air while observing Nature at her work. Time fled ; and although possibly I should have been happier plying my rod with a brisk hand, yet the afternoon was full of joy and happiness for me.

Beneath the shade of a towering silver fir I settled down, and looked around. It was good to be there. Sheer from the water's edge, on the opposite bank of the river, rose a beetling scaur, its crevices and cracks running over with the most exquisite mosses and ferns ; while on the edges of the rocks, where in the course of years of denudation the soil had gathered, verdant grasses and wild flowers grew luxuriantly. High up above it all the eye seemed to follow the scaur until it lost itself in the heavens.

At intervals, between great boulders of rock, an oak or a rowan had taken root and struggled into existence ; and their stunted growth of trunk and wealth of leafy boughs gave added grandeur to the rocky height. Away on the sky-line a hawk was soaring, not a pinion seemed to move as it floated like an ethereal thing on the summer evening air, with the light of the sinking sun accentuating its profile against the western sky. As I looked it glided out of my ken into the *Ewigkeit*, the unknown, as silently and swiftly as a soul departs from earth.

The soft and warm breath of the summer air permeated all things, making me feel that nothing would be more delightful than to stay here for ever, far from all worldly turmoil, to spend my life in a dreamy *dolce far niente*, in some new Golden Age.

What more could man desire than this ? I have heard men

speak of the solitude of the woods, but to me there is no solitude there. The chirp of singing birds, the cry of the wild-fowl, the cooing of the cushat dove, are all to me companions, and all the woodland sounds ring in my ears like some grand chord of attuned harmony. Even the trees, whose branches wave in response to the wooing of the zephyrs, are imbued with a refulgent life, and with their wide-cast boughs seem like strong lovers alluring to their arms the delicate wood-nymphs.

But there! That is surely the splash of a rising trout! The sound awakes me from my reverie, and I am an angler once more, the land of dreams forgotten. The desire for a life of lazy indolence has evaporated in an instant, and in its place comes the keenness of the sportsman.

A trout is rising opposite to me, at the evening flies which are now coming down the stream. The river is not nearly clear yet, but clear enough for fishing if the trout are rising; and, as the quaint Mr. Barker hath it, so fall to my sport.

There is a branch of an alder tree low-hanging on the other bank, and dipping into the swollen stream. Close to the ripple caused by the partially submerged branch a trout is feeding steadily. The cast must be carefully measured and the fly neatly thrown, or farewell to trout and cast alike, for once the hook catches on a twig the tackle is doomed, and the fish will be scared. My end fly is a trusty Brown Partridge Hackle—best of flies in a summer water after a flood—and, as is the accepted rule when fishing on North-country hill streams, I have two other flies on my cast. These are a Woodcock and a Black Hackle.

Enough line is unwound now from my reel, and I make my first throw. Ah! there it is, to a nicety, just a foot or a little more above the 'bell' of a rising fish. He has the Partridge Hackle, and off he darts. How he fights! My ten-feet cane rod bends almost double with the strain. Somewhere a poet—he must have known little about angling—writes of a three-pound trout being 'flashed through the air on a strand of gossamer gut.' If he were here now, and this is no three-pounder, he might learn something. But this is not a time for poetry, and with careful play I soon have the trout in my net. A real summer beauty of over half a pound weight is no mean catch in a hill stream, where the trout only average less than half that weight. So into my creel he goes, and with a smile of self-gratulation I begin again.

Right merrily does the sport progress for awhile. At

almost every cast I feel the 'rug' of a rising trout, and the hook is into one nearly as often. Sometimes a good fish bordering on the half-pound, and now a 'speckled infant,' and the 'worthless prey' is gently put back into the stream. Now and then complications occur, and the Black Hackle and the Partridge each hook a trout simultaneously; but if the trout are well hooked, there is little difficulty in creeling both.

But after getting several here, the fish become shy, on account of the disturbance the play of each victim has caused. So off to another pool, and yet another, repeating the same process until my creel begins to strain heavily on my shoulder strap. From pool to pool I go, and from shallow to shallow, wherever I think there is a possibility of getting a trout, and one is picked out every now and then. It is severe exercise, this trout fishing, when trout are feeding, and there is no time for contemplation. The 'rise' has not been of long duration—it has really seemed briefer than my watch tells me when I consult it. Some two and a half dozen of lovely small trout, going five to the pound, are mine: not a bad creelful for two hours' actual fishing. And, besides these, a great many small fish, below the six-inch limit, have been returned to the water.

It is now past nine o'clock, and trout have stopped coming to the lures. Not a ring appears on the surface of the stillest pool. The sun is going down, back of the wood, as they say here, and the shadows are lengthening. This is a good opportunity for taking what must pass for my frugal supper, after which a contemplative pipe fills in part of the time until ten o'clock, by which hour I have arrived at the big Bouch Pool. Here, I fancy, a big lazy trout may be found rising at the night-moths as the gloaming gathers into the mirk; and I wait, watching the still, glassy surface, in which the lovely surroundings of rock and tree are mirrored as in a looking-glass, for the sign of a moving trout.

I see none. The flood has put the fish off their usual late rise. But I remain seated on the grassy river bank, watching the gliding waters; and as I gaze a sensuous feeling of sweet content and unconsciousness of my surroundings steals upon me. All is so peaceful; all is so quiet; and I am tired. My eyelids droop. . . . I think of packing up my rod and making for home. . . . I had much better be there than dreaming here . . . My head drops on to my arm. . . . This is delicious—and—and——

. . . . .

I am conscious of swimming in the depths of a deep pool. The waters are delightfully cool and refreshing, and I experience no discomfort from being here. A finely-coloured and be-speckled trout of some three pounds weight glides up to my side, and enters into conversation. I did not know that trout had the power of speech until now.

'Ah, er—I fancy, sir, you are a stranger to the waters of the Grange? From your dress I take you to be a native of Tweed?'

That is the explanation, then, I thought. I am now a trout, by some strange chance! I found that I had no difficulty in speaking to this fine trout who had addressed me, and it did seem to me that I had come from Tweed.

'Yes!' I said, 'that's where I hail from.'

'Thought so,' he answered. 'Your yellowish-gray coat betrays your water. Now, we Grange trout go in more for bright colours. See my bright red spots, and the hues of my fins—like the colour of the clouds in the west when the sun sets before a storm.'

I agreed, for I had seen the same colour in the skies frequently.

'Come with me,' he said, 'and lie behind my rock, while we have a chat. No small fry dare pester us there, and I am monarch of this pool, anyway. I do like to meet friends from a distance, and to compare notes.'

He led the way, and soon we were both nicely settled behind a sheltering boulder, whence we could see all that went on in the pool for a radius of many yards. He was a most engaging fellow, this big trout was, and had a shrewd and knowing look about him, which gave one the impression that he knew a great deal about the ways of men and trout. And I have no doubt he did.

'Nice little flood we had to-day, wasn't it?' he began again. 'I was in much need of a change of diet, you know. One does get a bit weary of a continual course of small flies and miserable little creeper things. A fly is such a small bite for the amount of trouble it takes to catch it, and those beastly little crickets get under the big stones so. I never can catch them fast enough to satisfy me.'

Just then a minnow appeared a few yards away, struggling against the heavy stream without success. My newly-found acquaintance made a quick dart, and was back again in a moment.

'Minnows, now—they are all right. A few dozens of them at night, or in the early morning, make a fine meal. Some of 'em are fat, too, and in rare condition just now. But, as I was saying, it was a nice flood we had to-day. Oh! what fine big worms came down-stream! I scarcely had to stir from here; the pool-tail drops all the fine worms and things just here. A pleasant change from a fly-diet, too, and so satisfying.'

I found myself agreeing with him, and almost as he spoke a large lob-worm came bumping along the gravel right before us. My companion seized it immediately, with evident relish.

'There is one good thing about minnows and worms, and such things,' he soliloquised, 'you seldom get deceived by them in our river. I have heard trout from the big river say how nearly they have lost their lives at times by taking worms and minnows when the water is a bit discoloured. That is just the time when it is possible to get a good feed, and it is the worst time for seeing the difference between the real thing and that with a hook in it. Now bait-fishing is not allowed here at all, and it is not a difficult thing, after you get on in years, to tell the difference between a natural fly and one of those bunches of feathers fishermen try to deceive us with.'

'You are right there,' I remember saying. 'I have seen some of their flies which reminded me of a wild-duck's wing, they were such poor imitations of the natural insect.'

'Ah, yes!' proceeded my friend. 'If we only had to guard ourselves against the fishermen life would be all summer to us. But the life of a trout isn't all spates and minnows. There is that dreadful beast the otter, now. He is a terrible enemy, and I have to keep my eyes opened wide every night and morning, so that I may see him if he is anywhere about. 'Twas only last night I saw him in this very pool. Oh! you may twist your tail, but I shouldn't be surprised to see him come swimming down here again to-night. In this twilight he looks like a log of timber; but you can distinguish him by his going to the top every now and then for a drink of air. He is a brute, and scares us all away to the shallows when he comes. I feel that he isn't far off just now; there is an unusual heave in the water. Look out! There he is, I declare! Bolt up-stream with me. Oh, dear!'

My whole body was a-shiver with fear and trembling at the sight of our dread enemy, and when my friend slackened his pace in a shallow pool a long way up the river, I felt almost exhausted with fright and the exertion. My friend was gasping

—he was such a fat old chap—and I could see he had had a scare also.

'Oh my!' he said, 'tickle me if that wasn't a narrow escape! I am afraid that he will follow us up here. There he comes! What shall we do? I'm blown.'

I turned tail, and could see the otter gliding swiftly through the water towards us. I could not swim away; I felt as one paralysed. He comes nearer; I see his bright eyes and sharp teeth gleaming. Is there no escape? My friend seems to have hidden himself somewhere. The otter is upon me: I am lost, and his cruel mouth opens as he grips my sides with his claws. Oh!—help!—

. . . . .

I came back to consciousness with a start, and for a short time I could not conceive that what I had seen was but the phantasy of a dream. When I referred to my watch I found it was past midnight, and I had therefore been asleep more than two hours.

The dew lay thick on the grass, and my clothes were saturated with the moisture, while I was worn out with fatigue. If there had been a late 'rise' of the trout it must have been over long ago, so my only course was to gather up my trappings and make my way home. A good long stretch of four Scotch miles lay before me, ere I reached my home, and although I was in a thickly planted wood it was yet light enough for me to find my way along the narrow path until I reached the high road.

Long ere I arrived home the Eastern sky was turning ruby-red with the earliest rays of the morning sun, and the brief midsummer night was past. I was wearied, but with a healthy weariness, and I felt thankful when I at last rested on my couch. Before long I was again in the arms of Morpheus, this time on a more comfortable bed.

The memory of that angling day and night stands out prominently in my bygone experiences of fishing; and there are few excursions I can recall to mind which gave me such unmitigated enjoyment as that when I had my midsummer night's dream, and for the nonce became a trout.

THE PAST CRICKET SEASON

A SURVEY WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS

BY HOME GORDON

IT is comparatively easy to review the cricket of any summer from the point of view of the statistician or the reporter, whose services to the game, by the way, often meet with less than due appreciation. But it is difficult to compress within reasonable limits the observations of an enthusiast who watches each cricket match mainly to deduce rational methods of improving the game. It would be a mistake to suggest increasing the stress of cricket with the burden of superfluous legislation ; but perhaps, apart from this, suggestions may be advanced for promoting brighter cricket, and in other ways rendering the game more agreeable for spectators and players. The most earnest students are to be found among pavilion-critics ; and if there be any truth in an old proverb about onlookers seeing more than players, be it noted there are a few whose business or hobby leads them impartially to watch matches from early May until far in September. It then comes within the regions of argument whether such as these do not note more of the game than do those who are engaged right through the season in the struggles of one team, and must be unconsciously affected by the rise or fall of its fortune. Therefore, in a modest way, it is hoped that the present article, whilst dealing with the salient features of the recent fixtures, will afford food for reflection. Reforms come in winter, and cricketers by the fireside

may arrive at conclusions that will improve individual form and modify defects.

The following opinion obtained from one of the greatest cricketers of any generation will probably be widely endorsed. 'This is a rattling good year, full of interest, and one in which cricketers and spectators have alike shown a keenness far above the average.' This, too, despite the absence of such adventitious excitement as the visit of an Australian team. There is, however, a good deal in the contention of Mr. Charles Fry that at present too much first-class cricket is played. Indeed, it is becoming a question whether any games except encounters with Australians and inter-county fixtures, ought to be considered first-class or reckoned in the averages. It will, of course, savour of treason to suggest that the University match ought not to be first-class, yet the standard displayed this year was lower than is to be found in any county team. On both sides the absence of good bowling was remarkable. Messrs. Dowson and More were the only two with any pretensions to possess average skill, and to find the parallel of such deliveries as those of Messrs. Johnson, Munn, Fargus and Williams, one must go back as far as the date of Mr. Jellicoe. Nor was the batting, with one exception, particularly meritorious. The solitary memorable feature was the undefeated century compiled in the fourth innings by Mr. C. H. B. Marsham. Taking all the circumstances into account, this may be pronounced one of the finest efforts in all the history of the University match. Yet it may be noted that he could not obtain a regular place in the Kent eleven. The hundred scored by Mr. E. R. Wilson had, if possible, fewer strokes in it than even the dull one made in 1899 by his elder brother. In Mr. Findlay was revealed a fine wicket-keeper, but the best bats of both teams kept their good performances for county cricket, though Mr. Harper made his runs in very good style.

Prior to this match, both Universities had shown a curious indifference to the rules of the game. Cricket, played at all, should be according to the strict letter of the law. When Somersetshire is playing a University, and the wicket-keeper of the latter is hurt, to permit the opposing wicket-keeper, Rev. A. P. Wickham, to put on the gloves, is to reduce the match to an absurdity. To allow one man to take the place of another who is injured is a courtesy often granted; but after Mr. E. G. McCorquodale had bowled several overs, to send another man in to bat is not treating the game seriously. Still less is it the case

when one man bats in one innings and the substitute in the other. These are only the more flagrant examples of the lax way in which the matches of both Universities were conducted, provoking an apathy as to their result which has no parallel within living memory.

Once more must it be strongly emphasised that many of the games between M.C.C. and Ground and first-class counties ought not to be put on the same rank as an inter county struggle. Two or three of the best men of each county team are now invariably 'rested,' and several 'Blues' always stand down in the trial matches of the Universities at Lord's. On the other hand, the members of M.C.C. show scant disposition to play for the premier club. Not only are the games contested with apathy, but the side too often consists of amateurs and professionals who cannot find a place in county cricket. The climax was reached in the return game of M.C.C. with London County, when 1143 runs were scored for twenty wickets, and on the M.C.C. side was not a single man who had been in county cricket for years, and a good many who never would be. That this state of things is a recent retrogression can be proved by a glance backwards. Taking at random the first M.C.C. eleven of 1891, on which my 'Wisden' opens, the side was as follows: Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. J. Webbe, T. C. O'Brien, J. G. Walker, J. Cranston, R. J. Pope, H. Phillipson, G. F. Vernon, J. S. Russel, with J. J. Ferris and Attewell. Going back to 1881, selecting at random, is this eleven: Messrs. A. N. Hornby, G. F. Vernon, T. S. Pearson, A. W. Ridley, D. Q. Steel, and C. Booth, with Midwinter, Barnes, Shaw, Sherwin, and Morley. Would it not be advisable for the committee of M.C.C. to make a strong appeal to the most able playing members to lend better support to the elevens put in the field? A few emphatic words in the annual report would probably effect a material improvement. At the same time the arrangement of the home fixtures might be reformed. To have no first-class match at Lord's in Ascot week, and none between July 20 and August 19 is rather tantalising to members, when they find four excellent matches at the very tail of the season. Probably the mere indication of such gaps will cause future alteration.

A diversity of cricketers have appeared for London County, which is energetically directed by Dr. W. G. Grace. Despite increasing stiffness, the great cricketer still shows much of his old command in both departments of the game, and is even

to-day one of the most redoubtable players in the world. Although the matches of this club are lightly estimated, they serve as a capital nursery for bringing cricketers into prominence. Mr. L. Walker is an example, and Mr. W. Smith, of Oxfordshire, by his figures and consistency proves himself to be a formidable bat. Dr. W. G. Grace introduced an experiment. By consent of the opposing side any game not played to a conclusion was decided on the first innings. So many objections could be pointed out that it is unlikely the novelty will ever become law, but the value of the new club will be greatly enhanced if it affords practical demonstration of all proposed alterations in legislation. At the same time, the percentage of drawn games in county matches not affected by weather was materially reduced, and the greater number of definite results attained had a stimulating effect on cricket, the antithesis being demonstrated by the comparative apathy of the public at Leyton where Essex played a long series of unfinished encounters.

Prior to the opening of the season, the County captains had flung a thunderbolt among cricketers by suspending certain bowlers and warning others for unfair delivery. The revocation of the suspension met with general approval, and the standard of fairness seemed far more universal than before. The harmony was, however, broken by the wholesale no-balling of Mold by James Phillips, which subsequently degenerated into a newspaper quarrel of a regrettable nature. The debate at the general meeting of M.C.C. about altering the leg-before-wicket rule, though no change was made, encouraged the umpires to greater strictness, and the penalty for obstruction was severely enforced. At the same time it must be noted that a percentage of prominent cricketers showed an undue tendency to continue this process of leg-play, which is almost as damaging to the brightness of cricket as perpetual bowling outside the off-stump. Among the more regular votaries of leg-play may be mentioned Mr. C. J. Burnup, Hayward, Kinneir, Storer, Chatterton, the elder Gunn, W. G. Quaife, and Mr. E. W. Dillon. When playing for a draw, a good many others deliberately adopted this unsatisfactory exhibition of what is certainly *not* cricket.

Surely in the best interests of the game a protest may be entered against the tea interval. The rest may be necessary for tired fieldsmen of the present generation, who expect perfect wickets and every comfort, but it need not be double the length

of the time allotted for repose between innings. Five consecutive tea intervals on London grounds in July were all over twenty minutes apiece. If this is to become a recognised innovation, let the game be started at 11 A.M. on the second and third days, against which there is no possible objection, as all participating are in the vicinity. Could not the committee of M.C.C. also issue an admonition to umpires to enforce Law 45? It is an almost invariable rule that in county cricket five minutes elapse between the dismissal of one batsman and the arrival of his successor at the wicket, whilst a quarter of an hour may be regarded as the very minimum of interlude between the close of an innings and the beginning of the next. Strict attention to these matters would add three hours to the actual time devoted to cricket in matches. To protest against a bowler sending down four or five trial balls is hopeless, but it is a further encroachment on the hours of play.

The present lack of system about benefits is one of the evils on the financial side of cricket. Under existing circumstances, a professional in Yorkshire will get £3000 from his benefit, and one who has worked as indefatigably for an impoverished or unsuccessful county will only receive £300. Moreover, the three most lucrative days in the life of a professional—the bonus of his career—may be entirely marred by rain. This was the case at the Oval for Lockwood's benefit, and an exactly similar instance may be recalled at Lord's, in 1879, when Alfred Shaw was the sufferer. Without dilating on the following scheme, the writer ventures to submit it for consideration. Let the county executives, as at present, intimate in December what professionals are to be given benefits in the following season—the annual average is nine. Then let every first-class county give the proceeds of one attractive home match to a Professionals' Benefit Fund administered by the Secretary of M.C.C., who, at the end of August, will divide the lump sum equally among the selected professionals. This would, of course, not affect the subscription cards of the players or any collections permitted by the county committee on the home ground. But it would assure each *bénéficiare* a reasonable sum, amounting, at a moderate computation, to some £700, with the above-mentioned additions. To say that the poorer counties could not afford to give a home match is absurd, because they all, in turn, allow their professionals to select a lucrative fixture for a benefit.

The great feature of the year has of course been the pre-

valence of leg-break bowling. In this there is nothing new. Every cricketer knows the trap of Dr. W. G. Grace, and how in almost every over he has bowled one leg ball. In last month's *Badminton* the present writer gave an instance of effective leg-break bowling by Mr. G. H. S. Trott in Australia against English cricketers. Years earlier a splendid exhibition was afforded in this country by Mr. G. E. Palmer, and an inglorious failure by Mr. W. H. Cooper. But in 1901 no county team seemed complete without one bowler devoting himself entirely to this class of delivery. Slow leg-breaks naturally stimulated brisk fielding and hard hitting. Therefore, apart from the unquestionable success attained, this variation of bowling proved attractive to onlookers. Among the advantages were a complete absence of mechanical delivery, for if a bowler did not use his head and vary both pace and pitch, drastic punishment was promptly administered. Vine alone introduced a novel development, for he managed to bowl quite fast with a leg-break. Many of his balls were excellent and most interesting to watch. But he was employed in relentless fashion by K. S. Ranjitsinhji and given a wholly undue proportion of work. Therefore his final figures are no fair criterion of the ability he displayed. Of the more normal leg-break bowlers, Braund, W. G. Quaife, and Mr. A. O. Jones were distinctly superior to the rest. It is, however, stated that no man can persevere more than a few seasons with this type of bowling because abnormal muscular development is produced. Hence a 'leg-break arm' will take a recognised place in a medical dictionary like writer's cramp or type-writing neuroticism. Already there are signs that this bowling will lead to a revival of leg-hitting, which will be cordially welcomed. We could give a whole race of Haywards, Kinneirs, and Albert Wards for another Oscroft.

Some improvement is to be recorded in fielding. A certain 'chiel amang us takin' notes' has been steadily giving the number of missed catches and consequent amount of runs scored. The record is so colossal that it fully bears out the axiom of Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower 'if all catches were held there would be no drawn games.' Reform the fielding and the other reforms to promote finished fixtures may take care of themselves. Unfortunately such reformation is sadly remote. At the same time it may be hinted that no small share of the continued success of the champion county is due to the cohesion of the Yorkshire eleven in the field. It is a pleasure to watch the side, whereas to look at certain other county teams under similar

circumstances is sure to produce wrathful vexation. The wicket-keeping of nearly every county except Notts at present attains a standard far higher than can be observed in any other department of the game. Really it would not matter whether the choice for the England wicketkeeper fell on Messrs. MacGregor, Newton, Martyn, Findlay, or on Lilley, Storer, Hunter, Huish, or Butt. Steadman has quite established a reputation for himself in the same position. On the other hand Straw, Carlin, and Russell, have all somewhat lost their skill, though still the most capable within the confines of their respective shires.

The exigencies of publication cause this article to be committed to the press before the comparatively holiday fixtures of September and the final county matches. At the same time a fairly complete diagnosis can be obtained, although slight modification may be necessary in the light of subsequent events. Very little interest was aroused by the visit of the South Africans, though their fixtures further swelled the heavy card of first-class games. Many of the best county players failed to meet them, or the nine defeats which had to be set against five victories might have been augmented. Their four principal bowlers, Messrs. Sinclair, Rowe, Kotze and Graham had satisfactory figures, and the fielding was very keen. The batting was not very sound, and a long tail was often discernible. The only memorable feature of the holiday visit of the Dutchmen was their remarkable collapse before the lobs of that cheery veteran Major Bethune at Bath. Of the public school elevens, report says that Wellington had the best team. There was a capital match between Cheltenham and Haileybury, the latter, after making over 300, having to lose seven wickets to obtain 30 on fourth hands. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Clifton, Rugby and Marlborough were all below the average. Possibly the Etonian captain, Mr. Wheatley, and the injured Wykehamist captain, Mr. McDonnell, were the best individual cricketers. Neither Mr. Herbert of Eton, nor Mr. Cartwright of Rugby, created much impression when playing for Notts, but more will be heard of the Malvern captain, Mr. W. H. B. Evans. Although Messrs. Frank Mitchell, L. C. H. Palairet, and C. McGahey did not play for the Gentlemen, nor Lilley and Quaife for the Players, two fine sides were selected for the annual match at Lord's. But Messrs. Fry and Warner were the only amateurs who made prolonged resistance to the strong attack of the professionals. Tyldesley with a very fine century redeemed the otherwise tame batting of the victorious side. At the Oval, the veteran Dr. W. G. Grace

made a long score, although handicapped by an injury. Abel, by compiling 224, can be credited with the largest innings in this series of encounters.

Surveying what is really the absorbing interest of cricket, county matches, the enormous superiority of Yorkshire is the most striking feature. It is true the champions had no unbeaten record as in 1900, but for all that they were head and shoulders above all their rivals. Great enthusiasm was aroused by the one-wicket victory over Somersetshire at Taunton, a remarkable example of uphill play. Dire peril was just tided over at Brighton, after following on in a minority of 450. In the home encounter with Surrey, the splendid partnership of Hayward and Mr. Frank Crawford would have entailed disaster had a fourth day's play been permissible. But the crack team had an extraordinary way of extricating itself from tight places, and played a wonderfully spirited game. Hirst and Rhodes were far the best pair of bowlers in England. The former took twelve wickets for 29 runs at Leyton, and the two sent back Notts for 13, a record in county matches. The batting was remarkably level, for when some failed the rest were nearly sure to come off. The finest of the side were certainly Mr. Frank Mitchell and Mr. T. L. Taylor, the two amateurs showing grand form, and all the members had a big individual share in the collective success. Reference has already been made to the fielding, and amid what is a deserved panegyric, special praise must be given to Hunter's work behind the wickets.

A side so dependent on amateurs as Middlesex is subject to much variation, and several who were pressed into the service were far below county form. But the team had a knack of doing better than was expected. At Lord's, Mr. P. F. Warner was a tower of strength, playing a long series of meritorious innings, nearly all of which terminated in the first few overs after lunch. Mr. Hayman showed much better form than ever before, and Mr. Bosanquet, helped by a lot of luck, was useful with both bat and ball. The commendable steadiness of Mr. Beldam, and the great innings against Gloucestershire by Mr. W. P. Robertson, will be recalled by every critic. In August, when the presence of the brothers Douglas and Mr. C. M. Wells in their best form enormously strengthened the county, Trott was laid on the shelf owing to a hand badly split at Leyton. Whilst not nearly so successful as in 1900, he bowled with great keenness, and his loss was sadly felt. Mr. R. E. More was a useful recruit, but Rawlin, after yeoman service,

can be now relegated to the veterans, and Hearne's bowling was always plain though straight. Mr. MacGregor often displayed his old skill as wicket-keeper, and brief though brilliant appearances were made by Messrs. Schwarz and Chinnery.

Most unequal form was shown by Lancashire. With greater variety of bowling than was possessed by any other county, the attack was also severely punished. Neither Mr. A. C. MacLaren nor Albert Ward could get into form until August, but Tyldesley played magnificent cricket throughout, and his consistent form was one of the features of the year. The young amateur from Liverpool, Mr. H. G. Garnett, established a well-earned reputation, and as a left-handed bat was only second to Kinneir, though far more attractive. Of the others, Hallows did best, but the return of Mr. E. E. Steel, after an absence of thirteen years, showed that the skill of the old Marlburian had ripened with time, and his figures yield a flattering record. The remarkable demonstration accorded to Mold by the spectators at Lord's must not be forgotten. Still, on the whole, it appears incomprehensible that the Red Rose eleven have not a better result to show.

The way in which Sussex, so long at the tail of the counties, now takes a leading place is an illustration of never despair, and it is no exaggeration to say that the doings of the side excited more interest than any eleven except that of Yorkshire. Ranjitsinhji did not appear until June, but he soon exhibited his old skill, and on his batting it is impossible to lavish too much eulogy. As a captain he is not so admirable. Mr. Charles Fry likewise showed the grandest ability, and the pair raced for top of the averages for many weeks. To watch there was no comparison between the style of the two, but the very brilliancy of the Indian induced him to take risks which the old Oxonian wisely avoided. When he recovered from an injury, Mr. George Brann at one time scored 350 for once out, and Mr. K. O. Goldie was on occasions a lively scorer. Killick has better figures, but was less certain, whilst Vine improved his patient defence, besides furnishing the bowling phenomenon of the season. Tate, who had a sensational benefit match, has now captured his thousand wickets for Sussex, and really had a better command over the ball than ever before. Relf, whilst uncertain, amply justified his importation. An admirable spirit of enthusiasm was shown by the players who will probably improve on their present standard next year.

The Warwickshire cricketers have to some extent realised

the reason of their unattractiveness, and in a measure remedied the evil, for the drawn games have dropped from thirteen to five. Again W. G. Quaife and Kinneir tower above their companions with laboriously compiled averages of 55 apiece, each making four centuries. Lilley and Mr. T. S. Fishwick afforded brighter variety, and Charlesworth has become useful in all departments. Hargreave can claim a prominent place among bowlers of the day, but Santall and Field are expensive. It may be noted that Walter Quaife and Diver have both dropped out of the regular side, but Devey has displayed more consistency.

The weakness of Surrey lay in bowling, and this glaring defect was not improved by the methods of the selection committee. Lockwood was left out after his benefit match, though he had been chosen for the Players, and Brockwell lost his regular place on the side. Richardson did some hard work, and Mr. E. M. Dowson was better than twelve months before. But the attack was but a shadow of the once brilliant bowling shown by Lohmann, Sharpe, Bowley, and Beaumont. The most agreeable feature of the batting was the free hitting of Mr. Frank Crawford, who displayed enormous advance on his previous work. Hayward possibly carried steadiness to an extreme, but his defence was of great value to the side. Abel lost none of his old form, and the little man enjoyed another gratifying season. Lees, Hayes, Holland, and Baker failed to keep their position for the county, which had hardly a regular eleven. Mr. D. L. A. Jephson at times batted forcibly, but his lobs looked easier than of yore. The value of Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower was greater than is shown by his average, for his keenness is infectious, especially to so languid a team as the present Surrey side.

The recrudescence of Hampshire is one of the welcome features of the season, and with better fielding and a more regular team the old county may have a great future. In the young South African, Llewellyn, has been discovered a fine hard-working cricketer, who recalls George Lohmann. Good as his figures are, they need only be estimated as the foretaste of his future excellence, when better acquainted with the methods of the cricketers he has to meet. Captain Greig has surpassed all expectation, and proved to be one of the soundest batsmen of the day. Webb and Barton have both been stimulated to better work, and Mr. E. M. Sprott has a consistent record as a sound cricketer. Fresh from the Front, Mr. E. J. M. Barrett

afforded a display with the bat of which his previous performances had given no forecast. Whilst some improvement is to be noted in the attendance at Southampton, the county matches at Portsmouth arouse decided enthusiasm.

Iremonger, when the season was far advanced, provided the feature of the year in Notts cricket. He leapt into prominence as the most improved bat of the year and on four successive occasions with Mr. A. O. Jones put on over a hundred for the first wicket. He meets the ball in the centre of the bat and is now a notable cricketer, being also a capital field in the country. The enthusiastic captain has played spirited cricket in every department of the game, and next to Mr. J. R. Mason is perhaps the best all-round amateur of the day. John Gunn with bat and ball did excellent service and may claim to be the Wilfred Flowers of the twentieth century. One phenomenal analysis alone redeemed the poor bowling of Wass, but Dench maintains his unattractive usefulness. The veterans Arthur Shrewsbury and William Gunn each afforded evidence that on occasions they possess their old wonderful batting powers. Some likely young cricketers are to be noted on the fringe of the team. There is quite a renewal of vitality in this interesting eleven.

Mr. J. R. Mason is the embodiment of Kent cricket. With far over a thousand runs and a hundred wickets to his credit he has a fine record. But the facts are even better than his figures, and there have been occasions when he has almost single-handed won matches for his county, and he must be accounted one of the greatest cricketers of our time. Mr. W. M. Bradley bowled with phenomenal skill on a few occasions, fairly surprising those who witnessed these performances. His work in the Canterbury week against Surrey was one of the remarkable events of the year. Blythe and Alec Hearne bowled steadily, but the batting was uneven, for Mr. Burnup was not so trustworthy, though often excellent, and the University representatives were quite uncertain. Mr. P. C. Baker, though he had a long run of ill-luck, may, however, be regarded as one of the discoveries of the year. Nor must the welcome return of that big hitter, Mr. Frank Marchant, be forgotten. More of his type would be generally appreciated just now.

Essex played a superabundance of drawn games. Mr. Charles McGahey gave one of the steady batting exhibitions of the season and became a regular bowler of leg-breaks. Mr. Percy Perrin also batted as carefully as ever, and fielded with the same deplorable ineptitude. Carpenter was often admirable,

and Mr. F. L. Fane, after a huge score for M.C.C., came back into the eleven with splendid result. This unequal batsman has never enjoyed a more successful season. The veteran Mr. A. P. Lucas showed his old ability. But that sensational collapse before Hirst remains the feature of the year at Leyton. Mead, though hampered by domestic misfortunes, bowled even better than his figures show, for the wickets at Leyton were artificial, and it was difficult to make the ball rise to the height of the bails. Mr. Kortright absolutely forgot how to get any work on the ball, and only occasional competency was shown by Young or Reeves.

Leicestershire are gradually consolidating a good side, and the present team plays a widely different game from the one of which Pougher used to be the solitary mainstay. To-day the batting is infinitely superior to the bowling, though Geeson was distinctly successful, as he captured over a hundred wickets, and the amateur colt, Mr. W. W. Odell, evinced promise in the same department. An abnormally steady bat, Dr. R. MacDonald, showed a patience almost unparalleled among gentlemen. Mr. C. J. B. Wood and King were the mainstay of the Midlanders, and Mr. C. E. de Trafford at times brought off one of his heavy punishing displays. Knight and Coe were not on the level of the others but lent effective aid.

Worcestershire has been aptly christened Fostershire, and certainly without the famous brotherhood the county fares desperately. Mr. R. E. Foster this year literally bore the batting of the team on his capable shoulders, for the rest collapsed on many occasions. Whilst Wilson and Burrows bowled fairly well, the changes were of a very harmless nature.

Gloucestershire had an unfortunate season, although some capable young professionals were found. Mr. C. L. Townsend was seldom available and Mr. G. L. Jessop was unable to bowl. His batting on many occasions was as wonderful as ever, but single-handed he could not effect miracles. Wrathall and Board were also firm-footed hitters, and Messrs. S. A. P. Kitcat and R. W. Rice showed imperturbable defence. The lamentable weakness of the bowling explained the succession of defeats, though Roberts was indefatigable.

Somersetshire provided the sole victors over Yorkshire, but on paper their performances were erratic. Yet individually the county cricketers were enormously successful. The superb and elegant batting of Mr. Lionel Palairet was even more reliable than before. Braund fully bore out all the hopes

aroused and was one of the most efficient professionals in the south, scoring freely all round the wicket, claiming over a hundred wickets whilst making more than 1200 runs, and being notably vigilant in any part of the field. Lewis improved almost as much as a bat as Iremonger himself, and Mr. S. M. J. Woods showed all his old spirit though crippled by rheumatism. As usual the wicket-keeping of Messrs. Newton and Wickham was of the best class, and Cranfield proved himself an excellent bowler. The extremely low place taken by this powerful side affords a striking proof of the high standard attained in county cricket in 1901.

Finally comes Derbyshire far below all the rest. The words of another critic are so apt as to deserve quotation. 'The demoralisation of the men is complete, and they played with such an absence of life and energy as to suggest that they were quite reconciled to the idea of going through the season without winning a single match and were wearily waiting for the end to come as speedily and as painlessly as possible. Tamer batting and bowling have rarely been seen.' If it were not for the fact that this side is obviously superior to Northamptonshire and Durham, who are at the top of the second-class county competition, it would be questionable whether Derbyshire should not be for the second time in history relegated to what used to be called the minor counties.

In conclusion, for the second year in succession the writer ventures to give the readers of the *Badminton Magazine* a selected team to oppose Australia in a hypothetical test match in England. The following fourteen seem the most eminently qualified to do battle for the old country on contemporary form, the actual choice being as usual dependent on the state of the ground on the morning of the first day's play. Messrs. J. R. Mason, C. B. Fry, L. C. H. Palairet, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. O. Jones, G. L. Jessop, and W. M. Bradley, with Abel, Tyldesley, Hayward, Hirst, Rhodes, Lilley, and Braund. Such a side would be far more representative than the band led by Mr. A. C. MacLaren to Australia. The present Yorkshire eleven with Messrs. C. B. Fry, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, J. R. Mason, and W. M. Bradley, would indeed be a much more dangerous touring combination—certainly the very best we could now despatch.

THE LION HUNT.

From the Original Painting by Horace Vernet.

Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Wallace Collection.

UNIV. OF WICH.

A 'ROGUE' AND TWO GRIFFINS

BY CAPTAIN J. A. F. FIELD

ANGLO-INDIANS in their cantonments, sybaritic copies of suburbia, will tell you, in intervals of grumbling at the cook, that the country is played out, over-anglicised. This, to a considerable extent is true of India, but as yet, thank the star of romance and sport! it cannot be said of Burma. No Englishman who survives its wicked climate and temptations sings other than its praises. It often used, in the Upper Burma Club (once Theebaw's golden palace), to be a moot question as to why Burma is a country so comparatively little sought after by shikaris, artists, globe-trotters, and other wander-jähr. For this is the case—although it is the *only* Gorgeous East that remains. It used in Mandalay to strike us as curious to read in the home papers of great sporting caravans undertaken at huge expense into Central Africa or the Rockies. The subsequent paragraphs describing their triumphant return would enumerate a few elephants or mountain sheep as their respective trophies, and perhaps give a calculation, in three figures, as to the cost per shot when all expenses were reckoned. Yet here is Upper Burma (the upper the better) left practically alone, but teeming with game. All the shooting is of the best, from record snipe grounds to tiger and elephant as many as mosquitoes, and almost as dangerous.

Then, too, the big game shikari need have but a minimum of trouble and expense to reach his locality. He has but to

change from his luxurious London liner into an Irrawaddy flotilla boat, to journey a few days up that river or any of the other great waterways, to shoot elephant or rhinoceros *ad nauseam* from his cabin porthole. This, perhaps, *cum grano salis*, but really a very small grain. How, moreover, can the painter take his palette and artistic temperament to Japan and leave Burma on his way?

From October to February the climate is comfortable and the country a welter of colour. From coast to China the

THEBAW'S GOLDEN PALACE, ONCE THE 'CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE,' NOW THE UPPER BURMA CLUB

scenery is beyond adjective. The orchid-festooned jungle varies with every day's journey past quaint villages towards the east. On every pinnacle of rock and in each sun-spangled glade there taper golden, white, or tumbled red ruins of pagodas. The Buddhist pagoda is the one, the only, building of man's hands that landscape beauty needs—the true beauty spot. After knowing its finishing touch to Nature (pardon a mortal, Great Mother!), the eye looks for, and misses, the pagoda spire in other lands. The absence of the globe-trotter is more easy to forgive than to understand; every incentive that attracts him elsewhere exists exaggerated in Burma—*verbum sapientibus*.

When I had the fortune a very short time ago to know the lotosland I was serving with my British regiment in merry Mandalay, and it was in the neighbourhood that a brother-officer and I had an experience that may be interesting. As an adventure of the ordinary kind it was perhaps ideal, for it was both exciting while it lasted, and amusing to recall afterwards. I wish that I could adequately describe the local colour of this, a typical shoot in the Upper Burma jungle.

It was in the hot weather of 1897 that one evening, after dinner in the mess, the conversation in the verandah consisted chiefly of 'Boy! Another peg.' The chorus of *Hàmare wasti bhi* ('For me also') had died away when some one mentioned that at the club a forest officer had said that a rogue elephant was terrorising some villages in his district, only fifteen miles or less out of the station. This hāthi, a huge tusker, was mūsth, and had come down from the hills after some commissariat female elephants, which latter had been sent out as convalescent invalids from the transport lines to recuperate in the district in charge of their mahouts. The old libertine, so it was reported, was endangering life and property. A deputation of *thoogyes* (head-men) had brought in the *khubr* to petition the forest officer to rid them of the monster. And it was his intention to do so as soon as his better half would allow him to run the risks of the encounter.

I had heard this drowsily without particular interest until a sudden inspiration woke me. Here, it whispered, is your chance! Act secretly, swiftly, and glory and the seven-foot tusks are yours. It was then, as our most popular novelists say, but the work of a moment to leave the mess and fly with plans matured to the neighbouring bungalow of a friend, who would, I knew, need no persuasion to accompany me. We both at once forgot heat and the late hour in our hurry to get off. Two days' leave was obtained verbally from our sporting Acting C.O., and we then drove off full gallop to the forest wallah's quarters. Here we found an easier task than we expected. We broached the subject at once, and speaking loudly (so that the memsahib should hear) of the horrors of the charge of a rogue and the insidious malaria of the jungle, asked modestly if he would mind us having the first refusal of the shoot—if so be, that was to say, that duty, health, or anything unforeseen should prevent him from going? Then, oh, blessed heart of woman! broke in on our diplomacy the wifely call of 'George! George, dear!' We almost danced as dear

George went obediently behind the purdah to get his instructions. It was all for the best we knew, and when our friend returned to say that his rifle was out of order, and with one thing and another he would waive his prior claim, we hardly waited to find an appropriate 'exit gag.'

Back at our bungalows we found the butlers had packed tinned foods and change of clothing ready for their masters to start at midnight for the jungle. My own servant promptly developed fever, but my friend's boy was staunch and climbed up beside the driver. We started off in the shakey old ticca gharry. Ticca gharry is Hindostani for hired cab, and hired cab in Mandalay means decrepitude on four wheels. *Apropos* of these 'contrapsions,' I remember an amusing incident. A genial Indian marine was to dine with us one night, and had to come about three miles from the shore in a ticca gharry. He arrived at the mess more dead than alive. Shortly after leaving his bungalow, it appeared, the bottom of the wretched cab had fallen completely out, and the sportsman was dropped on his feet on the ground. To his frenzied appeals to stop, the driver only replied by whipping up the faster, and his miserable fare had to run the whole distance inside for bare life. He was in patent leather boots, and the thermometer registered 110 degrees, although it was eight in the evening. And, I may add, the Mandalay city roads are—well—not good.

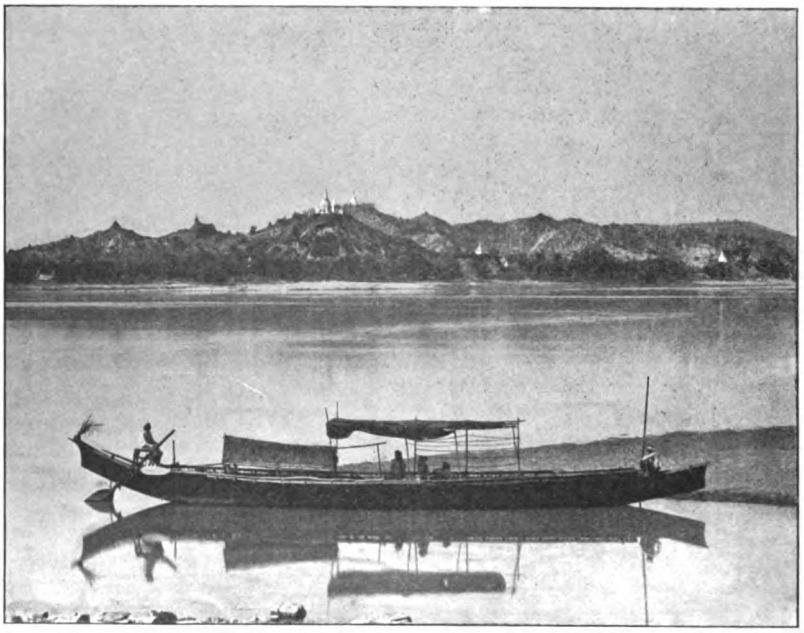
But to return to my tale. We reached our destination—the village at the head of the Muddya Canal—after a three-mile drive, at about one o'clock. The population was roused, and after much objurgation and haggling we hired a couple of dug-outs and their crews to take us to the elephants' trysting-place twelve miles distant. The canal dug-outs are very long, narrow canoes, and are punted along by a couple of grunting pole men at the bow. The centre is, as the name implies, roughly hollowed out, and is covered by a bamboo mat awning. We were not long in transferring our kit from the gharry, and made ourselves comfortable in the leading canoe with rugs and pillows. Sleep seemed far away, so we commenced by argument to prepare ourselves for shooting a beast that neither of us had ever seen a specimen of except in a zoo. We could both have drawn blindfold the pretty diagram that the sporting books give of the elephant's oval brain-pan deep behind the immense frontal bone of the skull. That, however, was our limit of knowledge, and our weapons were hardly up to the same standard. They were a couple of Lee-Metfords, out of our

company stores, with about ten apiece of the ordinary musketry rounds. My friend had one Dum-Dum bullet, in which we placed immense confidence as a last resource. Still, as we agreed, if the rogue would but stand for a few moments in the correct position we might undoubtedly hit him in his vulnerable spot. And then a ·303 would, perhaps, be as good as any other. So, *Vogue la galère!*

We reached our destination, a lovely village embowered in deep foliage and feathery bamboos, in the cool dawn. After a short delay the headman with a party of villagers came salaaming to welcome their deliverers. From our manner we had done nothing else in our lives but rid distressed rustics from devastating monsters. There seemed to be a slight feeling of distrust when they saw the size of our ·303 bullets. The *thoogye* had hoped, I believe, for artillery. Presently through the paddy fields came several commissariat mahouts riding a couple of female pad elephants. We were informed that our prey during the day frequented a dense and impenetrable (to all but elephants) wilderness of swamp and Tsine grass. In the early morning and evening he came out into the cultivation around the village to keep company with his lady friends, and incidentally to wreak havoc in the fields. He also, it appeared, kept the native population up trees by his unpleasant habit of charging at sight.

Now, however, that the two great English lords from Mandalay had come, all would be well (ahem!). Two lady elephants had eloped with the tusker, who probably had only just retreated into his fastness. The mahouts suggested that we should at once follow his tracks, mounted on the two transport animals they had brought for us, and this seemed the thing to do; so by about seven o'clock we were well under weigh—a nautical expression seems best to suit the swaying motion of our novel mounts. We could easily follow the broad tracks of the monster through trees and broken scrub jungle till it led us to the edge of the Tsine grass. This is so called because it is the haunt of the Tsine, the bison of Burma. The reeds were dense enough to shut out the level rays of the early sun, and so high that when I stood on my pad (and I am over six feet) it was still over my head. The path was plain and we proceeded to follow. After a time the track led us to water, in which we were soon splashing deep. So deep was it in places that the elephants needed much goading to urge them on, and it meant sitting cross-legged on the pad to keep one's feet dry.

Hour after hour passed in the pursuit. At last, about eleven we heard plainly something crashing ahead, and the excited mahouts drove their *ankus* (goads) hard into the heads of our mounts to keep up with the enemy. As we thrashed along, with the stout canes beating back into our faces, a species of black ant, whose mud homes were fixed to the feathery plumes of grass, were shaken in hundreds down our devoted necks. I am no entomologist, but the variety of ant may perhaps be



PAGODAS ON EVERY SUMMIT, 'NATURE'S BEAUTY SPOTS'
LARGE 'DUG-OUT' IN FOREGROUND

recognised by scientists when I say that its chief characteristics are strength of jaw and a determination to die game. Presently the noise ahead died away, but this was no proof that the flight had also ceased. The elephant can sometimes move in an incredibly silent manner. We were expecting a broadside charge through the dense grass, and peered hopelessly with itching trigger-fingers to right and left. My elephant was leading, and in desperation I dug my knees into the ropes of the pad and knelt upright. Then I could occasionally distinguish a dark moving bulk some fifty yards to the right front. This stern chase was becoming monotonous. As steadily as I could

I brought my rifle up and aimed at the practically invisible enemy. As I fired I heard from behind a frantic shout; 'For Heaven's sake look out! Don't hit a transport elephant! They're two thousand each!' As this was a contingency that had never entered my head I scoffed at the suggestion, but it certainly introduced an unpleasant element into the sport. To think of paying two thousand rupees was impossible enough. Suppose one of us were actually to kill one of the tame females with the rogue by accident. How could we face the ridicule on returning? It would be a never-forgotten jest. And yet we could not give up our hope of the tusks. We held a hurried council of war and agreed that these would be our signal: the females were tuskless and small, so we would only fire when the ivories should become visible. Then we would use magazine fire and pour in a hail of lead. Volleys with fixed sights must bring him down, and afterwards we would toss for choice of the tusks. This being settled the chase was resumed. My random shot had hit something—what, we never discovered—for once or twice splashes of blood were visible staining the water and grass. This, as on and on we went, was now so thick that the sun barely troubled us. Every now and then we came to open glades of water covered with lotos lilies, and innumerable and annoyed water-fowl deafened us with their expostulations. At long last, towards evening, the path began to turn towards the village, our starting-point. Almost despairing now, we did not fear to make a noise, and shot a couple of duck for supper in one of the *jheels* (pools) we passed.

As we left the swamps and were coming out on to *terra firma*, a Burman, who was on foot in front of my elephant, suddenly signalled us to halt; and with good reason, for he had found unmistakable sign of either the rogue himself or the stray commissariat elephants. The sign was fresh, only a matter of minutes. This unexpected return of possibilities renewed our flagging spirits, and, by promising unlimited bakshish to the mahouts, we induced them to begin a fresh beat. They refused, however, in the gathering dusk to try again the denser jungle, so we proceeded to skirt the rather clearer waste towards an old pagoda ruin. The full moon was rising and her silvery light becoming momentarily clearer. There were now three on each elephant, the driver sitting astride the great neck and a native behind each of us on the pad. My beast was moving a little to the left front of the

other. Suddenly I received a nudge from the native behind me, and, looking in the direction of his shaking finger, I saw, some hundred yards off, through some scattered reeds, two huge unmistakable black shapes. My heart gave one jump and then, I fancy, stopped beating. In the moonlight the vast bulk of one shape compared with the other, needed not the visible gleam of tusks as additional proof that this was indeed the rogue. At the same instant my friend, a little behind, caught sight of him, and both our elephants were halted by their mahouts. This interfering with the lord of the jungle was not quite to their taste, and, threaten as we might, they refused to move their elephants any nearer. Being deadly afraid that we might lose our tusks after all, I staggered up, standing on my pad, and with a hurried snap shot at the tail end of the monster, sent him a leaden message to come and have it out. With a scream of rage and astonishment he wheeled and accepted the challenge. Never had I imagined that an elephant could move so fast. Like a racer he came with trunk curled up and those great tusks underneath aiming straight for my unhappy beast. I dropped, like a flash, sitting on my pad and waited the charge. Overboard, with yells of fear, went the mahout and the other Burman into the mud, but my pad elephant stood petrified with fear. Just as he loomed above us, like a battleship through a fog, not twenty-five yards away, I opened magazine fire, as hard as my fingers could pull bolt and trigger, into his head. He took four bullets without a sign, but at the fifth, just as I began to wish I had gone into the Church, he came down with a crash on his knees, almost touching my side with his trunk. This woke my mount from her trance, and, trumpeting once, she bolted for home, and I followed the two natives off her back into the mud. As the tusker knelt for perhaps a whole minute my friend got his chance and put three bullets into the ear, or thereabouts, which brought the brute up on his legs again. Round he dashed at his new foe, but another facer altered his mind, and swerving, he passed at racing speed but a few yards in front of S——'s elephant. Mad with disappointment, we both fired wildly at his vanishing bulk, but to no visible effect. We heard crashing far in the reeds and he was gone!

I hope never more to feel quite as miserable as in the next few hours. It was useless to think of following up again that night, so we bivouacked between the village and the swamp, and passed a wretched night devoured by chagrin and mosquitoes.

Crabs wandered over us, and malarial germs, as we have learnt to our cost, took a firm hold on our constitutions. S——, too, had his face badly marked by some venomous spider that passed over him. Twice did the natives wake us with an alarm that the rogue was returning for vengeance, and, their nerves being badly shaken, they spent most of the night on a ruined pagoda near by. With early dawn we were up, but were misled all day on a false trail, and the next evening saw our leave up just as we had hit off again the blood-stained spoor. Poor beast! he had passed a worse night than we had, with about eight bullets in his head. We started back to Mandalay to obtain a few days more leave, and some more ammunition, but, as luck would have it, the day we returned to the fort was the occasion of the dacoity of '97, and all shooting leave was stopped ; stopped that is, for just long enough for it to be hopeless to think of obtaining our trophies. The tusks were, I heard indirectly afterwards, sold by the headman of the very village by which we had shot the rogue. The latter had lingered only a few days, and was tracked down and cut up by the rejoicing Burmese. I could not even get the skull to see where the bullets had struck. But undoubtedly our fault lay in shooting at the head from the high level of another elephant, as thus all the shots struck the frontal bone and not the channel of flesh to the brain, which a shot from the ground might have penetrated. It was easy to argue it all out afterwards, but both S—— and I have always bitterly regretted those three-foot —what am I saying?—those ten-foot tusks.

THAMES SALMON

BY ARTHUR HAWLEY

FROM earliest times the rivers of Britain have had a reputation for being well stocked with salmon. The Venerable Bede, who for this information draws upon Pliny and other Roman writers, in describing the natural resources of Britain says, 'It is remarkable for rivers abounding in fish and plentiful springs. It has the greatest plenty of salmon and eels.'

Although some would have it otherwise, the evidence of old chronicles, statutes, and records is all in favour of the contention that the Thames salmon fishery was for several centuries one of considerable importance. One of the first references to Thames salmon which we possess occurs in the story told by Sulcardus, a monk of Westminster (1076–1082), of the miraculous consecration of St. Peter's, Westminster, by the apostle himself. As a reward to the fisherman who ferried him across the swollen waters of the Thames on that stormy night when he is said to have visited Thorn Ey and consecrated with his own apostolic hands the newly-built church, that was to have been dedicated to him on the morrow by Bishop Mellitus of London, St. Peter granted a miraculous draught of fishes.

Coadjutor tuus ero, novi enim et ego aliquantisper artem piscandi

are the consoling words with which, according to one old chronicle, the apostle ended his exhortation to the bewildered fisherman to let down his nets.

Expansis enim retibus [continues Sulcardus] tantam piscium, quos salmones noncupant, copiam traxit in litore ut vix recia captis possent efficere.

Richard Sporley, another monk of Westminster (*temp.* 1450), in his account of this miraculous haul of salmon, further

informs us that St. Peter promised the fisherman that neither he nor any succeeding to his trade should want this kind of fish, provided that they made an offering of every tenth fish to the Church of Westminster. This same writer records the names of several members of the monastery who declared that they had seen salmon offered upon the altar of the church. One 'Reverend Brother John Wratting, Prior of Westminster, asserted to have seen in his time 24 tenth salmon and more offered at the high altar brought from several villages, and even sometimes he remembers to have seen three in one day'; another brother, Richard Circestre, affirmed that he had seen 'thirty salmon and rather more than fewer.' Sporley also tells us that in 1382 a large fish was presented by four fishermen, whose names he has handed down to posterity. Another early record of Thames salmon appears in the *Textus Roffensis* in a list of contributions to a yearly almsgiving for the soul of one named Gundulf, formerly a Bishop of Rochester. 'This,' writes the author of the famous Ledger Book of Rochester, 'is the almsgiving which Lord Ernulf, the bishop, with the consent and at the request of the monks, appointed to be made every year for the soul of our father Gundulf, the bishop, on his anniversary.'

'The secretary shall give 40 pence, the chamberlain 40 pence, the cellarer 40 pence and a thousand herrings, Hedreham (Hedenham) 4 shillings and two salmon, Frendesberi, Devintuna, Flietes, Wldeham 6 shillings and two salmon; Lambetha (Lambeth) one, and Southwerca (Southwark) one. These twenty shillings the cellarer shall receive, and having therewith bought bread and herrings, he with the almoners shall distribute them to the poor. But the monks shall have the salmon in the refectory.'

The authorship and date of the *Textus Roffensis* is a matter about which there may be some divergence of opinion; but Lord Ernulf, we know, was appointed to the See of Rochester during the reign of Henry II., and after holding that office for eight years, died in 1123 at the ripe old age of eighty-four.

Whenever we find in the history of the past that some particular interest or industry has at any time been protected by charter or statute, it is safe to assume that that particular interest or industry was at the time of its protection considered to be one of some importance. In the year 1197 Richard I. decreed by charter that all 'kydelli' (salmon traps) in the

Thames should be removed. That little attention was paid to the observance of this charter is evident from the fact that one of the promises extracted from King John at Runnymede, on June 15, 1215, was that all 'kydelli' by Thames and Medway should immediately be put down. The words in Magna Carta read as follows:

Omnes kydelli de cetero deponantur penitus de Thamisia et de Medewaye, et per totam Angliam nisi per costeram maris.

It has been the custom of translators to render 'kydelli' in English by the word 'weirs.' There is, however, every reason to believe that these kydelli were 'salmon traps.' In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* (April 1899), Mr. R. B. Marston speaking of 'kydelli,' gives it as his opinion that they were more in the nature of traps, placed probably in the arches of bridges, than what we understand now by the word 'weir.' That a 'weir' and a 'kidel' were not one and the same is evident from the phraseology employed in subsequent statutes, in which the words 'gors,' 'gortz,' and 'weres' are used to designate 'weirs,' whilst 'kydelli' appear in the Norman-French as kidelx, or kideux.

Notwithstanding the provisions of Magna Carta, kydelli continued to exist on the Thames and Medway long after the reign of King John, and to be a source of frequent complaint and danger until the reign of Edward IV.[1]

To the reign of Edward I. we must refer for the first attempt to make provision for a close time for salmon[2] 'It is provided,' reads the Statute of Westminster the Second (1285), 'that the waters of Humber, Ouse, Trent, Done, Arre, Derewent, Nid, Yore, Swale, Tese, and all other waters wherein salmons be taken in the realm shall be in defence for taking salmon from the nativity of our lady unto St. Martin's day.' The Thames, it will be observed, is not mentioned by name in this statute, but this omission was remedied by the lawyers in the reign of Richard II., who re-incorporated these provisions of the Statute of Westminster the Second in an Act of the 13th of Richard II. (1389), and further declared that 'no Fisher or Garth man nor any other of what estate or condicion that he

[1] An Act of Henry IV. tells us that 'by weirs, stakes, and kidels being in the waters of Thames . . . the common passage of ships and boats is disturbed, and much people perished.'

[2] Stowe, however, in his 'History of London,' mentions an Act of William Rufus which provided a close time for salmon.

be' should put in the waters of 'Thames . . . nor any other waters of the realm nets called stalkers, nor any other nets or engines whatsoever by the which the fry or the breed of the salmon, lampreys, or any other fish might in anywise be taken or destroyed.' Fours years later (1393) the justices of the peace of all the counties of England were appointed conservators of the above-mentioned Acts of Edward I. and Richard II. for the preservation of salmon 'in the counties where they be justices'; and the conservancy of these statutes in the waters of the Thames 'from the Bridge of Staines to London, and thence over in the same waters, and in the waters of Medeway' was entrusted to the Mayor of London. Of other fishery statutes which provide for the preservation of salmon and mention the Thames by name, an Act of Elizabeth (1558) informs us that the 'Spawne Frye and young Breede of Eles, Samons, Pykes, and of all other Fishe hathe been muche destroyed . . . insomuch that in dyvers places they feede Swyne and Dogges withe Frye and Spawne of Fishe and otherwise (lamentable and horrible to bee reported) destroye the same.' This Act contains a provision against the taking of salmon 'not being in lengthe syxtene ynches and more,' and names the Mayor of London as the authority to enforce the provisions of the Act in the waters of the Thames within his conservancy. A century and a half later we learn from an Act of Anne (1710) that salmon had become very scarce in the Thames, and a hope is expressed that they may become very plentiful and common in the said (Thames) fishcry as they formerly were.

One instance of a former plentiful supply of salmon in the Thames comes from the churchwardens' book of Wandsworth. Under the year 1580 appears this entry: 'In this somer, the fysshers of Wandsworthe took betwene Monday and Saturday seven score salmons in the same fishings, to the great honour of God.'

There are several interesting records extant of the price paid for Thames salmon. In 1486, 6*s.* 8*d.* was paid for a fresh salmon at the Feast of the Brotherhood of Corpus Christi at Maidstone. That this was a Thames salmon is evident from two other entries in the same account—'Carriage of the salmon from Shene to Gravesend, 6*d.*: one horse and my man to Gravesend, 8*d.*' In 1629 the State Papers contain an account of one Henry Millington in which there is charged for a dish of asparagus 2*s.* 8*d.*, and for a Thames salmon £2 10*s.*

A little more than a century later, in 1749, the price of fresh salmon was lowered from 1*s.* to 6*d.* per pound because 'two of the greatest draughts of salmon were caught in the Thames below Richmond, that have been known some years, one net having 35 large salmon in it and the other 22.' Only five years previously (1744) a large salmon (24 lb.) was taken out of the mud at Brewer's Key near the Custom House. Other writers tell us that in 1795 Thames salmon sold at 5*s.* per lb.; in 1797 the price was 2*s.* per lb., and in the next year it again rose to 5*s.* In 1806 a fish scaling 35 lb. was sold for £9 18*s.*; in 1807 the price was 7*s.* 6*d.* per lb. In 1820 Thames salmon were so scarce that a fish of twenty pounds was sold to the king at a guinea a pound, and in the following year, when a Thames salmon was required for the royal table at the coronation of George IV., not even the offer of thirty shillings a pound could produce a fish. Of the superiority of Thames salmon Isaac Walton, writing in the middle of the seventeenth century, has something to say. 'And next I shall tell,' writes the author of 'The Complete Angler,' 'that it is observed by Gesner and others that there is no better salmon than in England; and that though some of our northern countries have as fat and as large as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.' Isaac Walton also mentions that there were in his time a number of samlets in the Thames about Windsor. 'I have caught,' he says, 'twenty or forty at a standing that will bite as fast and as freely as minnows.' An interesting record, taken by a gentleman who owned a fishery at Cookham, shows that between the years 1794 and 1821, 483 salmon were taken at Boulter's Lock averaging about fifteen pounds a piece. Pennant in 'Some Account of London' (1805) writes: 'The salmon and the shad are fishes of passage; the first appears in the river (Thames) about the middle of February, is in great estimation, and sells at a vast price.'

The last occasion on which a salmon is recorded to have been taken out of the Thames was in June 1833. When, or if ever, a salmon will again be landed on the banks of that river no one can at present venture to foretell. Even if the recent endeavours of the Thames Salmon Association meets with success, many years must elapse before the salmon angler will become a familiar object in the Thames Valley.

THE GARTH HUNT

BY P. HAMPSON

REPORTS have lately been current that it was the intention of the King to take over the fox-hounds which have been so long hunted by the veteran master, Mr. T. C. Garth, and to convert the pack into a Royal Hunt. In spite of numerous statements in the newspapers, we have excellent authority for asserting that this proposed arrangement will not be made. 'Circumstances over which his Majesty has no control' have prevented him from entertaining the idea, and Mr. Garth's hounds will continue to hunt his well-known country and provide sport for his many friends.

The pastime of princes seems to conduce to the longevity of masters, and at the present time there are several gentlemen who have hunted their countries for over forty years. The venerable master of the hunt that bears his name has concluded his forty-ninth season, regularly hunts his four days a week, and contrives to keep well in the first flight with the best and youngest of his followers. Next season will see his jubilee as a master of hounds, an occasion celebrated by very few men. As long ago as 1852 he began to hunt this country, having bought Mr. Wheble's dog pack. The memorable opening meet took place at Haines Hill, the residence of the master, on Monday, November 8, when there was a large field, amongst whom were Sir Charles Russell (brother of the late Sir George Russell, M.P., of Swallowfield Park), Mr. George Vansittart, M.P., Mr. John Leveson Gower, Mr. Standish, Mr. John Simonds, senior, and many other gentlemen and farmers. Agricultural depression had not then exercised its blighting influence on the country, and farmers were able to hunt in those days. Few of the

gallant riders who followed Mr. Garth at the opening meet remain amongst us. My friend and neighbour, Mr. William Cordery, a true sportsman, still follows the hounds in his ubiquitous dog-cart, and knows the country and the ways of foxes so well that he sees quite as much of the sport as most of our riders. Dr. Croft, another good sportsman, who has hunted with Mr. Garth since his earliest meet, is still with us, of whom it may be said that what he does not know about hunting is not knowledge. Many others have gone. Death makes gaps in the serried ranks of horsemen.

Mr. Garth hunts an historic country. His hounds awake the woodland echoes once roused by many a Plantagenet knight or Norman king. For us modern folk it is hard to realise what hunting was in mediæval times. In the woods through which we ride to-day wild boars were hunted with hound and spear. Deer were stalked with bow and arrow, and from ancient days to the Stuart period hawking was the favourite pastime of lords and ladies. Not only was hunting the pastime of princes, but great abbots and ecclesiastics enjoyed the sport. The lordly abbot of Reading kept hounds and a master of the horse, and Archbishop Abbot's last hunting day was spent in our country at Bramshill, when he accidently killed a man and was ever afterwards filled with remorse.

No forest is so famous for its sport as Windsor, nor boasts of such illustrious sportsmen. We can go back to the days of William Twici, who was the royal huntsman of the Conqueror, a mighty hunter, who wrote a treatise on his craft in Norman-French. He mentions the fox as a beast of venery, an inferior object of sport, not to be compared with the boar or the lordly stag, but still worthy of being hunted. We gather from the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. that there was a special officer appointed for the hunting of the fox, as the following extract shows :

> Anno 1299 and 1300. Paid to Wm. de Foxhunte, the King's huntsman of Foxes in divers forests and parks for his own wages and the wages of his two boys to take charge of the dogs . . . . . £9 3s. 0d.
>
> Paid to the same for the keep of twelve dogs belonging to the King, and to the same for expense of a horse to *carry the nets*, &c.

What would our modern masters say to nets!

Mr. Garth's country covers a portion of the three counties of Berks, Hants, and Surrey, and extends from the Loddon on

the north to Odiham on the south, covering large tracts of wild heather land in the Weybridge and Aldershot neighbourhood, and plenty of forest hunting in the Wellington College district. Nimrod wrote slightingly of it: 'It partakes of a sort of Cimmerian darkness in November,' he declared; and proceeds to warn the hunting aristocracy against its clays and sands, bogs and heath, its immense fuel hedges, deep blind ditches and bad foxes. The forest is not very popular, and the heather country is not very safe riding. 'It is these plaguey holes in the heath which throw a horse down,' said our master one day

to the late Mr. John Hargreaves, so long master of the South Berks. But there is plenty of good hunting in Mr. Garth's country, especially in the Binfield and Warfield neighbourhood, when the scent is good and the foxes plentiful.

History is not a favourite subject with Englishmen. 'Let bygones be bygones' too often expresses the attitude of their minds. But some of us like to know something of the heroes of the chase who have lived before our time, and hunted the same fields which we love to ride over now. Before the dawn of the nineteenth century there were no such things as boundaries to hunting countries. The Berkeley pack used to hunt our district, so states the *Sporting Magazine* for 1799. They had kennels at Marlow, whence they hunted the Billingbear

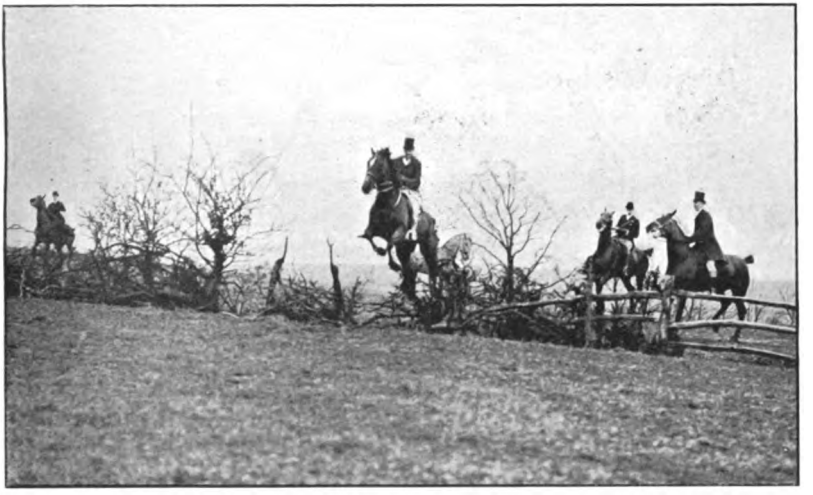
and Binfield country, and also at Gerard's Cross. They visited the Berkshire district one week in each month, and hunted four days in that week. Mr. William John Chute, the originator of the Vyne in 1790, hunted an immense country in North Hants and South Berkshire. Sulhamstead, the residence of Mr. William Thoyts, was a great hunting centre, and its owner a warm supporter of the Vyne. Contemporary with him was Mr. Stephen Poyntz of Midgham House, near Thatcham, Berkshire, who hunted a pack in the country adjoining that of the Vyne. Mr. Austen Leigh, in his 'Recollections of the Early Days of the Vine Hounds,' says that this Mr. Poyntz 'was no respecter of boundaries, but that as water will find its way into every vacant place so his hounds were sure to appear wherever they were not carefully stopped out; but I suspect that this laxity of proceeding was a characteristic of the times rather than of the man.'

Another good sportsman of the old school was the Rev. Henry Ellis St. John, Rector of Finchampstead and owner of the West Court Manor, whose home was the centre of a great hunting country. At this period, Mr. Austen Leigh tells us, 'there were numerous packs of harriers belonging to individual proprietors, and it was not unusual to hunt both hare and fox with the same hounds, sometimes aided by a steady old fox-hound. Mr. St. John, and his friend, Mr. William John Chute, had both done this, and thus laid the foundation of two permanent fox-hunting counties.' In 1810, Mr. St. John purchased the Duke of Bridgewater's pack, and took regularly to fox-hunting in the district west of the Loddon, from Sherfield to Pinge Wood, including Buckhill and Strathfieldsaye. The historian of the Vyne tells us that in the year 1812 he saw Mr. St. John find a fox at Waltham Wood, and after a long run lost him behind Quidhampton. Thirty years afterwards, as he was sitting with Mr. St. John at the Board of Guardians in the old Town Hall at Wokingham, he asked him if he recollected the circumstance. His answer was characteristic: 'Recollect it? Of course I do. Now, do you know, I never could make out to this day where the fox could have gone to!' as if he had been thinking of it ever since.

Mr. St. John hunted the pack till 1816, when he sold his hounds to Sir John Cope, of Bramshill Park, and with them went the hunt servants, Thomas Pocock the huntsman, Joseph Paice the first whip, and John Major second whip. Sir John Cope was younger brother of Sir Denzil Cope, who died in

1812. He was a solicitor in the Temple, in partnership with Mr. Gerard Wharton. It is said that Sir John was examining a deed when he received a letter announcing Sir Denzil's death, and hastily glancing at its contents threw it to his partner, saying, 'Hang the law ; now for fox-hunting.'

Sir John Cope's reign lasted until 1850. At first the mastership was shared with Mr. Blackall Simonds, a member of the well-known firm of Reading brewers. The Simonds family have always been keen sportsmen. Mr. John Simonds, senior, of Newlands, was an ardent supporter of the hunt both in the days of Sir John Cope and Mr. Garth, and his son, Mr. John



Simonds, is the much esteemed secretary of the Garth Hunt at the present time. Sir John hunted a vast tract of country, nearly all that the South Berks and Mr. Garth at present work together. It extended from Windsor to Basingstoke. Three days a week the hunt met, and the pack consisted of about forty couple of hounds, and there were fourteen kennel horses. The country was too large to be hunted properly. The big woods were not sufficiently routed, so that foxes did not fly, but too frequently ran round and round. One of the most daring riders with Sir John was Colonel Blagrave of Calcot, for whom no timber was ever too big. The chroniclers narrate that he jumped a spiked gate near Strathfieldsaye which was nearly seven feet high.

Sir John was a fine specimen of an old county gentleman. He rode hard, but was very short-sighted, and his friends used

to wonder that he did not break his neck. He was rather too partial to big hounds. Mr. Chute, who had the motto *multum in parvo* over his kennel-door, tried hard to dissuade him from breeding hounds as large. 'Nose is everything,' he used to say, 'and you look only to big legs and feet.'

In 1844-5, Sir John gave up a portion of his country to Mr. Mortimer G. Thoyts, of Sulhamstead, who, in a very short time, produced a clever pack of hounds and showed good sport. In 1850, Sir John gave the hounds to Mr. Wheble, of Bulmershe Court, and with them went Robert Tocock, who hunted the country for two seasons. At the same time Mr. George Montague, who had hunted the South Berks for three seasons, also resigned his country (originally part of Sir John's) to Mr. Wheble. This arrangement continued until 1852, when the country was divided, Mr. Garth taking the Hampshire portion, and the southern part of Berkshire east of the Loddon. Robert Tocock migrated to Mr. Garth, and the whips were Thomas Sweetman and Henry Tocock. George Bartlett, from Sir Watkin Wynn, succeeded the latter in 1859.

Thus began the career of the Garth Hunt which for so many years has provided good sport for the master's many friends. The division of the country was not accomplished without many heart-burnings and disputings. One gentleman even went so far as to challenge a member of the rival hunt to a duel, and in consequence of a warrant issued for his arrest had to flee to foreign shores. Mr. Garth by his courtesy and kindness soon won the esteem of all and proved himself an able master. His rule had only lasted three years when his friends entertained him at dinner at Odiham, and presented him with a silver hunting horn, 'suitably inscribed' as the reports say. Many years have flown away since that occasion, but Mr. Garth has always retained the esteem of the members of the hunt, and their regard for him has increased with the flight of time. In 1871, a large-sized equestrian portrait was presented to him. The picture represents the master surrounded by his hounds, and with him appear Sweetman and Charles Brackley, the present huntsman. Sir Charles Russell made the presentation, and regretted that there was not a 'litter at Haines Hill,' in order that such a excellent breed of masters should be perpetuated. Mr. Garth is a bachelor.

Maurice Sweetman's death was tragically sudden. In 1869, the opening meet took place at Greywell Hill. In answer to some one's greeting, the huntsman said that he never felt better

in his life. Almost immediately afterwards he said that he felt bad, and asked to be lifted off his horse. He was carried into the house, and died in a few hours from paralysis of the brain.

The district hunted by Mr. Garth is not an easy one. Its character has changed considerably during the last fifty years. Villas and mansions are gradually absorbing the land in 'residential' neighbourhoods, so that ultimately, I suppose, we shall be a mere suburb of London. Mr. Cordery remembers the time when Aldershot Common was all open, and in the heather district Wellington College and Broadmoor were the

only two houses. On each of these commons you could see the hounds a mile away, and he says that he has hunted all day and only seen one man, who was snipe-shooting. All the country was very open and wild then. In Archbishop Benson's life it is recorded that a cowman was so astonished to see some men surveying the site of Wellington College that he was frightened and took his cows home. The multiplication of villas does not conduce to good hunting. We have also some very strong shooting interests to consider; but hitherto our master's great personal popularity has usually succeeded well in ensuring the preservation of foxes. His hounds do not often draw blank. There are plenty of foxes in the country, strong, wiry, cunning, and skilful animals, who swing over the fields with long, easy strides, and can be depended upon to race well

for their lives and give a good account of themselves. No 'bagmen' find a place in our coverts.

Haines Hill, the home of the master, is an ancient mansion with a noted history. Although the present front is modern, having been built in the last century, the portions which look towards the south and the older parts of the park can claim a very respectable antiquity. In the seventeenth century it was the property of Sir Thomas Windebank, the friend of Archbishop Laud, who frequently stayed here, and calls it the house in the forest. Cromwell and his Parliamentarians confiscated the property, which was acquired by Richard Bigg, a favourite of the Protector's party. We may not linger on the history of the house, but will hasten to the kennels. There you will see a sight pleasing to the eye of a sportsman. There are few better hounds in England than some of those. Look at that splendid picture of a hound, how powerful his back and loins, with his clean, well-sloped shoulders, his mighty length from hip to hock, his straight legs and glistening eyes. He is like that picture of a perfect hound drawn by Somerville—

> On every part
> So well proportioned that the nicer skill
> Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.

Of such as these did our poet Kingsley write when he chanted his lay to the brave North-Easter, and sang:

> Chime ye dappled darlings,
> Through the sleet and snow;
> Who can over-ride you,
> Let the horses go.
>
> Chime ye dappled darlings,
> Down the roaring blast;
> You shall see a fox die
> Ere an hour be past.

Keen and eager are they for the chase. How well they work in the coverts to find a trace of Master Reynard! In the Coombs or Kidgham Copse, how beautiful they look as they thread their way through the dead brown bracken and thick underwood, or when they scour the heather-clad slopes of Finchampstead Ridges!

But the longest run must at length close, and I must take my leave of Mr. Garth's hounds, their venerable master, and those who ride with him. May they have many fine runs in future seasons, and may the Hunt long enjoy the leadership and friendship of such an excellent master as Mr. Garth.

COPYRIGHT 1901, BY A. W. MUMFORD, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN.

BOB WHITE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE CHAOS OF BRIDGE

BY ARCHIBALD DUNN, JUN.

WHEN that eccentric genius, Martin, produced his two masterpieces 'Heaven' and 'Hell,' one might well have supposed that he had accomplished all that was possible in the way of chaotic confusion. But the artist's fanciful brain had in reality fallen far short of the utmost possible. Wild and tangled though his pictures were, they nevertheless contained a suggestion of order rising out of disorder; there was even about them, hidden away somewhere in the medley, the signs of a guiding spirit, the semblance of a controlling power. Had Martin been alive to-day he might realise his ideal. There would be no necessity to resort to imagination. All he would have to do would be to sit down and produce 'A Dream of Bridge,' and the result would be a unique and astounding picture of hopeless muddle.

That Bridge should have got into this state of muddle is all the more surprising, because, though it is still in its infancy, it is nevertheless not an entirely new game. It is an offshoot of whist, which has been with us now for many generations, and which has been discussed and rediscussed until its theory and practice have been reduced to an exactitude almost equal to that of mathematics. I do not, of course, mean to imply that the two games are sufficiently similar to allow of the same rules being applied to both *throughout*, but I do say that they are both governed (or should be) by the same broad principles, and

that, for this reason, there is no excuse whatever for the remarkable divergences of opinion existing in Bridge on almost every point in almost every part of the country.

One can understand arguments over the question of the 'trump declaration' and 'doubling.' These things do not occur in whist. They are a new departure and, being new, must necessarily take time to shake themselves into order. Also, they must necessarily lead to differences of opinion. And rightly so. For only out of this difference of opinion, followed by inevitable discussion, can the truth be eventually evolved.

But this does not apply to such a question as, say, 'discarding.' The theories with regard to this have been thrashed out *ad infinitum*; the rights and wrongs of it have been settled long ago, and the principles underlying it have been accepted by card-players beyond all cavil and dispute. These principles apply with equal force to either game. And yet, if we happen to take a journey through Club-land, we shall find almost as many different customs as there are clubs. This, too, on so stereotyped a question as 'discarding'! Admittedly a strange element is introduced by the *no-trump* declaration, but the guiding principles remain the same, and they are sufficiently clear to make the correct discard perfectly obvious.

If players were disagreed on no other point than this, it would be more than sufficient in itself utterly to ruin the finest possibilities of play. But, unfortunately, the damage does not end here. It extends practically to every branch of the game. To start at the very beginning we find four distinct classes of players—the *American* leader, the *old-fashioned* leader, the *no information* leader, and (that terror of terrors!) the *inspired* leader. The first and second are right enough provided that we have the good luck to discover which is which before they have drawn us on to destruction. The third cannot be reckoned as a *partner* at all; with him the combination game is at an end, and each man plays his thirteen cards for what they are worth. As regards the last—for the sake of the reader—let us be silent!

The very opening of the game, then, starts in muddle, and the muddle becomes more pronounced as the game proceeds. After a trick or two has been played we may be just congratulating ourselves on having recovered from the initial confusion and of having found our 'sea-legs' when—*our partner calls for trumps!* If we were in a mess before, we are now lost beyond

redemption. What does the call for trumps mean? Are we to change the suit? Are we to play a trump or a heart? Or is he only playing a new-fangled version of the plain-suit echo? Who knows? It all depends on *where* you are playing, for all these are recognised conventions but—differing in different parts of the country.

To take another case—the third player doubles 'no trumps.' What is the leader to play? Should he lead a heart or open his shortest suit? Here, again, we find opinions divided, and there is no one to decide which is right and which is wrong.

Examples of this sort might be multiplied endlessly, but to what end? Enough has been said to show that Bridge is sadly in need of a guiding spirit. A reference to the text-books will not help us, for they all disagree! We are reduced to referring a disputed point either to the best player in our own set or to one of the sporting papers. But this is both unsatisfactory and inadequate. In either case, it amounts to nothing more than an individual opinion which, not infrequently, reminds us of the adage that the one-eyed is Monarch in the Kingdom of the Blind.

It is hardly possible that another Cavendish can ever again rise in our midst. The card-players of to-day are so numerous and, taken as a body, so skilful that they would no more accept an autocrat (as did our forefathers) than the larger world around them would bow their necks to another Napoleon. But they would, and very willingly too, welcome a constitutional government. The only difficulty is to find a form of government. The two leading card-playing clubs are undoubtedly the Portland and the Turf, and we must look to them to initiate the movement. When the Portland Club proposed some time ago to alter the rules of whist, there was considerable opposition to their undertaking the work single-handed. But this opposition did not in any way mean that the position of these two well-known clubs was called in question. It only meant that card-players as a whole considered that they should be allowed to have a say in the matter. And it was certainly not unreasonable that they should wish to be represented in just the same way as are cricketers and footballers.

The mention of cricket and football seems to suggest a solution of the difficulty. Both these games have governing bodies, whose composition is cosmopolitan and whose decision is final. Why could not something similar be arranged in the interests of card-players? A committee formed of representa-

tives of leading clubs would be accepted without demur. At their meetings, debated points of play could be discussed; the committee's opinion would be disseminated throughout England, and would most certainly be adopted when *strangers* were playing together. It is in these circumstances that one more particularly depends on conventions. When men are playing together daily they get to know each other's peculiarities, and two or three players, sitting at the same table, may give the same signal, mean totally different things by it, and yet cause no confusion and do no harm. But this, obviously, would not be the case when the players are unacquainted with each other. *Then* they have nothing to rely on but a code of recognised signals, and this is what we might hope to have laid down for us by a governing body. But, if they did nothing else, they could, at any rate, revise the rules, which sadly need revision, and this work alone would be more than sufficient to earn for them the undying gratitude of every genuine lover of Bridge.

BILSDALE HUNT CHARACTERS

BY JOHN F. BLAKEBOROUGH

IN sporting circles in the North of England there are no more familiar names than those of Bobby Dawson, Dick Spink and George Bell. A hunt dinner seldom passes at which some story is not told wherein one or the other of this trio figures, and scarce a hunting song is heard in Bilsdale which does not refer to some experience connected with one of these octogenarians. After a recent run with the Bilsdale I dined with these old characters and wrote down verbatim many of their stories, experiences and songs. Dawson is about eighty-four years of age, and was whip of the hunt for sixty-three years; Bell is turned eighty, and was for thirty-three years huntsman, whilst Spink, who is eighty-one, has for sixty-nine years been in some way or other concerned with the hunt since the day that he helped to feed the hounds. Thus the ages of the old men give a total of two hundred and forty-five years. They are all past-masters of the boot and the spur, and are as thorough sportsmen as ever donned a red coat or mounted a horse. Indeed, it would seem that they had diligently taken to heart Jorrocks' dictum that 'all time's wasted what's not spent in 'untin',' for in their day the hounds met 'as soon as t' was light,' in the words of their old ballads. They belong to a hunt which it is claimed is the oldest—certainly, at any rate, one of the oldest—in the country and which possesses about as rough a field for horse and hounds as one could find in a day's march. They were all

born in the dale, and have never been out of it for more than a day except when one of those long runs, which have distinguished the Bilsdale, necessitated their lying down with the hounds around them and waiting till daylight. The forbears of each were connected with the hunt, but unfortunately they themselves have no descendants to maintain the connection, one which they boast began with the hunt itself. Dawson has never married ; he has always attended to his own wants, cut his own turf and peat, and made his own bed, and he attributes his longevity to this fact and to the exercise he received whilst hunting. Their very appearances and dwellings savour of the sport.

Though their days of hunting are o'er—and they daily regret the fact—they are still of some use to the inhabitants of this beautiful dale, for at almost every meet they are present to answer numerous questions as to which covert should be drawn, &c., and combined with the answer they often relate some interesting occurrence that happened years ago. They have ideas of their own about hunting, but have failed to make them popular amongst the present generation of hunters in the dale. They are, as indicated, great believers in seeking 'Renny,' as they call him, early, as the first verse of one of their songs makes obvious :

One morning last winter,
  As soon as 'twas light,
The sportsmen drew up,
  And it was a grand sight;
It happened to be a very fine morn
  When we called up the hounds
By the sound of the horn.

The Bilsdale hounds, being trencher fed, literally are so called up, and it is said that never, during the hunt's most adverse periods, has the dale been without a hound or two, though there was a time when Bobby Dawson had the only one. This hunt is not a little noted for its long runs. They do not care for short hunts but love to find a fox that will run for two or three hours. I have Bobby Dawson's diary which contains an account of the place of every meet for years, and though occasionally the words 'blank day,' appear they are by no means frequent. These interesting records show that the runs have extended considerably over five and six hours on many occasions and not infrequently ended at Northallerton, Stockton and Thirsk, and once or twice I am told at York. They are types

of those keen old sportsmen, unfortunately now becoming extremely scarce, who if they were told of a fox at midnight would speedily be off after it. On one of these unique hunts :

Up spoke Bobby Dawson,
'It is the best plan
To send for some candles
As quick as you can :
Our hounds they will kill him ;
Now do as I've said,
And then we shall get both his brush and his head.'

The exigencies of tyrannical rhyme necessitate the use of 'head' for 'mask' it will be seen.

The hounds at an early period hunted hare one day and the next fox, and it was on one of the former occasions that they came into contact with that much befeared personage Peg Humphrey, the Bilsdale witch, who was wont, as the natives implicitly believed, to take the form of a hare, when she was tired of casting spells upon other persons which turned them into crows, cats and hobgoblins. On one of her 'hare days,' as Bobby—who with Bell firmly believes in these stories—defined them, it was the lot of the Bilsdale hounds to get on her scent and put her up. She led them a dance which will never be forgotten in Bilsdale or the surrounding country, for she gained more than local fame, and her name is still breathed in a voice akin to a whisper. It was once when the trio, accompanied by Isaac Johnson on his 'black gallawer,' went out on foot to hunt the hare with his dogs. A large hare was started at Rowper Sands, and for four hours did men and hounds pursue. From the very first the hare made straight for Peg Humphrey's house, and it was suggested that it must be bewitched when it sped along in the direction of so dangerous a quarter. It reached Peg's yard and ran through the 'bow' hole into the barn. On any other occasion the hunters would have feared to follow, but they reached the barn door and found it secured from the outside. They opened it and there 'amang some straw, panting and sairly out of breath,' as Bobby described her plight, lay Peg. 'Oh!' she said, 'I've been fothering and the wind's blown the door to. Come and have a glass of yal,' she continued, and on complying with the request, she said to Bobby, who was then a youngster, 'I wouldn't hot tha, thous sum yan's lad.' To old Isaac she said nothing, but she charmed his ale, for immediately after he left the house he complained of feeling ill, and though Dr. Ness was called from Hemsley, he

could do nothing, nor ascertain from what he suffered. The dales-folk knew and expressed no surprise, for a witch cannot suffer such an indignity as to be hunted for four hours without some revenge. The ailing man too knew he was paying for the hunt, and frequently expressed the belief that he had been cursed by Peg. He died very shortly afterwards, and Bobby, who told the tale, wondered that he himself had not also suffered.

I suggested that the decaying of his right arm was perhaps the result of a curse or spell by Peg. It was Bobby's lot in a few years once again to run Peg, and he is not a little proud that he was one of those who cured her, for after this second hunt she was never again known to assume a supernatural shape. On the second occasion she did not fare so well as before. Bobby took four hounds, named Minister, Towler, Gamester and Lady, these having all gained a name for their general excellency. And, said Bobby, to me: 'They were t' best hoonds Ah ivver seed, nowt cud escape 'em, Ah've killed ez monny ez sixteen hares a day wi' 'em, and tha mud 'a'e been summat when tha' c'u'd catch t'aud wain' (witch).

The story is as follows, though I will not give it in dialect: 'We had had a good day and had killed several hares. We were just thinking about returning to sup on a pie which was to contain some of the leverets we had sent on, when up started a beauty, the largest we all agreed that we had ever seen. The hounds were away in a minute and we followed. Nothing barred the way. Over field and heather we ran and we noticed that the hare was about at her last gasp. The hounds were only their length behind her for half a mile along the moor and we could hear their teeth as they snatched at her hind-quarters. We came near Peg's house and we began to feel suspicious. Some of the followers dropped off and said: 'Remember Isaac!' Others of us went on, and at the gate entering Peg's field where her house stood was Stephen Ainsley, the noted dale musician. He could have knocked her down with a stick he had in his hand, but didn't. The hare tore on and we saw her disappear through the broad side of Peg's house. Before she passed the gate, however, old Lady snatched at her and pulled away some fluff and flesh from her hind-quarters. We entered the house and Peg was rising up from amongst some straw. Young Tom Johnson lifted his stick and said he would fell her for her tricks, but George Bell asked him if he wanted to commit murder and bring to pass a hanging bout? Eventually the old dame was left unmolested,

but had to visit Hemsley that evening to have the wound caused by Lady attended to, and it is said she was lame ever after and never gave the hounds another bootless run.'

The hare-hunting, however, never gained so much popularity as fox-hunting, so it was eventually abandoned and the hounds ran 'Renny' alone.

A good story is told by Bobby Dawson against himself. He went to Richmond on one occasion to see the Zetland hounds. Having some time to spare he was gazing into a beck which contained a large number of trout. A gentleman came up to him and asked him if he would like a fish. Bobby said he 'could do wi' yan varra weel.' The stranger offered to catch him one, and Bobby prevented him by forcibly pushing him back. 'Thoo'd better nut mell (meddle) wi' 'em at all. It's nut thy beck an' tho'll git baith me an' thisel into trouble if t' Markis cums alang.' Bobby thought that the gentleman seemed indifferent, and it was not until he had been shown round the stables and told to go and get some lunch at the hall that he found whom he had been conversing with—it was the Marquis himself.

One amusing story he tells is of a run in 1870. They had had a long hunt, and had reached Rudscar, in Rosedale. The fox was exhausted and fell, apparently dead, into a hole; a man named Metcalfe sprang from his horse and cut off the brush, which was no sooner in his hand than the fox flew down the hill with hounds after in full cry. Those present, said Bobby, 'were capped, nay tha wur mair an' capped tha wur fair mazzled.' Renny was eventually killed at the White Mare of Whitestonecliffe on the Hambletonian Hills.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE AUGUST COMPETITION

The First Prize in the August competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mrs. Walter Dugdale, Wellington, Shropshire; Mr. W. R. Prior, Muswell Hill; Mr. A. Barton Kent, Maidenhead; Mr. Vaughan T. Paul, Penzance; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. Richards, H.M.S. *Britannia*, Dartmouth; Mr. John Day, Leicester; Captain William Savile, St. James' Place; Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford; and Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

SOCIETY OF SHROPSHIRE BOWMEN MEETING AT ACTON BURNELL PARK, SHREWSBURY, JULY 19, 1901, BY INVITATION OF SIR WALTER AND LADY SMYTHE, THE PRESIDENT AND LADY PARAMOUNT FOR THE YEAR

Photograph taken by Mrs. Walter Dugdale, Meeson Hall, Wellington, Shropshire

ALEXANDRA PARK MEETING, AUGUST 3, 1901.
MR. R. B. BENTLEY'S 'SPRING MEETING' WINNING HARRINGAY SELLING PLATE

Photograph taken by Mr. W. R. Prior, Muswell Hill

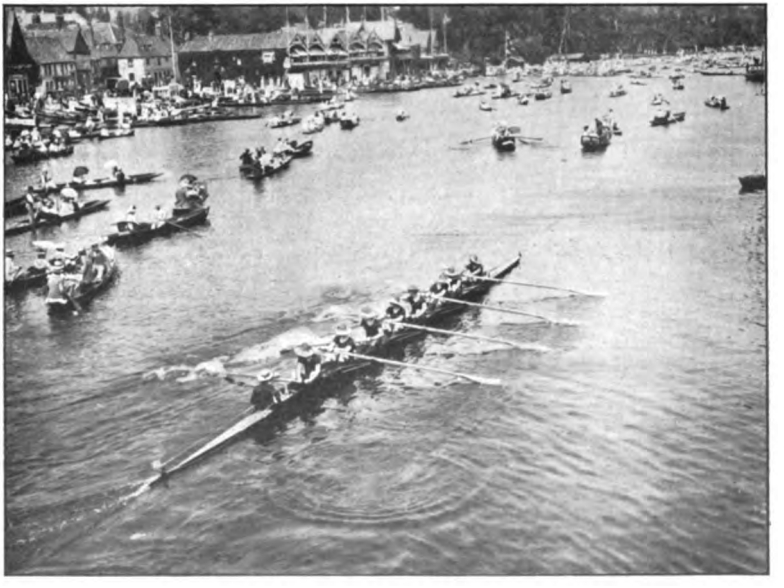
BACK SOMERSAULT FROM HIGH DIVE AT TONBRIDGE SCHOOL SWIMMING BATH

Photograph taken by Mr. A. Barton Kent, Maidenhead

HENLEY 1901. LEANDER WINNING GRAND CHALLENGE CUP

Photograph taken by Mr. W. K. Prior, Muswell Hill

MEET OF THE WESTERN FOXHOUNDS AT BURYAS BRIDGE, NEAR PENZANCE
T. R. BOLITHO, ESQ., MASTER. MAJOR W. E. T. BOLITHO, HUNTSMAN
Photograph taken by Mr. Vaughan T. Paul, Penzance



HENLEY 1901. THE PENNSYLVANIANS GOING TO THE START FOR THE FINAL HEAT, GRAND CHALLENGE CUP
Photograph taken by Mr. F. G. Calcott, Teddington

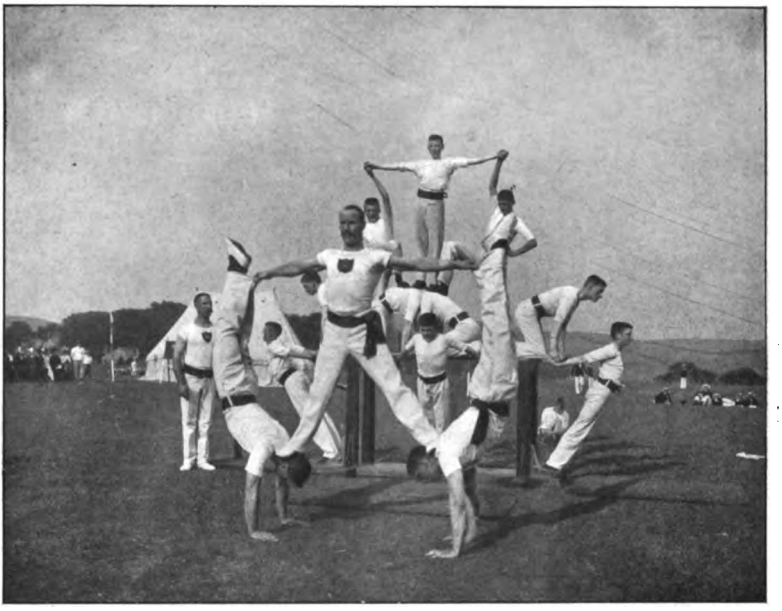
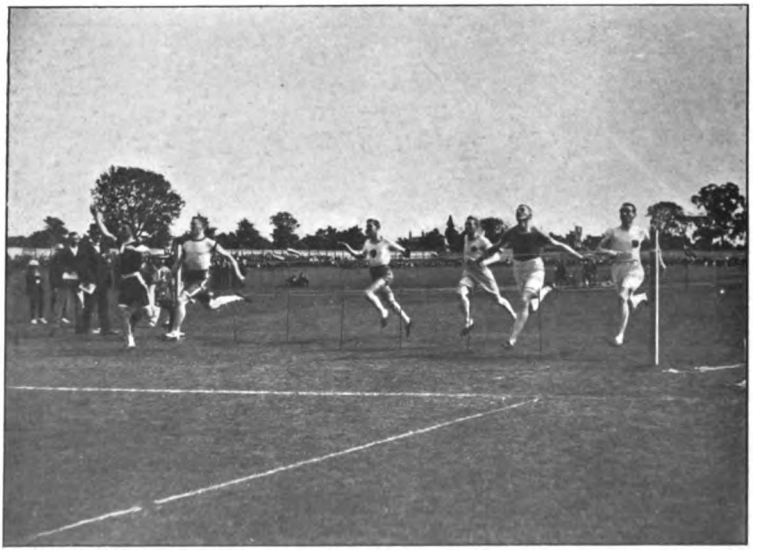


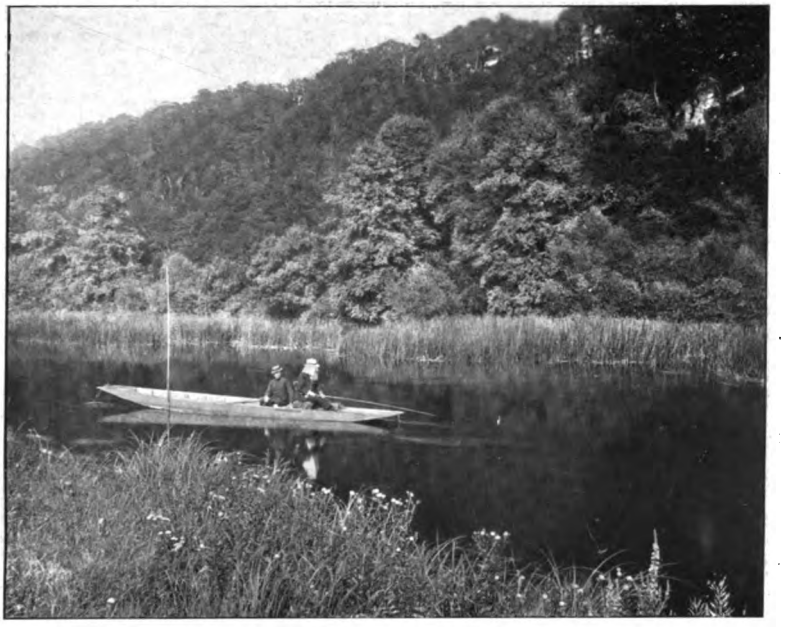
TABLEAU ON PARALLEL BARS BY GYMNASTIC STAFF AND CADETS, H.M.S. 'BRITANNIA

Photograph taken by Mr. Richards. H.M.S. 'Britannia,' Dartmouth



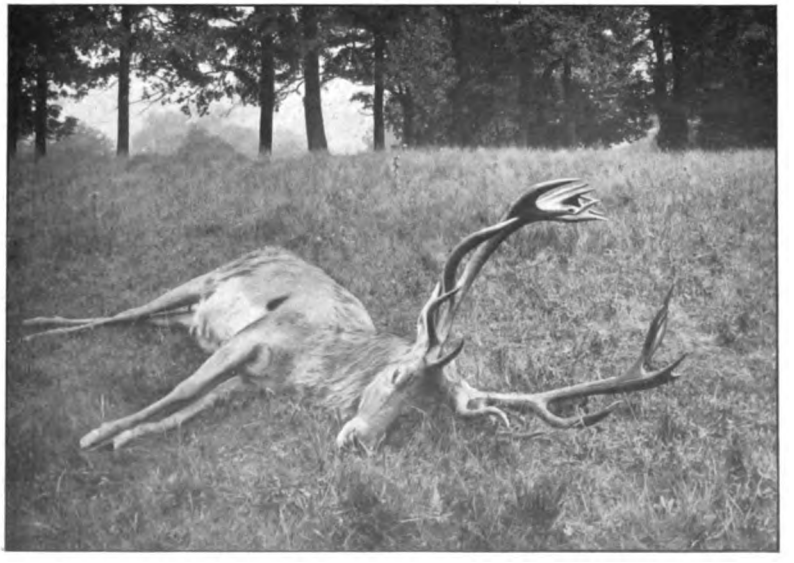
FINISH OF THE 120 YARDS RACE, INFIRMARY SPORTS, LEICESTER

Photograph taken by Mr. John Day, Leicester



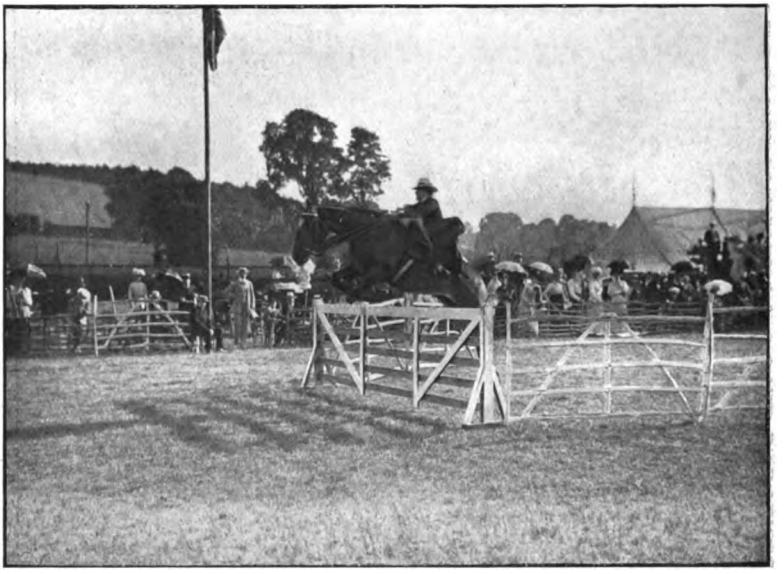
FISHING ON THE THAMES BELOW CLIVEDEN

Photograph taken by Captain William Savile, St. James' Place, S. W.



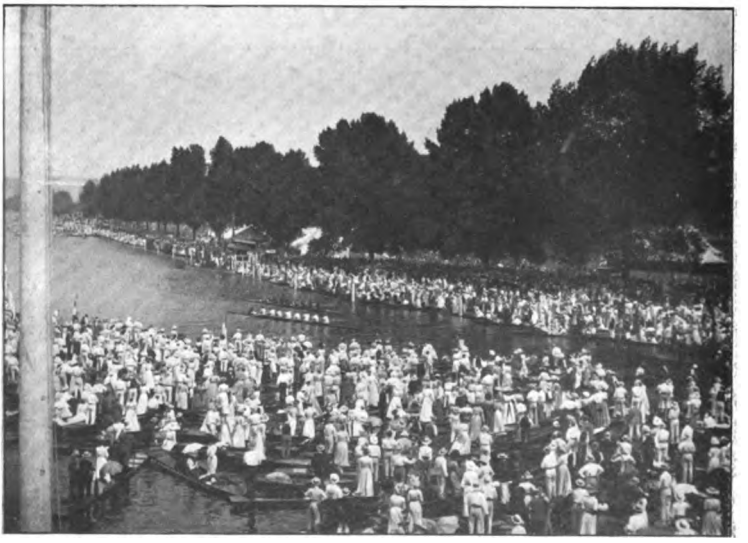
A TWENTY POINTER

Photograph taken by Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford



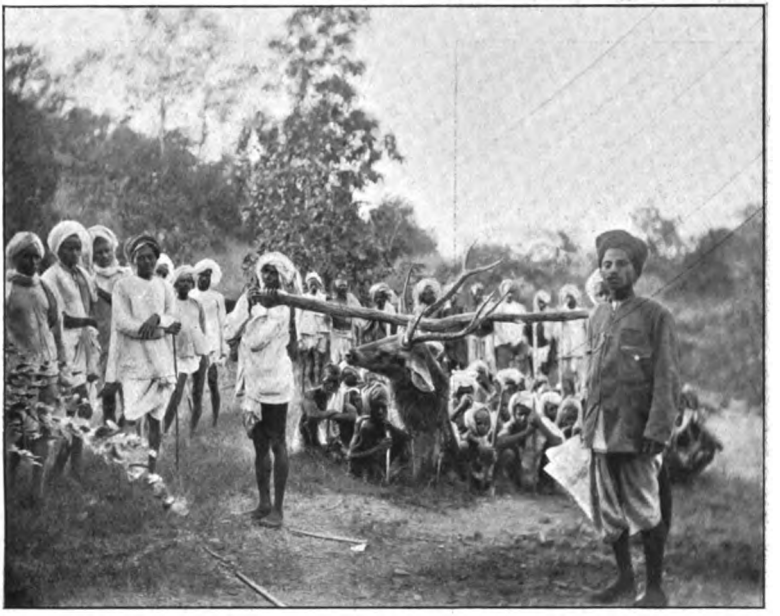
BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS' HORSE GYMKHANA, JULY 18, 1901
MRS. BALDWIN WINNING THE JUMPING COMPETITION

Photograph taken by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



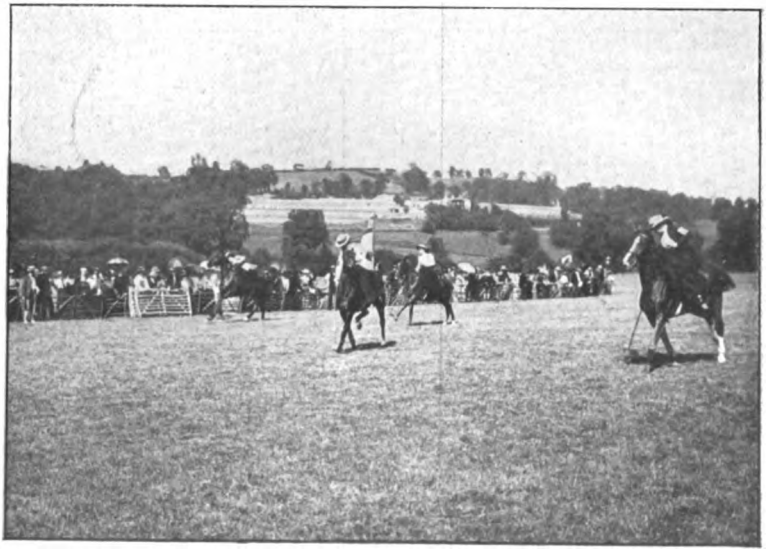
HENLEY 1901. JUST AFTER THE FINISH OF THE FINAL HEAT FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP

Photograph taken by Mr. A. L. Wrenford, Folkestone



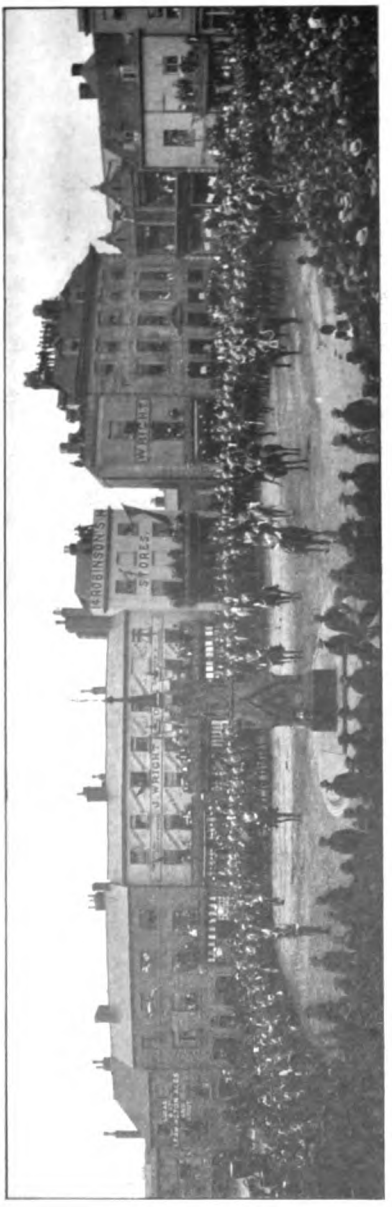
BEATERS WITH HEAD OF SAMBUR STAG, SHOT JANUARY 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. E. Brook Fox, Bankipur, Bengal

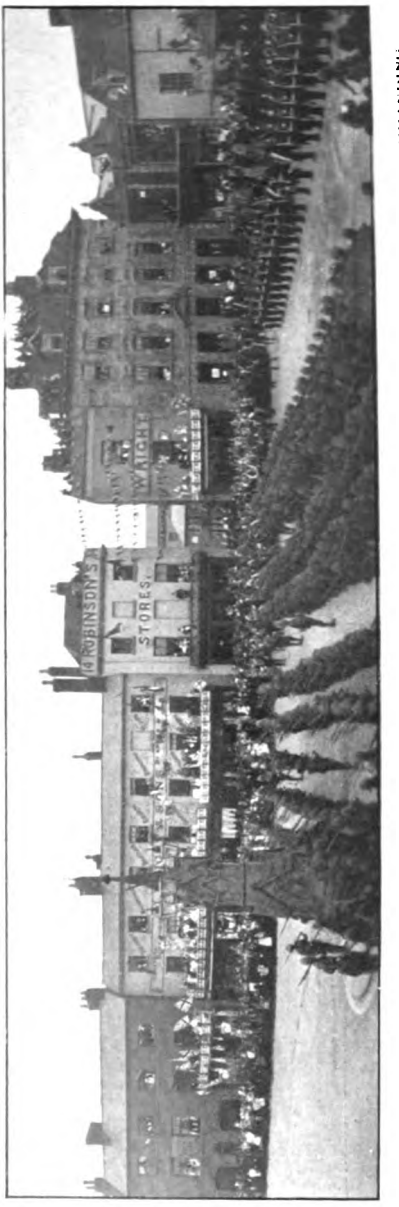


BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS' HORSE GYMKHANA, JULY 18, 1901
TENT PEGGING (LADIES)

Photograph taken by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath

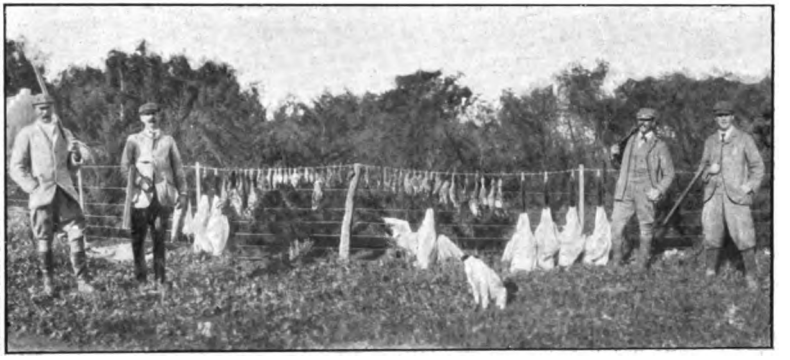


RECEPTION OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY AT WARWICK. COLONEL THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD COMMANDING



RECEPTION OF THE 4TH BATT. ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT (MILITIA). COLONEL H. L. B. McCALMONT COMMANDING

The above Photographs were taken by the Marchioness of Hertford, Eaton Square, S.W.



A DAY'S SPORT IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC ON A RANCH KNOWN AS LOS INGLESES, SAN AGUSTIN, BUENOS AIRES

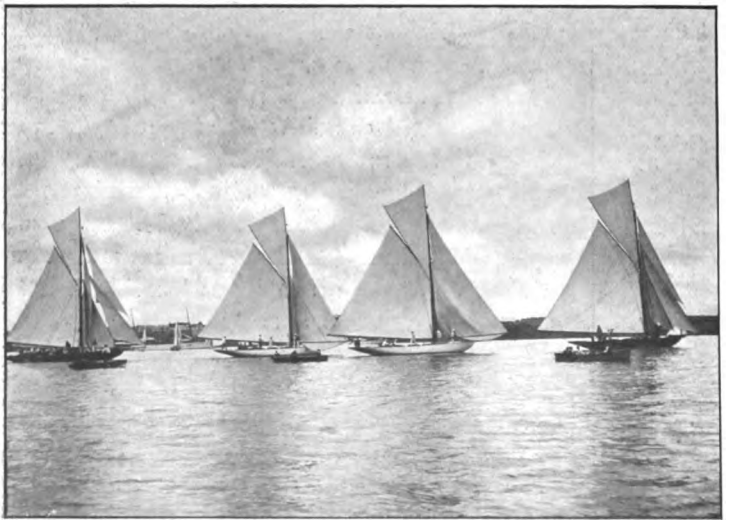
Photograph taken by Mr. R. A. Stopford, Caroline St., S.W.

'LUGING' AT CHATEAU D'AIX, SWITZERLAND

Photograph taken by Miss Lloyd, Torquay

VARDON DRIVING TO 12TH HOLE ON THE PRESTWICK GOLF LINKS DURING THE FOURSOME IN WHICH VARDON AND TAYLOR WERE BEATEN BY 1 HOLE BY BRAID AND HUNTER, AUGUST 21, 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. M. V. Hamilton Campbell, Westertoun, Ayr



START OF THE CLYDE 20-TON CLASS AT THE ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB, BANGOR, CO. DOWN, JULY 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. G. L. de la Cherois, Donaghadee, co. Down

BADGER ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD

Photograph taken by Sir Henry Hoare, Stourhead, Bath

LANDING AN 11 LB. PIKE

Photograph taken by Mr. Algernon C. Payton, Warwick

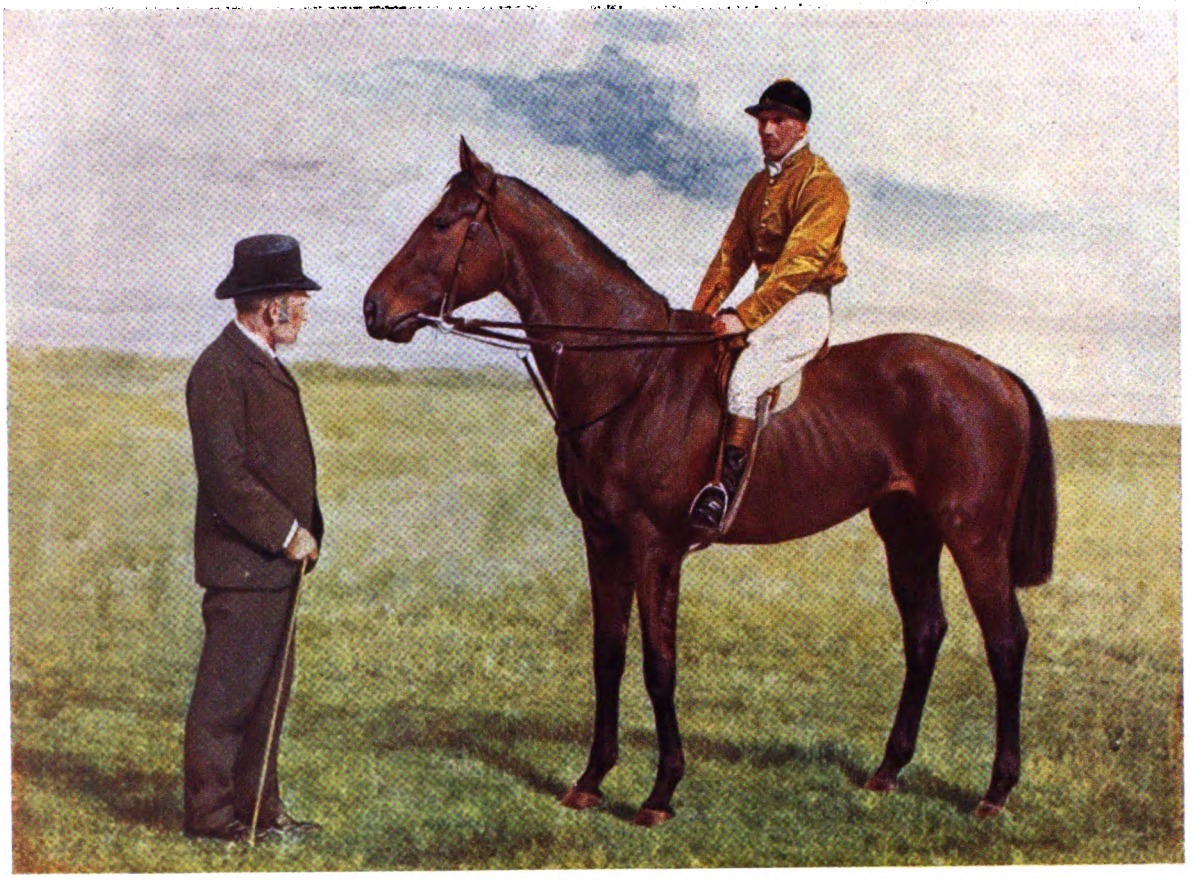
THE COLOURED PICTURES

FLYING FOX is memorable in turf history for having won no less a sum than £40,096 in two seasons. The son of Orme and Vampire stands third on the list of great winners, Isinglass with over £57,000 to his credit, and Donovan with two thousand less only preceding him. Flying Fox, moreover, is remarkable for making the largest sum ever given for a horse, having been knocked down at the Kingsclere sale to M. Edmond Blanc for 37,500 guineas. As a three-year-old he ran six times and won all six races easily ; as a two-year-old he failed twice, once in the attempt to give 5 lb. to St. Gris, who beat him a head, and again in the Middle Park Plate, when he was said to be suffering from sore shins, and giving 3 lb., was beaten a length and a half by Caiman.

The bird this month is Bob White (*Colinus virginianus*). 'Endless confusion,' it is said, 'has arisen through the incorrect local names given to the Bob White, which in New England is called quail wherever the ruffed grouse is called partridge, and called partridge in the middle and southern States wherever the ruffed grouse is called pheasant.' It is known as Bob White because it so describes itself ; at least, its cry is supposed to resemble that name, though the New Englanders translate the whistle into '*No more wet, more wet!*' and the western farmers into '*Sow more wheat, more wheat!*' The male is a bold little bird, fights hard for his wife, and cheerfully answers the ploughboy's whistle while he is at his work, but the females are very shy. Farmers are said to bless them for the number of weed-seeds and insects they destroy. The Bob White is described as 'the national game bird' of the United States, and is a particularly interesting little creature.

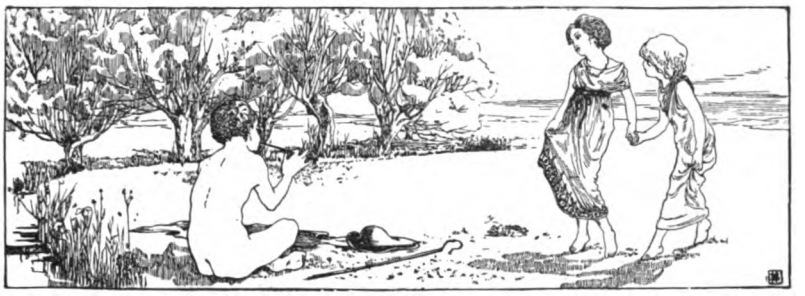
'On the Alert' requires no description.

'The Lion Hunt' is a reproduction of a picture in the Wallace Collection, by Horace Vernet, whose career, according to the interesting guide-book, was one of 'extraordinary brilliancy and material success, both artistically and socially.' After having executed commissions for Louis Philippe, and proceeded by invitation of the Czar to Russia, he returned to France, and in 1837 was sent officially to Algiers. As a result of his visit he painted several pictures of which 'The Lion Hunt' is an example.



FLYING FOX.

UNIV. OF MICH.



NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

WHETHER £50,000 was ever actually offered for Sceptre, Duke of Westminster and Lavengro I do not know and have not made any endeavour to ascertain. But I do know that a man who could easily have spared the money—who at any rate would not have been in the least inconvenienced by expending it—seriously contemplated making the offer, and was advised by friends who had long and intimate experience of racing that the purchase would have been judicious. The three were supposed to stand out by themselves—supposition arises so easily! No doubt a fierce light beats upon the Turf, and much is ascertained as to the capacity of horses in training; but ill-founded gossip is frequently disseminated as 'news,' and the wrong end of the stick is grasped with wonderful eagerness and energy. The little racing world was exceedingly anxious to find out which was the best of the three—a natural desire—and so some enterprising scribe (who knew nothing whatever about it) declared that Lavengro was. The 'information' was eagerly accepted and repeated, and the person who owns him made a preposterous attempt to secure his reinstatement in the Derby of next year, from which he had been struck out. This, I take it, was with a shrewd idea of selling Lavengro; at least some one who really knows the animal's capacity said to me, in speaking of the son of Ladas and Avilion, 'A nice colt, good speed and sure to win races when he is not "pinched"; but do not ever back him against anything that is likely to get to his head in a race.' Let me add, however, that I am not for a moment seeking to defend the foolish muddle, and the clumsy

way of escaping therefrom, that has been made about next year's Derby, though the subject is too technical to be discussed in these Notes.

The notion was that Sceptre, Duke of Westminster, and Lavengro were all invincible; then you had only to add up the amount of the stakes they were 'sure to win,' and consider their advanced value with the *prestige* of their victories. It was simple arithmetic—if nothing awkward happened. But awkward things so frequently do happen in racing, and the last few weeks have sadly shattered delusions. What fraction of £50,000 is the present value of Sceptre, Duke of Westminster, and Lavengro? Shall we say a third? I was much struck with the *style* in which Sceptre won the July Stakes at Newmarket, because I heard on good authority that she had only been sent one good gallop during the previous three weeks; but the great point is to inquire what the winner beats when it takes prizes. The story goes—a well-authenticated story, I believe—that Sceptre is three lengths better than Duke of Westminster, and that there is—or was—not much between Duke of Westminster and Lavengro when Lavengro was inclined to gallop. This, of course, does not fit in with ascertained results on racecourses, for Game Chick ran Duke of Westminster to a head at Goodwood and beat Sceptre by four lengths at Doncaster in the Champagne Stakes. Perhaps Sceptre was not at her best at Doncaster, but she was greatly fancied, and—especially after Game Chick's feeble display at York behind St. Windeline—regarded as quite certain to win.

Game Chick has 'come on,' that is evident; but she was in good racing condition at the end of July, and then Royal Lancer gave her 18 lb., reckoning 3 lb. sex allowance, and was only beaten two lengths—say 7 lb. Sterling Balm was then fourth, and if she had been persevered with—I hear, too, that she lost start, but not having been well placed to see the race did not notice this—would have been close up with Royal Lancer, running him at even weights. Instead of Sceptre, Duke of Westminster, and Lavengro stopping the way, and being worth the £50,000 we have been talking of, it looks as if the four best two-year-olds at the time of writing were Sterling Balm, Game Chick, Royal Lancer, and St. Windeline.

It is always an interesting study to observe the student of racing working out 'form' by the 'book.' In the Newmarket Stakes Doricles is beaten by William the Third. In the Derby William the Third is beaten by Volodyovski, and Doricles is further behind William the Third than he had been at Newmarket. Why? Apparently because Doricles did not stay. Epsom is a far easier course than Doncaster, however, and it is, of course, obvious (on 'the book') that Volodyovski, who does stay, must beat Doricles in the Leger more easily than he did on the Surrey Downs. That effectually disposes of Doricles (always 'on the book'); but is Volodyovski sure to beat the staying Fortunatus? That Fortunatus *must* beat Doricles is beyond argument. At Liverpool, 1 mile 3 furlongs, Fortunatus gave Doricles 2 lb. and beat him a length and a half, equivalent to some 6 lb. more; and then Fortunatus, winner of the Goodwood Cup, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, is so much the better stayer! Over the Leger course (on 'the book') Fortunatus should be about 10 lb. the better horse; and then there is the defeat of Doricles in the Two Thousand Guineas, when he was so greatly fancied, by Handicapper—that must never be forgotten. And in spite of all this Doricles 'loses' Fortunatus, and, beating Volodyovski, wins the Leger by a combination of staying and speed! Let us turn to 'the book' and work out some more form.

'Dear "Rapier,"' a correspondent writes, 'it is with great interest I read your notes in the *Badminton Magazine*, and particularly so those this month on equine favourites. I am surprised, however, that you do not mention what many people consider the greatest public favourite of them all. I refer to the "bold Bendigo." I have taken a large consensus of opinion on this matter, and Bendigo comes out "top of the tree," with Victor Wild a good second. Of course "Bendy" had the advantage of starting his career blessed with a name to conjure with, and when he retired with a Cambridgeshire, a Lincolnshire, an Eclipse, and a Jubilee to his credit, beside smaller races, men said, as they did of the "peerless West," "It will be many a year ere we look upon his like again." On the Jubilee Stakes Day I heard the following conversation between two working men, showing the confidence felt in the old hero: "What are you doing, Bill?" "Oh, I'm backing ould Bendy." "Too much weight, lad!" "Weight! Weight! Why he'd win if he had to carry another horse at top of him!" You

say in your Note it seems strange that one horse should be a bigger favourite than another though not so good. Well, I venture to think that the bigger favourite is the one that gives the greater return for the public's money. Now a horse must almost certainly be a handicapper, or, at any rate, win handicaps, to do this. Robert the Devil, St. Gatien, and La Flêche, though classic winners, all did. An Isinglass or a Flying Fox do not become so popular because the public can seldom back them. They only start at very short prices, and the public let them severely alone. Deaf Burke said about the original Bendigo : " He hits very hard and he keeps on adoing it." So with the popular animal. " He wins races and he keeps on adoing it," and, I may add, at nice prices ; for when a horse is running in handicaps, starting at 8's or 10's, and then gets home, there is something very solid to rejoice over. Again, Bendigo, Carlton, and Victor Wild scarcely ever let the public down. If they were not first they were generally on the premises (how many times was Bendigo placed in the Cambridgeshire and Victor in the Jubilee ?) and the small backer dearly loves " each way." This I think is the reason why a Bendigo or a Carlton, a Victor Wild or an Eager, stand higher in the public favour than an Ormonde, an Isinglass, or a Flying Fox. I hope to read many more of your Notes in the magazine.' It may be deemed unfortunate that a horse should achieve popularity merely because he is serviceable as a ' machine for gambling,' yet one cannot say that it is unnatural so to regard him, and probably my correspondent is right. Besides, a game, honest horse is expected to do certain things. He does them, his admirers profit, and who can wonder that they applaud him ?

From Nelson, British Columbia, Mr. G. Martin is good enough to send me the account of two very strange coincidences. The first relates to cards. ' Poker was being played, with the Joker counting as any card in the pack instead of merely as an ace. One player held four two's, another four three's, another four fours, another four fives and the last *five sixes* (with a joker of course) all before the draw. The pack had been in use some time and had not been arranged in any way.'

The other is a good fish story. ' While fishing in Kootenay Lake a friend of mine had a run when trolling one morning, and in some rough water, when his boat gave a lurch, his rod went overboard with a good fish on the line. The fish was

seen jumping for some time, so my friend put on a heavy lead and several flights of hooks, and spent an hour trolling over the spot in the hope of recovering the rod. The same night I passed near and fouled his line with my hook. The line passed through my hook until stopped by the knot on the trace, and after some little time the fish was landed still on his line. The moment it was in the net it was off the hook, and I can only account for its remaining on so long by the fact that the rather heavy lead on the lost line would keep a steady light strain on the fish all day. The rod was also immediately recovered. Kootenay Lake is nearly sixty miles long, several wide, and very deep, so the recovery of the rod may be regarded as a pure piece of luck.' The card story is certainly marvellous if it is absolutely certain that the pack had not been arranged, but I am inclined to suspect that this must have been done—of course, without Mr. Martin's knowledge.

Mr. Arthur E. Caldecutt who kindly says that he is always interested in my natural history anecdotes, kindly sends me the following little story : 'Yesterday some members of my family were picnicking up the river Dee here, and were very busy making tea at their usual halting-place after about a four miles row. On the opposite bank a man was fishing. He went off to speak to another enthusiast, some yards away, leaving his rod stuck in the bank and his basket on the bank, with a piece of a cake of wasp-bait beside the basket. Meantime a good-sized water-rat came out of his hole, sniffed carefully and looked round, then ran up the bank, collared the piece (nearly as big as himself) of wasp-bait, carried it off in his mouth along the ground for a few yards, and took it home down the hole. The owner of the rod on his return naturally expected to find his bait where he had left it. He looked round, emptied his basket, but his last piece of bait had vanished. He appeared tremendously astonished, and if but a poor fisherman he was a first-class expert in variegated bad language (to judge from the samples heard as he went to join his friend), and so my daughters left him in happy ignorance, to solve the mystery as best he might.'

With reference to a Note in a recent number of this magazine about trotters, a French friend kindly writes to tell me

that I was quite correct in the supposition that trotters born in a certain year are, as a rule, called by names beginning with the same letter. This rule, though very general, is not absolute; but most breeders adopt it in order to distinguish readily a horse's age. My friend says that ninety-nine foals in a hundred are so named. A few breeders decline to adopt it, and there is no compulsion. The name of the dam is rarely given at all. On the card the entry appears: Esperance by Fuschia —Portici, for example, Portici being the sire of the dam. Experts are convinced that the action of the sire is the all-important consideration in the breeding of trotters, and do not mind ignoring the dam, though there are in Normandy a remarkably excellent lot of half-bred brood mares. Of course the experts may be right. I know nothing of trotting or trotters, but in England we know what one good mare has done for the fortunes of her owner's stud—Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha, the Duke of Portland's Mowerina, and others to wit.

Mr. W. Payne Collier, who is, I believe, a practical and experienced sportsman, as well as writer on sport, sends me a criticism on a recent article, Captain T. W. Sheppard's paper, 'A Day with the Otter.' The critic cordially admits that nobody knows more of otter hunting than the author, or speaks with greater authority on the subject; but he objects to the 'line' of the otter being called the 'drag,' and indeed declares it equivalent to speaking of a brace of partridges as a 'couple' of those birds. Mr. Payne Collier has spent much time in consulting the best and most generally accepted terminologists, and they all, he says, write of the 'drag' of a fox, the 'walk' of a hare, and the 'trail' of an otter. He thinks it a great pity that these old sporting phrases should fall into desuetude, and I am inclined to agree with him. In older days, as my readers are probably aware, there used to be special terms not only with regard to the pursuit and capture of game birds and beasts, but also to their dismemberment when cooked. You by no means 'carved' every creature; but this is too elaborate a matter to be here discussed.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY
NEW YORK.

The Badminton Magazine

THE HOME BEAT

BY THE HON. A. BLIGH

IT was the evening after the first covert-shoot of the season. In other days, this would have brought a large party to Tenterden; but to-night, although there were lights at the windows and people hurrying along the passages of the old Hall, this stir was more suggestive of a near departure than of expected guests. Pleasant memories of a good day's sport and hopes for the morrow had now, like many other things at Tenterden, changed hands; and were more likely to be met with at the farmhouse near the park gates, where the shooting tenants were lodged. Whatever else might have disappeared, there was no lack of un-let farms in this neighbourhood.

The five sportsmen were smoking over their coffee in what had formerly been the farmer's carefully-kept and seldom-used front parlour. There were the four partners and one guest—Doctor Craigie. This last was scarcely the kind of man one would have expected to find among a party of almost professional shooters. Well past sixty, he had retired from a large London practice, and now devoted himself to writing books—some of them already famous—on the theory of medicine. A keen sportsman in a quiet way, he cared little for heavy bags; but Jim Fletcher, manager of the Tenterden shooting syndicate, had been very pressing in his invitations. Years

before, Fletcher had strained a muscle on the first day of the University match. A marvellous cure by Craigie had enabled him to make his historical 'three-figure' innings and win the game for Oxford. He should never rest, he told his benefactor, until he had enabled the doctor to taste the joy of half an hour's continuous battle with really high pheasants. And Craigie, a diligent observer of all phases of social life, had accepted this chance of seeing what the modern 'big shoot' was like, and of studying the manners and customs of its devotees.

A long day, with hundreds of shots and constant bending of back and neck at awkward angles, is in some ways more exhausting than the most arduous tramp after wild birds. Conversation was not briskly kept up in the farm parlour, although abrupt remarks were now and then jerked out between puffs of smoke. Craigie, through whose head was still ringing the din of many 'hot corners,' felt quite content to sit quietly and observe the others.

At the coffee-table presided Jim Fletcher, a powerfully-built and, it must be confessed, rather coarse-looking fellow. This disadvantage, however, was annulled by a face beaming with what seemed almost stupid good-nature, and by a loud, hearty laugh ever at the call of other people's smallest jokes. 'A rough diamond,' was the general opinion, 'but a real good sort.'

The son of a Midland-town tradesman, Fletcher had come up to Oxford from an obscure school, with a small allowance and little to recommend him but a prodigious talent for batting. He had 'gone down' as the most popular man among those who were, in a practical sense, best worth knowing in the University. These friendships followed him to the Stock Exchange; and had enabled him, in spite of scanty capital, to make money from the first. In social life, too, it was the same story. At one time, organisers of country-house cricket-weeks had been doubtful as to Fletcher's eligibleness: 'I don't know how old Jim would hit it off with the So-and-sos.' But the experiment was tried; and Jim, besides often making the highest score, nearly always established himself as the most favoured man with the ladies. 'So cheery, you know, and seems never to think of himself,' they explained. This constant success was generally looked upon as the inevitable outcome of good-humour and good cricket—a sequence easy to understand as Jim's own simple character. Doctor Craigie, nevertheless, found much to

interest him in the conversation, nature, and career of his former patient.

Owing to his commercial experience and knowledge of accounts, Fletcher had been chosen as manager ; but Doctor Craigie soon became aware that he had other qualifications for the post besides the knack of keeping down expenses and duly apportioning each man's share of them.

Then there were the Bunbury brothers, John and Frank, two neatly-dressed, serious young men, who lived for shooting and seemed to find satisfaction, if no joy, in their profession. John was an old Oxford friend of Fletcher ; Frank, a year or two younger. Their father, a country banker, had left each many thousands a-year. They, in their turn, had known how to confirm the resulting social position by belonging to two 'smart' London clubs, where they had learnt to treat their friends with a certain boisterous cordiality unattainable—perhaps, even, not easily to be understood—by 'outsiders.' The two were much alike ; but John, as a magistrate and the owner of ten thousand acres, had a pre-occupied, responsible air, for which Frank, whose fortune consisted of stocks and shares, would have had no excuse.

The fourth partner was Mr. Stanley-Masterman, a South African financier and Jim Fletcher's most important customer. He was nearly twenty years older than the others, whom he had joined because he thought of buying a country place and wanted to see how a first-class shooting should be managed. Stanley-Masterman was a short, stout man, whose weakness was a desire to be taken for a country gentleman by birth and bringing-up ; and who thereby imprudently excited curiosity as to early years and an origin, concerning which everything was doubtful except the obvious fact that neither could have justified such a claim. He dressed like a sporting Yorkshire farmer, shaved his upper lip, grew mutton-chop whiskers and succeeded in producing a creditable resemblance to the portraits of John Bull in *Punch*. He missed no chance of introducing fashionable idioms and sporting slang into his talk, and Doctor Craigie was much amused by his conscientious attempts to copy the laconic style of the Bunburys.

The Doctor had already whiled away nearly an hour by silent reflections upon the ways of his companions, when a servant came in and presented a card to Jim Fletcher.

There was a general stretching and sitting-up. Jim read aloud :

'Four hundred and thirty-two pheasants, nine partridges, fifteen hares, forty-seven rabbits and one woodcock. Total: five hundred and four head.'

Then, holding the card at arm's-length, as if to obtain an impartial view of these results as a whole, he allowed a stream of smoke to curl into the air, and pronounced:

'And not so dusty, either.'

'A grand day,' agreed the Doctor.

'Deuced few places where you can get a shoot like it, I *tell* yer,' added Stanley-Masterman.

'Niceish show of birds,' said John Bunbury; 'but some of 'em came very low.'

Frank said nothing; he had had less than his share of shooting throughout the day.

'Anyhow, it wasn't bad for a start,' said Fletcher. Then, turning to Craigie: 'But to-morrow I think we shall be able to show you something really good. We're going to shoot what they call the Home Beat. We do the park in the morning; then, after lunch, we work the birds into a plantation above the Hall and line the road right down below 'em——'

'And then they take a bit of stopping,' broke in John Bunbury, throwing away his cigar.

'Good birds,' said his brother; 'but not enough of 'em.'

'Wait a bit,' said Fletcher, 'that's just what I'm coming to. As you say, it's a fine stand, but it don't last long enough. I don't think we got more than about sixty there last year. Well, I shouldn't wonder if we killed more like three hundred to-morrow.'

The two brothers looked up at him with what would have been eagerness in men of less rigidly-correct behaviour.

'Yes,' continued Fletcher, slowly, enjoying the effect of his announcement, 'when I was down here the other day, to see old Tenterden on business, I thought there were more birds than usual about the park. So I made some private inquiries. Now, it seems that it's a great acorn year, and the pheasants have been straying after them all over the place. Mills's beat, where we were to-day, is mostly fir and larch; but the park is full of oak, and a lot of the old man's birds have gone there after the acorns.'

'Now I understand,' exclaimed Stanley-Masterman. 'I thought there was something wrong to-day. I happen to know Mills had reared enough to kill six or seven hundred. I confess

I thought he was doing a shunt and keeping his birds for stock —but now it's explained, of course.'

'I must say it's a dazzling prospect,' said Doctor Craigie. 'I've often wanted to see one of these big rises of really high pheasants. . . . What a stroke of luck you had in getting hold of such a place. . . . By the way, what kind of man is this Sir Richard Tenterden?'

'Oh, very decent sort,' said Jim; 'and easy to deal with. Fine shot, they say, and desperate keen. It's only since he's been so hard up that he's let the shooting.'

'How trying it must be, when you come to think of it,' said the Doctor, 'to have to walk about with your hands in your pockets, while a lot of other fellows are knocking over your pheasants!'

'A bit tantalising, no doubt,' agreed Fletcher; 'but I'm afraid the old chap has got something worse than that in front of him. Rents haven't improved, and now I hear he's lost most of what little he'd got invested. He's one of those headstrong, over-scrupulous sort of people; and once he'd made up his mind that he couldn't afford to live here, there was no holding him. He rushed up to London, took a small house down West Kensington way, and swears he won't stay here a day longer than what's absolutely necessary to wind things up. It seems that he has exaggerated ideas about the dishonesty of keeping up appearances when you know it can't last, &c. . . . I don't suppose he'll ever be able to live here again. His great ambition seems to be to get things round a little for that grandson of his—who won't be of age for another twelve years—but I should say he'll find himself compelled to sell the whole concern outright.'

'Aha!' chuckled Stanley-Masterman, 'then next year we may get the house as well as the shooting. That's good. It's not every one you can ask to stay in a tumble-down shanty like this.'

'Get out, you old Sybarite,' roared Jim Fletcher, with his resounding laugh, giving Stanley-Masterman a dig in the ribs, which left no breath for the development of thoughts little likely to be flattering to the guest of the moment.

Doctor Craigie lost nothing of this; but his amusement was somewhat dulled by certain memories of his own early years.

'It's a terrible business,' he said, 'this breaking-up of an old home. Hard on those who have to go; and sometimes harder still for the cottage-people left behind.'

'I'm not so sure about that,' said Stanley-Masterman, who had recovered his wind, 'it's often a capital thing for these large properties to get a new owner—particularly when he's a practical man with plenty of money.'

'Possibly,' answered the Doctor; 'but your practical man doesn't always take kindly to certain kinds of investment. Money spent on worn-out labourers or their widows doesn't bear interest, and you lose sight of your principal altogether—for this life, at any rate. I think you would call it a 'lock-up' in the City?'

Stanley-Masterman grunted and tried to find a suitable rebuke for this impertinence—the sort of thing Frank Bunbury would have said. He was still at a loss, when the servant reappeared: Mr. Mills, the head-keeper, would be glad if he could speak to Mr. Fletcher.

'Certainly; ask him to come in,' said Jim. Then, to the others: 'You don't mind, I hope? We might draw him about these wandering birds of his. . . . Good-evening, Mills,' as the old keeper entered the room and saluted the company with one comprehensive bow, and five motions of the hand to his hatless forehead.

'I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you at this time of night, but I've just heard of something as I think you ought to know about. The fact of the matter is, sir,' turning to Fletcher, 'I was down at the Hall a while ago, and all this talk about Sir Richard leaving is no more than the truth, worse luck to it! And now they've fixed to go to-morrow—the ladies and young Master Philip and all.'

The old man paused, stroking his grey beard, as though somewhat doubtful as to the reception awaiting what he had to say.

'Well, gentlemen,' he went on, at last, 'you know as we've fixed the Home Beat for to-morrow, and I thought perhaps—when you came to hear—you might think—what with the shooting being so close round the house, and one thing and the other——'

He hesitated, looking down at the carpet; but no one came to his aid. Then, speaking hurriedly:

'Well, I hope you won't think I'm taking a liberty, but I thought, with Sir Richard going away, after all these years—and so much looked-up to as he is hereabouts—well, I reckoned maybe you'd want to let him get away a bit quieter-like—and shoot the Home Beat later on,'

Full of misgivings as to the propriety of making so bold a suggestion to 'the gentlemen,' Mills pulled out a great green-and-red handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously.

For a time no one spoke. Fletcher twirled the ends of his moustache into threatening spikes. The Bunburys seemed paralysed by dismay. Stanley-Masterman glared at Mills. Doctor Craigie alone seemed to find something to sympathise with in the old man's speech.

Long experience had given Mills tact in dealing with his employers. After a glance at the faces around him, he turned to Fletcher :

'Well, sir, I shan't be going home yet awhile. Perhaps you'll kindly send a word downstairs about to-morrow.'

'What on earth does the old chap mean ?' cried Stanley-Masterman, as the door closed. 'Has he gone off his chump, or what ?'

'I understand well enough what he *means*,' said Jim Fletcher, with an uneasy laugh, 'and no doubt it's an awkward coincidence. Still, I don't see that it would do old Tenterden any good if we did put off the shoot.'

'The fact is, Mills has got out of his depth,' declared John Bunbury, with the pompous manner which he usually reserved for his appearances at Petty Sessions. 'Men of his class are not at home in questions of sentiment.'

'I call the whole thing damned rot,' said Frank, decisively. 'Who ever heard of a shoot being put off for such an idiotic reason ? Besides, all those birds will have got out of the park before we come down again.'

'Well, Craigie, what's your notion ?' asked Fletcher. Without quite understanding the Doctor, Jim regarded him with a vague respect, traceable partly to the famous cure, partly to the knowledge that Craigie was held, by some people at any rate, to be a great man in his own line.

'Of course, it's not for me to decide,' answered the Doctor, 'but as you ask me, I must say I think the old keeper put the case very happily. It's purely a question of sentiment. No one can raise any formal objection to your shooting that beat to-morrow, and it will do your landlord's affairs no harm if you do. But should we feel quite comfortable—banging away all round the house on such a day, and dropping cock-pheasants on Sir Richard's head as he drives to the station for the last time ? Wouldn't giving up the shoot be a quiet way of showing our sympathy with a man who's in trouble ? He'd be no

better off, it's true, but I think he'd like it ; so would the people about the place. Mere sentiment if you choose; but life would be a dry business without a little weakness of the kind now and then.'

This was received in silence. Fletcher, noting the disapproving faces of his partners, regretted that he had thought of consulting Craigie. He ought to have remembered, he told himself, that the Doctor was a bit of a crank—one of those who, on the pretext of thinking for themselves, love to oppose the moderate, practical opinions of 'every one else.'

'Dash it all!' broke out Frank Bunbury at last, 'you don't mean to say that you fellows can't see through old Mills's game? Sentimental scruples? Not much! He knows his birds have strayed into the park, and he don't see the fun of the park-keeper getting all the credit. He wants to put off the Home Beat until the acorns are all gone, and he's been able to feed his pheasants back into his own wood, in time for the second shoot. *Now*, perhaps, you understand!'

'You may be right, Bunbury,' said the Doctor, rather coldly. 'But my trade has brought me a good deal into contact with people at times when some feel deeply and the others have to pretend ; and if Mills didn't speak from his heart, all I can say is that my experience has taught me very little.'

Frank stared at Craigie, just long enough to mark his consciousness of an impertinence issuing from that part of the room ; then he raised his eyes to a point some inches higher up the wall. One cannot argue, he reflected, particularly on a sporting question, with a man one hardly knows, and who belongs to a middle-class profession. There were no doctors at Frank's London clubs. One did not expect to meet them at a big shoot. Fletcher had no right to pay off old bills for 'professional services' in this way.

Having allowed time for Craigie to realise his insignificance and presumption, Frank turned to Fletcher, with the air of one who begins speaking again after some casual interruption, such as a servant making up the fire.

'Now, Jim, what's the use of having a manager? What message are you going to send downstairs?'

Fletcher was silent for a moment, and seemed to be considering his answer with anxious care. But, as Craigie had for some time observed, Jim had been following the discussion too closely to have much doubt as to the general feeling.

'Well, I don't know what you fellows will think,' he began,

with the deprecatory smile of a man striving to settle a question which he candidly recognises as being too subtle for his intelligence, 'but this is what I make of it. To-morrow's our last day for this week, and it's too late now to arrange a proper shoot on another beat. At the same time, as Craigie says, we should none of us be comfortable if we thought we were hurting any one's feelings. How would it do for me to write a line to Sir Richard, telling him we've arranged to shoot the park to-morrow, but offering to put it off if he has any objection?'

Jim looked appealingly from one to another, as if had done his best, but was too diffident to have any confidence in his own idea, until he had heard what others thought of it.

There was a general stir of relief.

'Got it in once,' said Frank, with an appreciative chuckle.

'Yes, I should say that is what most people would do, under the circumstances,' declared his brother.

'Very delicate attention—what yer call showin' a bit o' sympathy—eh—what?' chimed in Stanley-Masterman.

The Doctor was silent.

'Well, Craigie, what do you say to it?' said Jim, without looking at him. 'I don't see what else we can do?'

'I don't think you'll meet with any opposition from Sir Richard,' answered Craigie dryly.

'Well, there's an end of that business, anyhow,' remarked Frank Bunbury, with a yawn. Then, finishing off his carefully-mixed lemon-and-soda—the Bunburys never drank spirits on the eve of a big day—he went off to bed, followed by his brother.

The others did not sit up long. Doctor Craigie, as he slowly undressed himself, was no longer excited by visions of countless high rocketers. His thoughts had travelled back more than forty years to that sad, last day of a boyhood devoted to every kind of country sport, when he had learned that the old home was to be sold, and that henceforth he must make his own way in the world.

He opened the window and looked out across the park, to where the Hall lay hidden among the trees.

'Ah!' he thought, 'I fear one or two down there won't have such a good night as young Bunbury.'

'It's all right,' said Jim Fletcher, when the five met at breakfast next morning. 'I got a note from Sir Richard the first thing. He begs we won't make any alteration on his account,'

'Naturally,' said John Bunbury in his magisterial voice; 'Tenterden is a man of the world.'

Frank shrugged his shoulders, as if unable to understand how there could ever have been a doubt. The two brothers left the room to give final instructions to their loaders. They had come down earlier than the others, for they never forgot that a hurried breakfast may destroy steadiness of nerve for the whole day.

As the shooters were walking across the park on their way to the meeting-place, a cock-pheasant rose noisily from a patch of fern.

Frank Bunbury stopped to watch the bird's course. After a long flight it settled in the little plantation above the Hall, from which so much was expected a few hours later.

'Capital!' he exclaimed, 'now that's what I call a good omen.'

'Almost sentimental, isn't it?' asked the Doctor good-humouredly. His opinion of this young man had not been improved by what had happened over night; but Frank was, in a certain sense, his host, and he did not wish a difference of opinion to spoil all good fellowship for the rest of their time together.

'I don't know about sentiment,' grunted Frank, 'but every one likes to see things start the right way. It's like killing your first shot—what?'

He liked the Doctor less and less. There was a want of well-bred curtness in Craigie's manner; there was an amplitude in his sentences, a way of alluding to remote subjects, which Frank thought pedantic and 'second-rate.' Worse still, he had once or twice suspected the Doctor of misplaced attempts at irony. As he put it to himself: 'The old buffer talks too much and talks a lot of rot into the bargain. People one knows don't talk like that.'

Just then the Hall became visible through the trees. No smoke was rising from the chimneys.

'Good business!' muttered Stanley-Masterman to himself. 'They must be going away before luncheon.' And a logical train of thought led him to speculate on the probable size and condition of the Tenterden kitchen; and as to whether these would justify him in placing his own cook at the disposal of the shooting syndicate next year.

The line of guns and beaters formed up to walk a wide stretch of brown bracken, beaten down into dense covert by the

October storms. A rabbit's white tail flashed along a twisting 'run.' Bang! and before the others had realised who had struck this first blow, the rabbit was dead, and Frank Bunbury again marching unconcernedly forward, his second gun under his arm.

The general idea of the morning's work was to beat the park in successive strips, all converging, so far as it was possible, towards the plantation by the stables. Pheasants flying forward in the desired direction were spared; those only which came back overhead, or tried to break away at the sides, were to be fired at. This restriction did not please Stanley-Masterman, who measured the enjoyment of a day's sport by its quotable results.

A brief halt was made to allow three ladies, following the short cut from the village to the Hall, to get clear of the line of march.

'That's her ladyship and the two young ladies,' said an under-keeper in answer to Doctor Craigie. 'I reckon they've been up to the church. That's where the young master is buried, you know, sir.'

The Doctor, who knew the meaning of a last walk, watched the three stop by a paddock, fenced off from the rest of the park, where some old horses were hobbling about. Recognising their friends, these worn-out pensioners came up at a lumbering canter, and thrust their noses through the wires.

'Ah!' thought Craigie, 'the poor old things don't know that they're probably getting their last lump of sugar from those hands.'

The line again moved forward. A hen-pheasant was flushed and flew off heavily, barely clearing the fern. Stanley-Masterman, conscious that ladies were among the onlookers, took careful aim and knocked it down.

'Steady there!' shouted Frank, the next gun, 'what are you doing?'

'What's the matter?' snapped Stanley-Masterman, unpleasantly surprised by such a reception of his 'gallery shot.' 'I fired nowhere near the ladies.'

'Never said you did,' replied Frank contemptuously. 'But what's the good of shooting a bird almost on the ground, when it was going right for the stable beat? It's always the way, when you get these old counter-jumpers out shooting,' he went on to himself,

Frank despised Stanley-Masterman. It is true that both owed much to banking; but Bunbury's fortune had been inherited; and one generation is a long start in the upward race between the socially-ambitious rich.

Later, when approaching the village path at another point, the shooters met with a more serious interruption. Some twenty little girls, carrying branches covered with pink berries, were chasing each other in the fern, with occasional returns to their proper course towards the Hall. Craigie recognised the spindle-tree; it was the season when the deep-pink capsule bursts and shows its orange seeds within.

'Must be the school children, goin' to say good-bye to her ladyship,' remarked the keeper to Doctor Craigie. 'She always was wonderful fond of those berries. I expect you want a bit o' something gay like that up in London this time o' year—particular when you're used to the country.'

But many pheasants, creeping forward well ahead of the guns, now found themselves cut off by the children, and scattered in all directions.

'I never saw such a badly-managed place in my life,' grumbled John Bunbury. 'The school people make fuss enough about letting one have a few boys for stopping, and then they turn out the girls with all this mummery, when they ought to be at work.'

'Old English custom, I believe,' observed Stanley-Masterman, who thought this was the sort of thing a country-gentleman ought to know all about.

Frank smiled grimly. He saw a pheasant coming low and straight towards him. The children were a good hundred yards away.

'Can't really hurt 'em, at that distance,' calculated Frank; and he fired.

The bird passed overhead, untouched; but the little girls, screaming and dropping the branches in their panic, were soon out of the shooters' way.

When the halt for luncheon was made, all the outlying parts of the park had been beaten, and a satisfactory proportion of pheasants driven in the desired direction. The meal was eaten quickly and almost in silence. Four, at least, of the sportsmen seemed almost dazed by the brilliant prospect of the afternoon.

'By George! what a shoot it will be!' said John Bunbury, as he lighted his cigarette. 'They ought to come well, too,

Mills's birds will be on their way home. That plantation must be pretty well as full as it can hold, already.'

'I'll bet old Tenterden never saw anything half as good here,' remarked Stanley-Masterman.

'Now, boys, time to be moving,' said Jim Fletcher, rising hurriedly, after a glance at his watch. He feared that this needless allusion might draw Craigie into an undesirable line of thought.

Some men had been sent to drive the birds out of the garden ; and it was agreed that no shot should be fired, for fear of disturbing the pheasants in the plantation. Then came the Stable Beat, renowned for producing the highest rocketers to be seen on all the Tenterden shooting.

The stables were at some little distance from the Hall. The carriage-drive, on leaving the front door, wound first through the gardens, then across the stable-yard and into the park. The left-hand gun — Jim Fletcher—was posted close to the yard, and the others along the road. In front of them the ground sloped sharply up to the plantation, a small, thickly-grown covert, bounded by a fringe of tall trees.

'They've got wind of these extra pheasants,' said John Bunbury to the Doctor ; and he pointed out some scattered groups on either side of the road, towards the village and railway station. 'We hadn't half such a gallery last year.'

Craigie, who had been observing these supposed sporting enthusiasts, and had come to a different conclusion as to their probable purpose, could not repress a smile. Half of them were little girls and old women.

The first bird came before the beaters had started. Far back over the plantation, something dark, floating like a child's kite above the trees, caused every man to grip his gun and assure himself of a firm foothold. Then the crossbow-shaped object sank out of sight for what seemed long minutes to those waiting in the valley ; and at last an old cock-pheasant rose to clear the boundary trees, mounting higher still as he saw what was before him in the road. There was no time to swerve—this was one of the virtues of the Stable Beat—and he came on straight to the younger Bunbury. Frank did not raise his gun until the bird had almost passed overhead ; then, bending backwards without turning, he fired, intending to take it at an angle where the shot would no longer have to pierce the thick breast-plate of feathers. But anxiety to accomplish this first shot with seeming ease and indifference, made his first barrel a little

late and his second hurried. The pheasant flew on, with scarcely a quiver of his long, tapering tail. John put up his gun, but lowered it without firing. It was a long shot, and fear of a miss outweighed the temptation to give his brother a lesson. There was a good deal of professional jealousy between these two. John was accurate and slow; Frank more brilliant but somewhat uncertain. Each liked to deride the other's weak point; and each tried to conceal envy of the compensating advantage.

A whistle told that the beaters had started, but for some minutes there was no more shooting. Then, just as a few birds were beginning to fly over, singly and at intervals, a closed carriage, coming from the house, rattled into the stable-yard. The coachman, afraid to take his horses any nearer to the guns, pulled up.

'Jim, can't you get them to turn back and wait a bit?' shouted John Bunbury. 'It's too late to stop the beaters now.'

Even as he was speaking, three pheasants came over at once, and two of them fell to Frank. The horses pricked their ears and began to dance.

Jim Fletcher hurried into the yard and spoke to the coachman; then to some one inside the carriage.

'No good,' he called out, returning immediately. 'Can't wait—late already—and no more trains for hours. Pass the word along to stop shooting till they've gone by.'

'Confound it,' grumbled Frank, on receiving this message, 'they couldn't have chosen a worse moment. I begin to think we should have done better not to shoot here to-day, after all.'

The carriage rumbled up the road, attracting from some of the sportsmen less notice than the stream of pheasants escaping over-head. Stanley-Masterman, however, who had no special preference for these unreasonably high birds, and who never missed a chance of acquiring information about his favourite class, peeped not very discreetly into the windows, 'to see how they took it'; while Doctor Craigie noted that the travellers were an old man, three ladies, and a little boy. The elders were sad and silent; but the child, delighted by the shooting and the pheasants, was standing up to see the fun.

Frank, on the outside right, allowed the carriage to pass him by some twenty yards; then, unable to resist the temptation of a very high rocketer, slanting across from the left, he

fired. The horses gave a start and were only with some difficulty held in by the firm hands of the driver. But the bird, probably struck by one pellet near the brain, did not fall dead to the shot ; spinning round and round in the air, it floated slowly downwards, and finally fell full upon the horses, striking one on the neck, rebounding against the other, and then revolving between their fore-legs like a feathered catherine-wheel.

This was too much for animals already much upset by the shooting. They dashed off at a frantic gallop. Doctor Craigie, disgusted and alarmed, dropped his gun and ran to a little mound which commanded a view of the road up to the park gates.

The carriage, an old-fashioned, unwieldy landau, was rolling heavily from side to side. The coachman, giving up all hope of stopping the horses, had hard work to steer them at all, and could not prevent an occasional swerve out of the road. The little groups of country people, come to give a farewell salute to their master and his family, fell back in confusion. One old woman was knocked down.

The horses were now close to the gate. Craigie could see a grey head thrust forward out of the carriage window—the little boy had disappeared. Then the carriage lurched towards the great stone gate-post on the right, rolled away again to the left, and was lost to sight as the road turned into the village.

The Doctor, seeing that he was only too likely to be wanted, hurried towards the gate.

Two old men, unable to join in the general rush towards the scene of the expected disaster, were gesticulating and shaking their heads.

'It was that there twirligig bird as done it,' Craigie heard one of them say. 'Same time, I do think them shooting gentlemen might have given the master a bit more law—last time and all, too.'

Craigie had not yet reached the lodge, when he saw a light cart turn into the park.

'Ah,' he thought, 'the smash has come, and they're sending for help.'

'Any one badly hurt?' he called out, signing to the driver to stop, and preparing to jump in.

'No, sir, it's all right. They stopped the horses just before they got to the level crossing, t'other side of the village.

Good job they did, too. The gates was shut, and the down express close on 'em. . . . No one hurt, but the ladies looked pretty white over it.'

Then he explained that Sir Richard Tenterden had told him to hurry on at once, so that the people in the park might know that all was well.

'It ain't every one as would have thought of that, after such a narrow squeak,' the man went on. Then, after a pause, evidently unable to find the exact words he wanted: 'Seems hard, sir, don't it, not to be able to get away more quieter, when you *do* have to go?'

He drove on towards the two old men, who were watching him eagerly. Craigie walked slowly back towards the stables.

In spite of his relief that there had been no loss of life or limb, the Doctor still felt angry and ashamed. There was something grotesquely tragic about this hurrying-off, by a party of impatient pheasant-shooters, of a family forced to leave what had been the home of their race for centuries. The mere act of shooting all round the house on such a day had seemed to him tactless and callous; he had been in no humour to enjoy the sport; but this crowning brutality—this indifference to the peace and safety of fellow creatures come to the saddest moment of their lives—was altogether too much for him.

It was some consolation to reflect that this lamentable affair could scarcely fail to have one wholesome result. Frank Bunbury must now be convinced that he had narrowly missed a performance which would have spoiled even his shooting appetite for some time to come. That young gentleman wanted an awakening, and he had got it.

This led the Doctor to wonder what his fellow shooters had been doing. He had seen nothing of them since the bolting of the horses. But now he suddenly remembered that heavy firing had been going on until a minute or two ago. The sounds had struck his ear, but his mind had been too busy to realise or connect any idea with them.

He found the four busily engaged with a long string of pheasants, laid out by the road.

'I wish to goodness you'd count what you kill,' Frank was saying to Stanley-Masterman. 'How are we to know what there is to pick up?'

'How the devil could any one count—or shoot either?' grumbled the other. 'What with having to stop for that

bothering funeral-coach, and all of you shoving me on when I did get a shot or two——'

'It's all right!' cried Craigie, as he came up, 'no one hurt; but they had a narrow escape at the level crossing.'

'Eh—what?' said Frank, over his shoulder. 'Now then, what did you get, John? . . . Forty-one? Very well, I killed fifty-six that I know of; and I'm pretty sure I can find one or two stragglers with a dog. . . . And you, Jim——'

'You may think yourself lucky you haven't killed another four or five head,' interrupted the Doctor sharply, 'and of a sort that perhaps you mightn't be in such a hurry to claim. . . . The horses bolted when you dropped that pheasant on their heads; and it's the greatest mercy that the whole family weren't smashed to pieces.'

The Doctor spoke with warmth. Frank, too practical to understand emotion about what might have, but had not, happened, too correctly modern to approve of public display of feeling, stared at him with a slightly contemptuous smile.

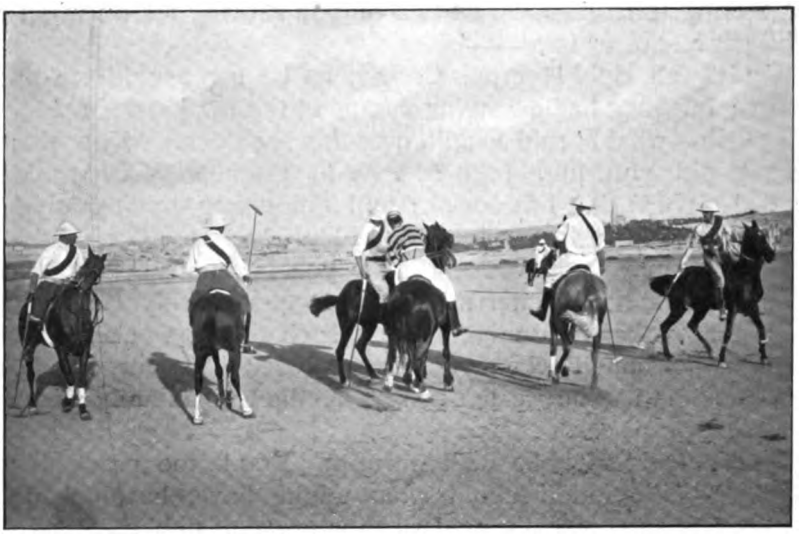
'Well, if no one's hurt, what's the use of saying any more about it?' he remarked. 'I took care not to shoot until they had got well past; but I can't be answerable for the tricks of a wounded bird. Hi! come here a moment, will you?' and he signalled to a keeper, who happened just then to pass with his dog.

'I don't suppose there was much real danger,' declared John judicially. 'Those fat horses wouldn't care about dragging that lumbering family-coach any further than they could help. . . . I say, Jim,' he went on, looking at his watch, 'isn't there time to bring some of those birds back again?'

Stanley-Masterman was questioning the game-carriers, and carefully registering numbers in his note-book. He could make nothing of the Doctor; and, observing the contemptuous, even hostile, attitude of the Bunburys, he determined to ignore Craigie for the future.

The Doctor turned away. Jim Fletcher, the peace-maker, saw that his guest must be humoured.

'Never mind—all's well that ends well,' he said, linking arms. 'Frank didn't mean any harm, but he always did get his gun off a bit over-quick. . . . After all, perhaps he really did them a good turn: a little excitement sometimes comes in handy when you've got a bad moment to go through—what?' and he broke into his loud, hearty laugh. . . . 'Now then, Mills, hurry up the beaters; it's getting dark.'



A THROW IN

POLO IN MALTA

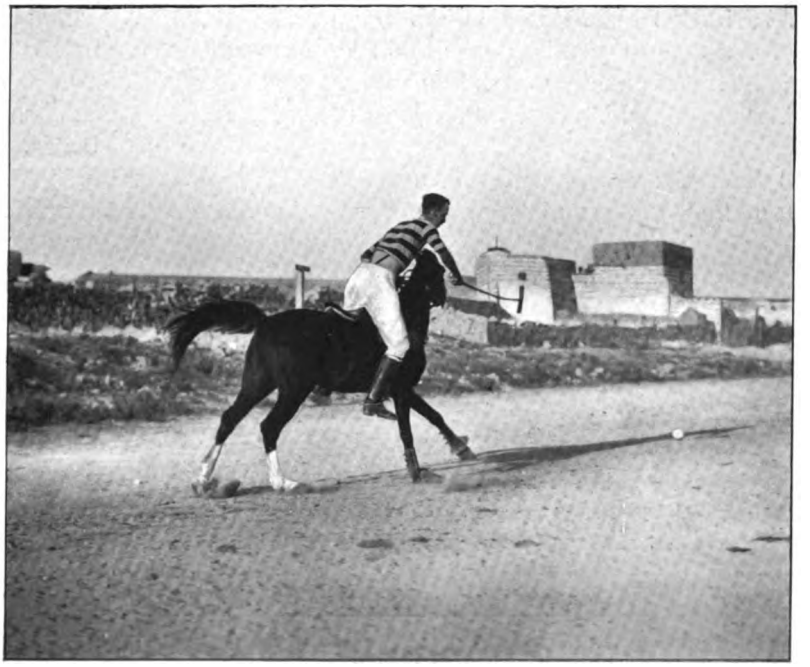
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

BY THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE

MALTA is one of the few stations in which polo is brought within the reach of practically all. At home it is a game for the rich man only, but at Malta neither the cost of ponies nor their keep is prohibitive to the young officer of slender means. This is a boon thoroughly appreciated by the officers of the Army and Navy ; there are few Naval stations abroad which possess a polo ground, and at Malta the sailors take full advantage of their opportunities. They have a flourishing ' pony club,' which for a moderate monthly subscription provides ponies for the encouragement of young players and those who, on account of their short stay on the station, find it hardly worth while to get together a string of their own. They always put in one if not two good teams for the tournament, although severely handicapped by the fact that Admirals have been known to prefer the welfare of the Service to the possibility of some of the younger officers gaining a place on the roll of polo fame by

winning the tournament, and to send the ship containing the best player on the side to sea on the eve of the most important match.

Ponies in the island are inexpensive, though unfortunately rising in price as they are everywhere else. This is partly due to the ever-increasing popularity of the game, and partly to the raising of the value of the stakes in the local race-meetings. Five years ago, when owners were content to start their



FORWARD DRIVE

ponies for stakes the value of £25, the average price of a raw unbroken pony straight from Tunis was £15, but now that there is a chance of winning a stake of £100 the price of the pony is more than doubled.

A great advantage of the game as played in Malta is that it can be enjoyed the whole year round, with the exception of a few weeks in winter when stopped by rain, so that ponies seldom suffer from the complaint of eating their heads off in their stables. But occasionally a terrific tempest breaks over the island and washes the entire ground away : this happened in 1898 when a storm of hail and rain occurred and left the

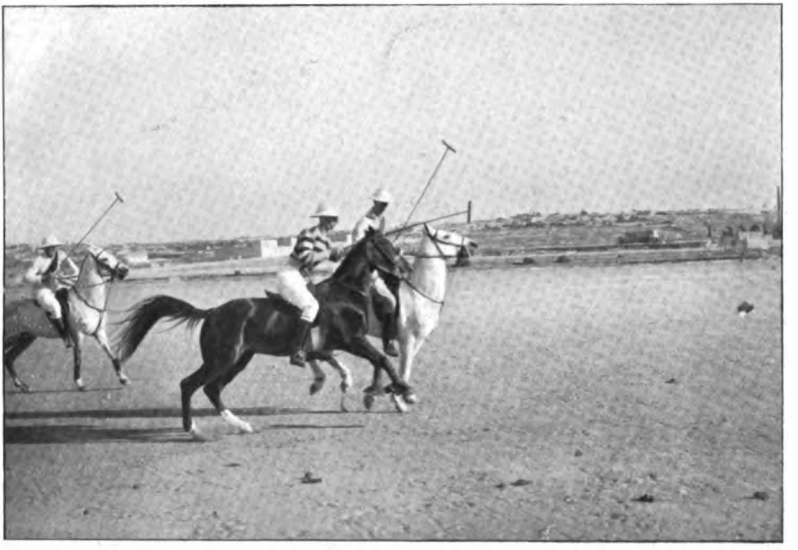
ground a rugged expanse of the bed-rock, which at the best of times lies but a few inches below the surface. Such an occurrence is luckily unusual, and in a short time the earth was replaced and polo in full swing again.

The ground on the Marsa consists of hard sun-baked earth, something between clay and sand. It would horrify players accustomed to English turf, but the ponies, almost entirely Barbs and Arabs, seem to like to hear their hoofs rattle,

NEAR SIDE

and seldom go wrong in the legs. The earth affords a better foothold than grass, and strains as the result of slips are uncommon. Falls, too, are not so frequent as on turf, though this advantage is discounted by the fact that the hard ground renders the consequences more unpleasant when they do occur. The hardness of the ground has rendered necessary the publication of the General Order as issued by Lord Roberts in India, to the effect that no player shall be allowed to take part in the game without an adequate protection to the head, and there is no doubt that several lives more or less valuable to his Majesty's Service have been saved by this thoroughly common-sense provision.

The riding-off rule has also been recently altered in accordance with the Indian rule, and no 'bumping' is allowed as it is in England ; this, too, is a very sound change, as a very liberal interpretation was put on the licence permitted under the English law. 'A bit of an angle perhaps, but not really dangerous' was usually the answer of the offender when mildly remonstrated with for nearly knocking another pony off its legs. That 'bit of an angle' is now done away with in Malta on pain of a severe penalty. Barb and Arabs, being of

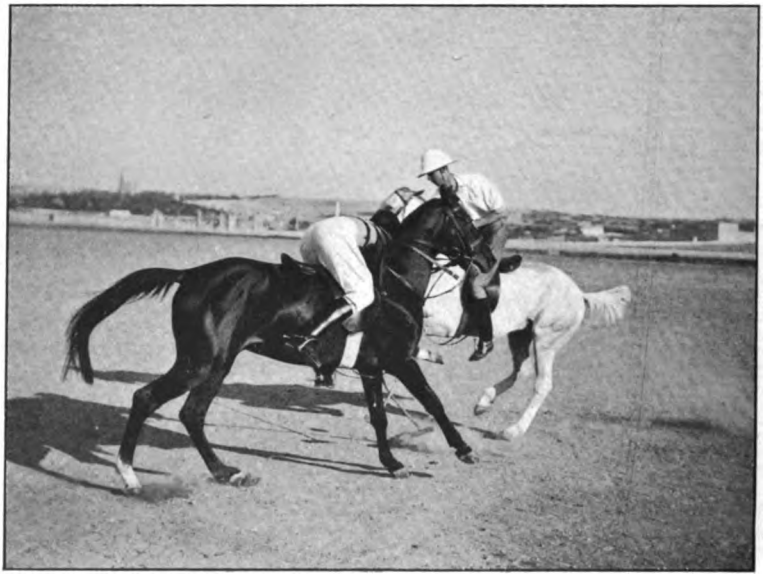


GETTING AWAY

lighter build, as well as smaller, than English ponies, were less able to withstand the force of impact with heavy weights on their backs.

It has recently been decided to raise the height of ponies from 14 hands to 14·2, the innovation to be brought about gradually at the rate of one inch a year, in order not to put those owning ponies at present at a disadvantage. There was some opposition to the passing of this law, the objections to it being the depreciation of vested interests, the idea that raising the height would also raise the price, and that the larger ponies would be less handy, and consequently the game more dangerous. On the other hand, the arguments adduced were that the depreciation of the value of ponies now in the island

would be small, and would be mitigated by bringing in the amendment gradually; that the prices of new importations, instead of going up might be expected to go down, owing to the widening of the field of supply; and that whereas with small ponies heavy-weights found much difficulty in obtaining animals strong enough to carry them, they would now be able to find ponies well up to their weight which would be much handier than an overburdened little creature of 14 hands. At Gibraltar and Cairo 14·2 is the rule, and it was an anomaly that Malta,



A LONG STRETCH

situated midway between the two, and constantly importing ponies from both, should adopt a different standard of measurement. The argument used in India, which retarded the raising of the height there for so long, namely that if the size of polo ponies should be increased the demands of polo players would tap the supply of remounts for the Indian cavalry having no application in Malta, the arguments in favour of the change carried the day, and the rule comes into force on January 1 next year.

In the race-meetings, of which three are held every winter, there are invariably several races reserved for polo ponies only. For these there are always plenty of entries, and though it is

undoubtedly true that a pony after being raced usually pulls and becomes unhandy at polo, Lieutenant Paine's Omdurman, Hon. Cyril Ward's Angelo, and Captain Shute's Fashoda are instances of animals which can fulfil both *rôles* with success.

The tournament this year was practically a duel between the Staff team (Captain Dowell, 1 ; Captain Farmar, A.D.C., 2 ; Mr. Bell, R.E., 3 ; and Captain Shute, R.B., back), and the Royal Navy, represented by Flag Lieutenant Buller, 1 ;

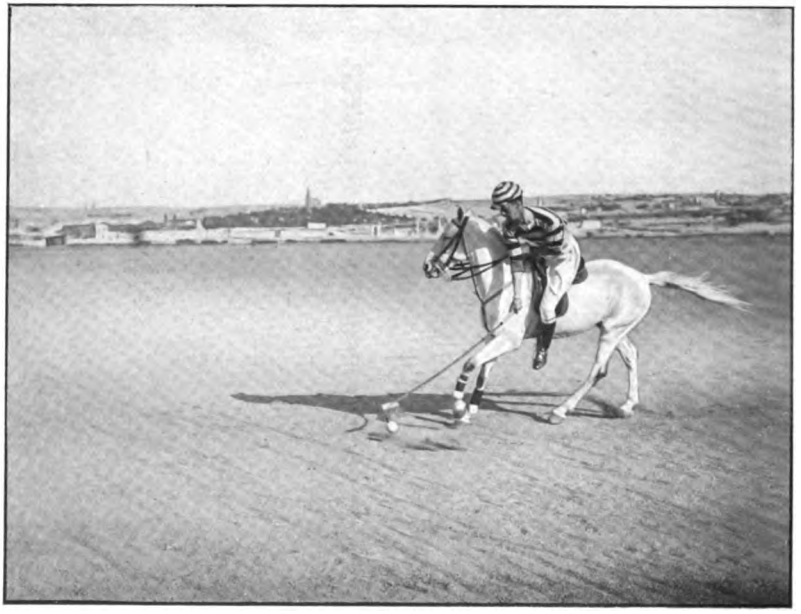
BACKHANDER UNDER THE PONY

Lieutenant Hon. C. Ward, 2 ; Lieutenant Paine, 3 ; and Lieutenant Majendie, back ; all of H.M.S. *Renown*, Admiral Sir John Fisher's flagship. The 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, 3rd Lancashire Fusiliers, and 5th Northumberland Fusiliers also very sportingly entered teams, but having most of their best players at the front had little chance of success.

One of the most even games was that played between the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers and Northumberland Fusiliers in the presence of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York during their visit to Malta in the *Ophir*. At the beginning of the final chucker the Lancashire Fusiliers led by one goal, but unfortunately for them Captain de Gex's groom selected this moment to take his ponies away, he had to play a tired

pony, and the Northumberlands made two goals in the final quarter, thus winning the match.

The final was played between the Staff team and the Royal Navy, and resulted in a win for the former by six goals to three, after the best, fastest, and most exciting game of the year. For the winners Mr. Bell, though suffering from the effects of fever at the time, played a most useful game, and fed his forwards unceasingly and unselfishly : while Captain Shute at back placed

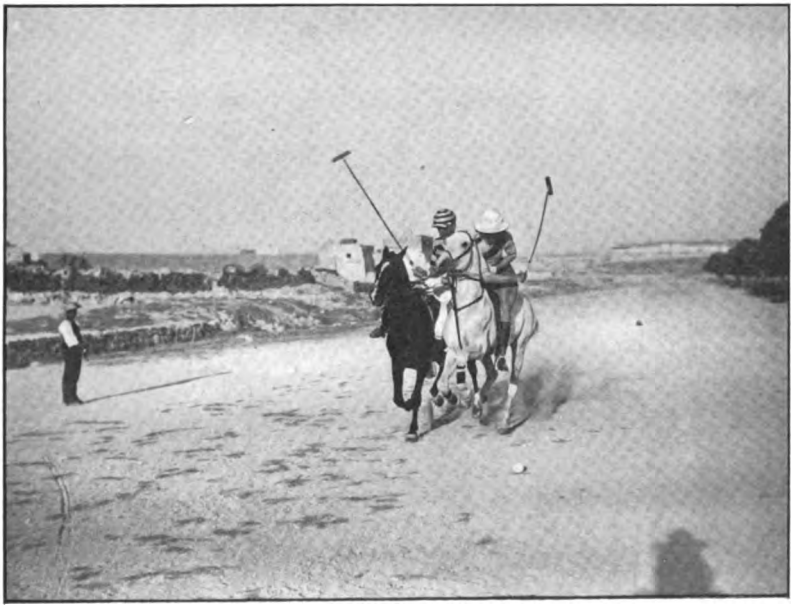


NEARSIDE UNDER PONY'S NECK

his backhanders with great power and accuracy, and was remarkably safe and sure. For the Navy, Lieutenant Paine worked hard and untiringly, and Lieutenant Ward, splendidly mounted, would have been most dangerous to the Staff team had he been less carefully watched by Mr. Bell. Barbs preponderated among the ponies of all the teams entered ; they are fast, but have not quite the staying powers of Arabs ; in capable hands they are wonderfully 'nippy' and clever, and Rudyard Kipling must have stayed in Malta and seen Lieutenant Sandeman's Surprise before he wrote the 'Maltese Cat.' The English type is becoming yearly more marked in importations from Tunis, owing to the number of English sires now in that country, and there is

no doubt that many of the ponies now classed as Barbs are about three-quarters English. Arabs are more expensive than Barbs; they have to be imported from Egypt or Beyrout, and the Sultan has lately put on a heavy export tax, realising that he has a valuable asset. This, with the long sea journey, considerably augments the price of the pony landed in Malta.

No sketch of polo in Malta would be complete without mention of the two invaluable Salibas, known as Black and



RIDDEN OFF

White, who rule the market of ponies, invariably have just the thing for any one who wants to buy, and can sometimes tell what will win a race. They own the two large stables adjoining Marsa, and as stabling is always a difficulty, those who are unable to secure private stalls have perforce to keep their ponies with one or other of these cousins, who, for £2 10*s.* a month will feed, tend, clothe, shoe, and house animals committed to their charge.

The system is convenient and works well, though to those who do not look on ponies as mere polo-playing machines it undoubtedly detracts from the pleasures of ownership not to have them under their own care.

The war has had its effect on polo in Malta as on everything else during the last two years, so many of the best players being at the front; but it is to be hoped that next year peace will reign again, and a dozen teams will enter for the tournament instead of five or six.

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietor of the Copyright and Publisher C. Klackner, 12 Haymarket, London, S.W.
Also 7 West 28th Street, New York, U.S.A.

LONDON TO BRISTOL.

UNIV. OF MICH.
Digitized by Google

BOG-TROTTING IN IRELAND

BY W. B. THORNHILL

'CAN I jump?'—'You can!'—and he did—into a bog hole, nicely grown over and fetchingly green, as is its wont, and as if to entrap the innocent—well up to his lower chest. Our semi-self-buried trotter was not in too comfortable a place, and insult was added to injury by our leaving him alone till we had beaten the best snipe bits 'adjacent,' as they say over here. When we had killed all we could and frightened the rest, we returned to lend a hand in the extrication—perhaps 'extraction' would be a better term, as any one who has been similarly placed will agree.

The proceeding *was* a little rough, I must admit, on our friend; but under the circumstances, and knowing the probable result, what other reply could have been given to the appeal 'Can I jump?' without belittling the saltatory powers of sixteen stone, and without losing the experience to be gained by witnessing the effect of such a jump on to such a place. It would hardly have been human nature to answer otherwise than in the affirmative.

Digitized by Google

What will not a keen sportsman do and dare? The possibility, to say nothing of the probability of sport, acts as a monstrous magnet to him, and he will accomplish things which he would not attempt for any other cause, and which, if not in quest of sport, he would be the first to style the acts of a lunatic. So it is. Every one is a lunatic on some subject to some one else, and will continue to be so as long as tastes differ.

The particular class of doing and daring I am writing about is one by no means so easy, and if it does not require daring, in the usual sense of that word, it does verge on it when you make up your mind to walk about in icy cold water all day on the chance of a few shots at snipe or duck.

Ugh! The first, first cold-blooded step into ice-cold water, on a real cold winter morning, with a cold, keen, wind—I hate it—I should not believe any one implicitly if he said he liked it. Use is not second nature in this case, for I am always very shy of taking that first step, but once taken, when you hear snipe getting up about you as you splash along a transformation of your feelings follows, the cold water has become warm, the wind is not felt, and you wade about merrily in the water, mud and reeds, &c., for the rest of the day.

The fact has so frequently been demonstrated to me by friends coming over from England for snipe-shooting that bogs cannot be walked to advantage without knowing something about them, that I hope these few remarks on bog-trotting may be of interest to some.

How properly to walk and shoot a bad bog can only be learnt by wet experience, and pains must be endured before actual pleasures can be properly reaped. A tiro at the game will start as if he was walking a stubble, gun at the ready, and watching keenly for a bird to rise; in a few steps he is probably on his nose or up to his waist in water. This makes him change his tactics, his gun is a secondary consideration now, so are the snipe; his feet, and where to put them, engage all his thoughts, and he comes to a standstill every few yards and calls out, 'Can I walk this?' Needless to say, his fearsome voice has put all the birds up; but no matter, for the chances are if he had a shot at the moment he would have fired wildly, feeling one leg gradually sinking as he stood. His usual remark, after walking his first bit of bog, is, 'How the deuce do you know where to step? It's no good my trying to shoot, for I never see the snipe till he's out of shot, as I have to

look where I'm going!' &c. &c. The practised hand, however, does not often flounder about or get in, unless he has a dead bird in front of him to pick up, and a nasty soft place to get over to retrieve it. After a certain amount of experience, a sort of intuitive knowledge comes to one, and without knowing it you keep your eyes on the ground and around you at the same time, and are always at the 'ready' when wanted. I don't think this is possible to novices, judging by their actions on their first introduction to a good snipe bog. A camera on such an occasion would yield good results, though I have never seen it brought into use.

Of course your object in 'bog-trotting' is mainly snipe, but to get a good bag you must not only know how to walk a bog, but you must know the habits and lie of the bird. Here, again, you must gain your experience for yourself if possible, if not, at second hand. I propose, therefore, to interlard my remarks on bog-trotting with any hints as to the habits of snipe that I think may be of use.

He is a shifty customer in many ways, and you are never certain of finding him 'at home' even if you call on a likely day, and go to the same place he was living in the last time you called. Full moon or none at all will make him shift his quarters; frost will do ditto; so will too much wet or the reverse; consequently you want to know where to find him under each of these circumstances, and if you have not some idea about it you may walk a long way for a small result, which a little knowledge would have saved your doing.

The first bog we will walk together is a *Red Bog*, of which large tracts exist. This is a comparatively easy one to cross; let me suggest here that one part of your outfit, before you walk any bog, should consist of an old pair of boots, or at all events a pair with plenty of holes in them, so that the water may get out as easily as in; for the squelch! squelch! of a boot full of water at each step is a grand snipe-raiser.

If you want to get your home-bred snipe, of which there are generally a good many, and which seem to be increasing in number, do not leave it later than the middle of October, or they will have taken their departure elsewhere, possibly by Nature's law, to make room for the incoming flight of the foreign birds, which usually takes place during the first full moon in November. On a red bog, perhaps more so than on any other snipe ground, if you are shooting it for the first time, it will help your bag and save you a lot of walking if you

commandeer some native who knows the bog, to show you where the birds chiefly lie. The bulk of the snipe will be in portions of it only, The surface of this bog consists of stumpy short heather, with patches of bog myrtle, and in the winter withered ribbon grass, interspersed with innumerable little shallow pools of water or mud at every few yards. If you unwarily step too near the sides of these pools or into one you will find yourself up to your knees in sticky mud and water. This becomes tiring after a little while, and it is surprising how difficult it is to keep out of them, if birds are plentiful and you don't look where you are going. As a general rule avoid walking in very wet places on a red bog, but do not necessarily do so on others. If there is any wind at all, *always* go out of your way if necessary to walk snipe down-wind. They will give you a much easier shot, as they have to rise, like all birds, against the wind, and so afford you a cross shot. As a rule cover is scanty on a red bog and its acoustic properties appear excellent, for if you speak on one good-bye to any snipe within a considerable distance. Man's voice is fatal to all snipe-shooting, and especially so here. Curiously, a gun-shot or a whistle to a dog have little or no effect on them in comparison. Why this should be so I cannot suggest. If you can choose your day for a walk wait for a clear, fine morning without too much wind, and if after two or three wild, rough nights you get a calm soft night, choose the next day. The birds have been able to feed in peace and quiet, and will be found to lie well after a good heavy night's repast. The day after a rough night they are nearly always as wild as hawks, for they are hungry and on the alert.

Though not exactly 'bog-trotting,' you will be sure to come across during the day some damp bottoms with green rushy grass. In some phases of the moon snipe will forsake the red bog for these rushes ; in other phases they will all be on the bog and not in the rushes, but the latter are nearly always worth walking, and present no difficulty. This particular green rush is always, without exception I think, a safe footing on whatever bog you find it. On the banks of a large river, such as the Shannon, you will generally come across rushy, sedgy bends, gradually silting up and becoming more or less (generally less) walkable, owing to the natural tendency of all rivers to straighten themselves. These bends are always worth beating if you can ; but have a care here ! many of them have only a floating covering of vegetation with deep water under you, and should

you break through it is no easy matter to get out even with help, unless a rope is handy. I confess I don't like them myself, and never walk them, if I can get any one else to do so. They are disappointing also, for though you put up lots of snipe the chances are you are unable to retrieve them when shot, and I know nothing more disgusting than leaving dead or crippled birds ungathered.

You will naturally say, why not send your dog in? I can only reply that I would not send my dog into some of them on any consideration. I have never seen a dog actually drowned in them, but I have seen one or two very close shaves. If the dogs get through they have no footing, the rushes prevent their swimming and they tire out; a boat was required to rescue the poor brutes in the cases mentioned. If you do try your luck walking any soft ones, let me advise you to leave some of your cartridges on dry land, as it is no fun to drown your ammunition and have to go home, and the chances are this will be the result.

A *shaking scraw* is a favourite place for Jack-snipe. It is generally small in extent but deep, and seems to be an old pond or lake, grown over thickly with a low green grassy vegetation, generally walkable with care, but a heart-in-your-mouth sort of place.

If you can imagine walking on washleather over water, sinking at each step, and each step producing a wave of green stuff in front and rear, and you are not sure whether the washleather is strong enough to hold you or not, you will have a pretty fair idea of what the walking of a *shaking scraw* is like. When you are used to the feeling, however, they are not so bad, and you are more often than not rewarded by a good bag of Jack; but it must be walked closely, for they lie like stones in this sort of spot. It is a horribly uncomfortable place to get in at, for to get out you would probably have to lie on your face in the black mud and water and pull yourself along till you got well clear of where you broke through.

The place of all others to take your would-be bog-trotter to is a *Cutaway Bog*. This is a grand spot for a first lesson in the gentle art. To the initiated this may sound far-fetched, but I have a vivid recollection of my own feelings the first time I found myself some little distance into one and could not find my way out of it, I mean, of course, without getting horribly wet.

I took a friend of mine from England, desperately keen on

snipe and duck, careless as to a wetting or any discomfort, and full of go and pluck, to one of these bogs. He started well, and was elated with a nice, clean, right and left at mallard, which he hastened to retrieve. His keenness in a few steps put him into a 'cutaway' well over his middle. What matter! a couple of dead mallard were within twenty yards of him. He got out on the narrow turf ledge, between the 'cutaways,' worked his way along it a few yards further, when the bank gave way and in he went again, sideways this time, and what was not wet on him before was now. He gave it up. A little experience would have told him intuitively which was the easiest and best way to his birds; as it was he came swearing up to me, wet through, cartridges spoilt, tobacco and bog mould nicely mixed, and matches useless. He treated a 'cutaway' more respectfully from that date!

In case any one is ignorant of what a Cutaway bog is, a few words of explanation may not be out of place. Originally a low-lying turf bog. Where the best turf for fuel was, it had been cut out, the depth of the hole thus made is usually from 5 feet to 8 feet, depending on the quality of the turf and when water stopped the digging, and the size of the holes varies from 4 yards to 8 yards square. These holes soon drain the water from the immediate neighbourhood, and are abandoned, and another hole is made with a turf wall between the two some feet thick; this is dug out till the water stops work, and so on, until the whole area is only one mass of holes and turf walls or banks. The holes are called 'cutaways,' and the bog where these exist 'Cutaway bogs.'

Time soon covers these holes and banks with vegetation, the banks crumble, and fall in, in many cases, and the holes fill up with water, soon to be covered with reeds and water plants; and in process of time it is difficult, without feeling at each step, to know where the bank is or where the hole; consequently it needs careful walking to avoid a wetting, but it is grand ground for snipe and duck.

It will, I hope be seen from the above meagre description, that, to get from any one point to another you will have to pick your way as best you can along the turf walls, which, in a wet season, are probably under water—and you cannot take a straight line without getting into a depth of about six feet.

Avoid any place with bulrushes; it is probably deep, and also likely to let you through. Where there are sedgy reeds it may be deep but it will generally be sound bottom. Where a

long grassy covering is over the 'cutaway' it may often be walked. Where bog myrtle, sallys, or any hard wooded growth is, you may be sure of a more or less firm footing.

You will meet occasionally very small patches of this sort, but so completely grown over, through age, that they can generally be walked with impunity. They sometimes, however, contain a nice muddy trap which you are into before you realise its existence. Sympathy with the luckless Gun that does get well in is a minus quantity. Jeers and laughter are more frequent when you emerge, in a furious frame of mind, muddy and dripping, from your involuntary bath.

There is a bog of this sort which I had walked probably a hundred times. I was on the way home with a friend who knew nothing of bogs, and whom I had been jeering at all day for floundering about whenever he got the chance, when we came to this little place. I thought I had been on every inch of it, and so never dreamt of taking any care. I had not gone a dozen steps when I was down, without warning, into as filthy a morass of black mud as you want to see. The biter bit with a vengeance!

Such are some of the 'pains' of bog-trotting.

A CATCH OF CONGER

THE 'ST. MICHAEL'S' STEAM CAPSTAN

BY CHARLES E. ELDRED, R.N.

I WANTED to forget about the breakdown of the *Centipede* with all its surrounding circumstances, and when that vessel went into dockyard hands to have a new connecting-rod fitted I forwarded an application for fourteen days leave with this object in view. Once upon a time fourteen days leave always brought with it a celestial sense of freedom, enabling its possessor without effort to pack a knapsack or provision a canoe and set forth light-heartedly and unhasting in quest of adventure and change of scene. But this was years ago, in the days before the iron had entered into my soul, and when the first of that fast-increasing family, the Destroyers, was yet unborn. No such spiritual exaltation now follows on the approval of my leave application. Only an intense longing to find some reposeful spot where, if possible, the existence of such hideous nightmares as marine engines generally, and the refractory ones of the *Centipede* in particular, might be forgotten. Such scenes of bygone wanderings as I still retained a determination to revisit at leisure now passed before my mental vision. Perhaps the brightest of these pictures was of

a river, clear, brimful and flush,

quietly skirting the base of wood-clad hills, or winding through

reed-fringed level meadows where cowslips grew ;—a country which should supply illustrations to every line of 'Endymion.' Yet I rejected this haunt of ancient peace. For I had contracted a habit of vainly attempting, through the medium of turbid pigments, to record, when opportunity offered, the impressions of such scenes and places as affected me. The failure of these efforts was unvarying. But Nature's calm indifference was the most mortifying reply to my insults when she was

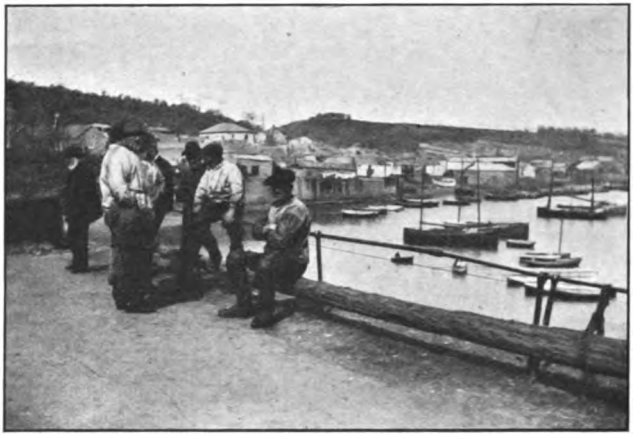
A FISHING-PORT IN THE WEST

attiring herself in her earliest spring costumes. In brief, green being my favourite colour, was therefore a snare unto me, by which I was oft-times led astray. And the bursting buds were now at their busiest. For my soul's peace I must seek the environment of bolder contrasts of light and shadow, and the more tractable tertiary tints.

There was a certain fishing-port in the West where russet sails shining against a background of clustering grey cottages would better serve my turn. The bay limited the visible horizon to about sixty degrees, quite as extensive a sea view as I desired. Besides the fishing-fleet, but a few small coasting

craft were wont to use that haven, all as innocent of steam-engines as the ark. Armed, therefore, with the formidable battery of turbid pigments ranging not only to tertiary, but to quadratic, and even higher powers, I reached the goal of my hopes all unprepared for the changes of twelve years which should break upon me when I first looked forth at daybreak from the window of the Red Lion.

Two long stone piers had thrust themselves out from the extreme ends of the town, enclosing a spacious harbour, into which some fishing-boats were even then making their way. But what chiefly caught my attention was that these moving



THE ANCIENT GOSSIPS

boats were ejecting little clouds of steam from their sides, while their revolving capstan barrels were gathering in the warps with the merry rattle that is the universal language of steam-capstans. Alongside one of the piers lay a tramp steamer discharging coal, and almost hidden amongst the forest of masts, the funnels of a number of craft like small tugs could be distinguished ;—steam drifters from Lowestoft.

Yet there was one characteristic I found the port preserved intact—the effect produced by the arrival of a stranger. So much interest and speculation is set astir concerning him and his proceedings that if he has never done so before, the subject is now quite liable to discover an interest in his own individuality. In my case curiosity was soon—too soon—satisfied, when it appeared so plainly evident that I was merely 'one o' them artises.' But little attention was attracted by the

pitching of an easel and camp-stool in the shady corners of cobbled courtyards, where freshly-barked nets hung festooned amongst strange sheds and out-houses—patchwork structures composed mainly of the fragments of old vessels. The construction of a harbour—albeit a great engineering achievement—had produced no effect on the style of domestic architecture of the town.

Whilst making no effort to sustain the character attributed to me by the inhabitants, neither did I attempt to undeceive them. Yet by reason of that bond which connects all those who get their bread from the sea, I passed for being a

A COBBLE-PAVED ALLEY

companionable specimen of the artist chap, and attained in a day or two to terms of good fellowship with the ancient gossips who basked in the mornings against the sunny walls of the Fishermen's Rest, or lounged against the precarious and distorted iron rail that runs along the edge of the cliff skirting the harbour, in any attitudes not requiring the withdrawal of the hands from the trousers pockets.

Between the Red Lion and the Fishermen's Rest a narrow cobble-paved alley opens on to this cliff roadway. Later in the day the wives and daughters will emerge into the sunlight to empty buckets of ashes and potato peelings over the edge of the cliff, regardless of harbour-master's and district council's notices setting forth the pains and penalties they render themselves liable to who deposit refuse in the harbour or upon the shores thereof. Meantime the old men with the bushy

eyebrows and fringing whiskers will very seriously inform you that the harbour is filling up, and attribute it to the building of the new piers.

Amongst those gossips the first remarks of the day refer not so much to the weather as to the night's catch of fish. The landlord of the Red Lion had hitherto failed to produce fish for breakfast, or at any other time. It was all sent to London, he affirmed, as soon as it was landed. The conclusion appeared to be that it must be intercepted before it was landed. It was the *St. Michael* that was named amongst others, when I inquired of the old men in the morning what boats had made catches.

The fishing-boats lay closely packed and filling half the harbour, and a round dozen of them had to be crossed or climbed over to reach the *St. Michael*, whose crew were found to be busily employed in getting up torn nets from the hold to send ashore. The interchange of sixpence for a pair of mackerel was all that was needed to fulfil my mission to the full satisfaction of all parties concerned. It might have been only idle curiosity which led me to inquire into the circumstances of the damaged nets. In consequence of the breakdown of their steam capstan some of the other boats had got foul of their nets before they had hauled them in. To this hour I am utterly unable to explain why it was I did not turn and flee upon the word. I could swear that curiosity was more than satisfied. It was some occult power that twisted the sounds out of my tongue, or I must discredit the evidence of my ears.

'Steam capstan broken down, eh! what has gone wrong with it?'

'The pumps wudn' 'eave, so we cudn' get any water into the boiler. So we draad fires and blawed off the steam with the safety-valve and filled 'en up with buckets. And then we got up steam again and 'eaved round until the water was all gone out of the gauge-glass. Then we draad fires again. Three times we had to do this, and the other boats got foul of our nets. 'Twas thro having them down so much longer we got a bit of a catch. Let's hope prices are good to-day, for maybe we shan't be able to shoot our nets for two or three nights. 'Twill be a dead head wind round to Penryn to get the engine looked to—that's where 'twas made. 'Tes bin in her five year now and gettin' most worn out I s'pose. But we ave agot no knowledge concernin' the innards of en beyond settin' of en going, and turning the sea-tap, and scrapin' the salt out of

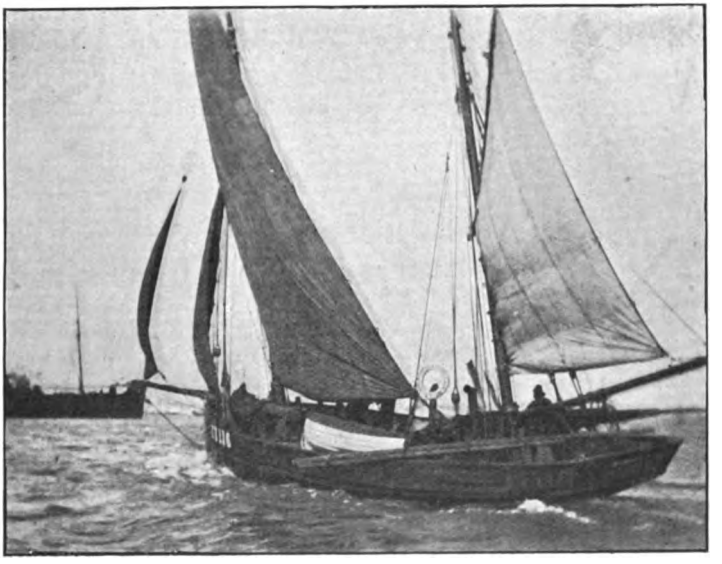
the boiler every six months or so. So we can't tell what to do same as a mechanic could when anything goes wrong.'

Even now I might have escaped getting entangled in this machinery, yet forbore to.

'Have you examined the valves?' I asked.

'We tuk the cover off o' them and poured water down—same as you do to start a hand-pump—but dedn' do no good.'

Further catechism revealed many quaint and surprising facts concerning the details of their somewhat primitive machinery.



A LOWESTOFT SMACK

Through the boiler being fed with sea-water they had learnt about the natural propensities of sea-weed and jelly fish to obstruct the passages for the supply of this same. They could deal with such a contingency without the aid of diving apparatus, by the simple expedient of disconnecting the pipe and thrusting a wire through what they called the 'sea-tap.' Yet they affirmed, these ponderous big-booted beings, that they did not know what to do when anything went wrong.

As this cross-examination had progressed, one head after another appeared above the hatchway, till it occurred to one of the more practical ones to inquire: 'Think you could have a look at 'en, mister?'

It was with an air of forlorn hope. For how should a

creature whose only visible occupation lay in making pictures of rotten boats and rusty anchors know anything about steam-capstans? It was not according to the nature of things.

Before I had time to reply to the question, the head that put it made a rapid disappearance. For an old man with white whiskers sitting on the gunwale put in his oar with unexpected suddenness, the greater part of his speech being directed to the depths of the hold:

'What fuleshness you'm talking, Simon! How do'ee think for goodness sake a gentleman is going to get hisself mixed up with all the dunnage in our fore peak. Better you shut your head and not interfere, or else ship yourself in a Lowestoft smack with her ingin atop of the capstan barrel. You let the gentleman alone, and maybe he'll tell the skipper what's wrong with the ingin presently.'

So I had been talking to the skipper of the *St. Michael*, and now made an effort to appear as if I had been aware of it all the time, though till this moment I had been ignorant of any distinctions of rank amongst a crew whose behaviour towards each other indicated nothing but an unconstrained communism.

'Aw, let the lad be, Uncle Isaac!' said the skipper; 'he's well meaning as you know, but he has poor luck sometimes.' He added, turning to me, 'Shall Jack put 'ee ashore in the punt, Mister? He's going to land the broken nets now, and 'twill save ee' a long walk round.'

Even now it was not too late to withdraw honourably.

'If Jack will leave the mackerel at the inn,' I replied, 'I will just have a look at the capstan. It *might* be some little matter not worth going to Penryn about.'

'But our ingin is down in the fore peak,' explained the skipper. 'We baint fitted out same as the East Country boats. I'd be ashamed to ask 'ee to get all amongst the dunnage down there.'

'We've talked long enough,' I replied. 'Now we'll look at the apparatus.'

'Do 'ee mean it?' said the skipper, but was about to protest further, when Uncle Isaac again interrupted.

'Whaffor shud 'ee say so if 'e dedn' mean it? If you want to shoot nets to-night, let the gentleman go down, and lend him a frock so's 'e shan't soil his clothes.'

'Simme, you ave a-changed your tune, Uncle Isaac,' retorted the skipper.

At this point I perceived that it lay with me to bring the

argument to a conclusion either by taking my departure or descending into the fore-peak.

The long opening in the deck through which the massive foremast passes in the *St. Michael* and her sister craft, serves as a convenient hatchway into this compartment, a hatchway only practicable to those of average bulk. Such as cannot pass this slit must take their route by the main hatchway and through the locker in which the long footrope lies coiled with the

A YARMOUTH SMACK

regularity of an electric cable or a harpoon-line. I took the former way, the skipper the latter.

Now this capstan engine might justly have considered its lot a hard one had it but overheard some of the skipper's numerous apologies for its accommodation. Nevertheless, I could have assured it that it was sumptuously lodged by comparison with a lot of engines of my acquaintance who had to live and work all jammed together like a bagman's pack. It seemed, however, I had raised arguments enough.

By the light of dribbling candles held just over my neck by Uncle Isaac it was made manifest that a diagnosis of the capstan's complaint would be a work of some time if it was to

be effected by the aid of the rusty and rickety coach-wrench, the only instrument that could be found after much searching amongst the dunnage under foot. I celebrated the discovery of the coach-wrench by going over to the inn and breakfasting off rather overdone mackerel, and returned to find the crew sitting on deck contemplating a prehistoric-looking hammer that had been discovered in the interval.

'"Tes a cur'os thing,' said Uncle Isaac, 'but the last time I see that hammer was when we was a havin' this very ingin put into the boat. When I missed 'en I was fur heavin' one o' they Penryn mechanics over the side though by nature I b'aint—'

'Let me have the hammer,' I said, 'it may come in useful now.'

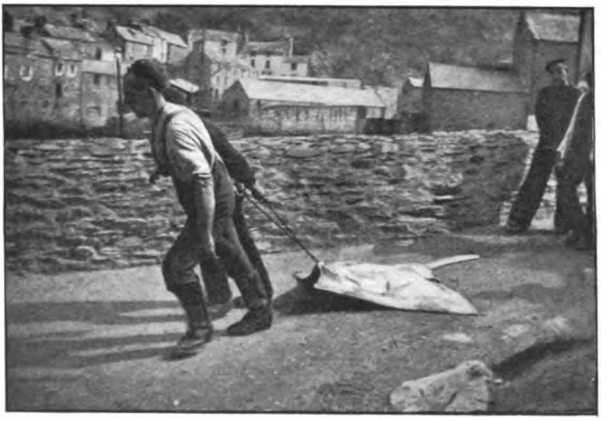
For an ineffectual hour or two the crew took it in turns to drop candle-grease down my neck. They were patient fishermen. Then it occurred to me that more efficient tools might be borrowed from a well-equipped-looking Yarmouth smack lying not far off. All those who go down to the sea in ships are brothers. So I spoke of what was in my mind to the skipper.

'Us don't have no dealin's with they Sabbath-breakers,' said he, 'and I wudn' be beholden to them for a strand of spun-yarn. They think we'm a passel o' fules because we don't shoot nets of a Sunday, but I tell 'ee I'd so soon be a slave out in Africa as one o' they as don't knaw Sunday from Monday.'

Then the picture of a certain blacksmith's shop arose before me, but appearing in quite a new light. My mental vision penetrated beyond the assortment of old killicks, chains, trawl beams, and wheel tyres that lay about the door and had already gone far towards exhausting my patience as well as my umbers and siennas. I felt instinctively that its dim interior should be the haunt of a vice, peradventure even one of the superior parallel-jawed species.

With our coach-wrench and candles we had indeed somewhat rudely dismembered the capstan engine into parts which required further dissecting. Laden with suction pipes and valve-boxes we sought the blacksmith's, and as by this time all the port knew what was afoot aboard the *St. Michael*, this journey afforded them ample opportunity to make inquiries about the progress of events. For it was now the hour of dinner. This may serve as the reason why we found the door

of the blacksmith's shed barred, a trifling matter to deal with after the things we had performed with a coach-wrench. For both the door and its fastenings were in such state that one or two of the idle bystanders by a pull together made a gap sufficient for the skipper and myself to pass through by going on all fours. We made free with files and vices undisturbed. Let me spare myself from recalling the details of the task. Suffice it that in the blacksmith's shop we found all that was needful for some slight adjustments to the valves, and returned to the *St. Michael* merely to put things together again, a task we proceeded with after a short break for dinner. In this



A GIANT SKATE

interval I vainly endeavoured to frame an explanation to account for the incredible situation I found myself in, voluntarily defiling myself with the very abominations I had fled to this port to avoid.

'Better have a preliminary trial before you go out this evening' I suggested on my return. So Jack the boy was told to light up the boiler forthwith, and get up steam with all despatch. Now the place of the boiler is in the cabin, of which compartment it occupies a lion's share, and the one or two partitions between the cabin and the fore peak are not solid enough to prevent communication by shouting.

'How much steam have 'ee, Jack?' hailed the skipper, while I was making union joints with gromets of spunyarn and tallow.

'She've just begun singing,' replies Jack cheerfully.

'Stoke her up lad, stoke her up!' puts in Uncle Isaac.

A steam trial was far from a new experience to me. I thought I had exhausted all the possible sensations that could be produced by them in all their varying degrees of failure and success. And here was a rattletrap not fit for a cruiser's ash-hoist rousing a feeling of anxiety absolutely new to me. I doubt if the skipper himself was more concerned.

And when at last steam was turned on at twenty pounds pressure, Lord! how the engine rattled and the capstan-pawls chattered; for the whole mechanism had to be set going simply to feed the boiler. But the voice of the ancient Uncle Isaac rose above this clamour as he shouted from the after cabin:

'She's 'eavin' now proper, come and hear for yourself.' As many of us as could made our way down into the cabin.

''Eavin beautiful sure enough,' said the skipper, 'ain't heered the valve clackin' so lively this month past.'

'Put your finger on 'en too,' said Uncle Isaac, 'cool as a fish 'e is.'

'No need for to feel 'en,' said Jack, 'waters gone up a half-inch in the glass already.' And upon this triple evidence of hearing, feeling, and seeing, the unanimous verdict was again and again pronounced: 'She's 'eavin' now, sure enough, 'eavin' clever.'

While the general attention was occupied the skipper sidled up to me in a hesitating way, and in an altered voice said: 'Say, what can I pay 'ee for this, Mister?' To which question I replied by bursting into a mock passion, seizing him at the throat by his blue jersey.

'You must not talk to me like that,' I said, 'don't I get my living from the sea too?'

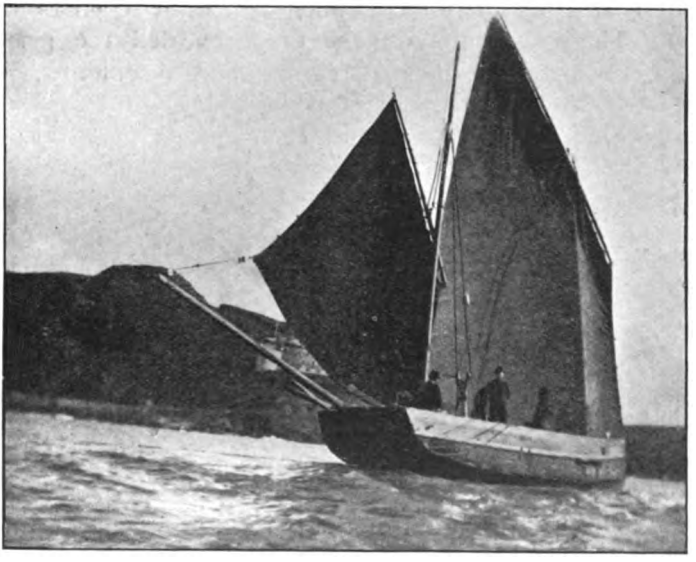
'But I thought you were an artis gentleman?'

'Of course—but I can't do pictures of anything but ships.'

Then upon the deck of the *St. Michael* I received the thanks of her skipper, helped out by an occasional comment from Uncle Isaac or Simon. Modesty forbids my making a verbatim report of his speech. But it amounted to a solemn assertion that no individual existed who could in any way compare with an artis' gentleman who could put a steam-capstan to rights. 'Twas to be doubted even whether he that taught the lads to hammer out pictures on copper trays and candlesticks and the like could do so much. For certain they were saved from losing a night's fishing, perhaps two or three night's

fishing. To be sure, a night's fishing might mean nothing, or it might mean five shillings, or it might mean five pounds. But as sure as anything came to the *St. Michael's* nets I should never lack a fresh mackerel so long as ever I stayed up to the Red Lion.

I replied that I should esteem it a favour if I might come out with them to-night, only stipulating that I was not to be thrown overboard if the feed-pump broke down. It was easy to see that this request rather surprised them, for they hinted



THE 'ST. MICHAEL' SLIPS AWAY

at sea-sickness and other discomforts. Even now the crews of the fleet were emerging from the alleys, each one with his own white linen bread-bag, a hint for me to send Jack ashore to the post-office to purchase a saffron cake. Sound and movement began to animate the resting fleet all round us. Brown sails fluttered and shone, and the voices of those who hoisted them mingled with the creaking of blocks. By ones and twos boats slowly disentangled themselves and drew away from the confused mass, their sails filling with an offshore breeze as they crowded out between the pier-heads. The *St. Michael*, too, slips away, running out the long jigger over the stern and hoisting the mizen as soon as the pier is cleared. Her crew being short-handed by one of their number laid up with

influenza, entitles me, so I consider, to a place at sheet or halyard. Sails once hoisted, there was nothing to do but sit on deck and better one another's acquaintance as we drew out past the headland into the tumbling waters of the channel.

The *St. Michael's* crew formed a family party. Three of them, including the skipper, were nephews to Uncle Isaac. Jack, the boy, was his grandson. Of the rough-clad clan Uncle Isaac presented the least attractive appearance. At some previous period a portion of his countenance had been shaved, presumably to allow a free passage for the escape of two thin streams of tobacco-juice from the corners of his mouth. The mastication of the plug revealed the perpetual working of a set of most irregular and discoloured teeth. There were other peculiarities in the details of Uncle Isaac's physiognomy, but these need not be set down here. For was it not Uncle Isaac who constituted himself my patron and cicerone, but for whose communicativeness my impressions of this night's fishing would for ever retain a too predominating flavour of steam-capstans? He secured my attention more firmly than he guessed when he began to tell me things about destroyers and gunboats.

'Have 'ee ever seen a destroyer, mister? 'Twould puzzle 'ee to take off one o' they so quick's you be wi' your sketchin'. They tell me they do get from Penzance to Plymouth quicker than the express train. Now you mightn't b'lieve that ef I wasn't to tell 'ee. But 'tis right they be called destroyers sure enough. There was a lot of the ghashly black devils into the bay about two weeks ago, an they all put to sea one evening just as we 'ad a-shot our nets, and what must they do but come buzzin' straight through the middle of the fleet and cuttin' up our nets something shockin', taking no heed of us burnin' flares. There was so much damage done that night as in the big gale two years agone. I did hear tell that a ixploshun or some such thing did happen to one o' them. I don't wish 'em no harm, but I hope 'twas the craft that tore away five fathom of our nets.'

Then I bethought me of the tangle of lines and corks we found wound round our starboard propeller when the *Centipede* limped into dock with a broken connecting-rod. As for a few tossing fishing-boats, they are not likely to come under the observation of the chief engineer when he is screwing out thirty knots, and maybe having a bit of trouble with the so-called automatic feed apparatus. Neither would he get a glimpse of

what you and I may observe with deliberation at this hour, Uncle Isaac, as we smoke dry pipes, or consume tobacco in any other way our fancy prompts, sitting at the bow of the *St. Michael*, while she plays at see-saw and bo-peep with the red sun, between crests and hollows of hills of many coloured lucent flames.

On the *Centipede's* deck, Uncle Isaac, he would now be clinging to a quivering handrail, as she bored her way like a thunderbolt through the heart of these liquid mountains with a hissing as though her skin was as hot as her flaming vitals throbbing so wildly beneath his feet.

It is not because the tanned sails of the boats around us—now reduced to two or three, and these disappearing at times into the hollows of the waves—are transformed to cloth of gold of most surprising brilliance, that the skipper and Uncle Isaac exhibit such an interest in their movements.

When we haul down our sails, it is not, as one might swear, to save them from bursting into flame.

We are merely considering the matter of shooting the nets, which requires that the boats shall be well clear of each other, that each may lay its toils uninterruptedly. And these are woven in such fashion that with but little imagination the fishing fleet may be likened to a family of some kind of marine spiders. The *St. Michael* spun out her entrails into a floating wall of net two miles long, running at reduced speed under a small triangular sail hoisted on the foremast. The spiderlike behaviour is suggested chiefly by the way the net and the warp or footrope come to light through separate apertures in the deck, to be united as fast as they are paid out astern. The warp passing through a hole in the deck, and over a sheave on the side of the mizen mast runs away like a log-line off a reel. The net is provided with lanyards at intervals along its lower edge, by which, as it is passed up from the hold, it is secured to the warp—a task calling for some quickness on the part of the hand performing it. With a jerk he snaps a clove-hitch on to the running warp, flings the slack of the lanyard clear of the rudder-head and turns to meet the next, two other hands, in the meantime, casting the net over the side. Things may look very like a tangle, but they will adjust themselves when the line of corks along the upper edge of the net, and the sinking warp along the lower, have come to an agreement to spread the net between them. The warp has yet another function.

When an ignorant or indiscriminate steamer passes through

the net, she does so as a cockchafer might through a spider's web. Then the warp hanging low enough for her to pass over saves the cut-off length from loss, but not from damage. Therefore the frequented steamer-tracks must be shunned.

Jack has trimmed and fixed the two lanterns one above the other, the sign of a fishing-boat at night. The lower one is carried by a kind of rusty iron lamp-post that springs from the deck; the other hanging a few feet above it from the single stay supporting the mizenmast.

The net being all paid out, the warp is secured at the bow, the heavy foremast lowered to a slanting position, and we lie riding as at anchor, the snaky line of dotted corks writhing and wriggling away into the gathering darkness ahead.

Then Jack reports the kettle boiling.

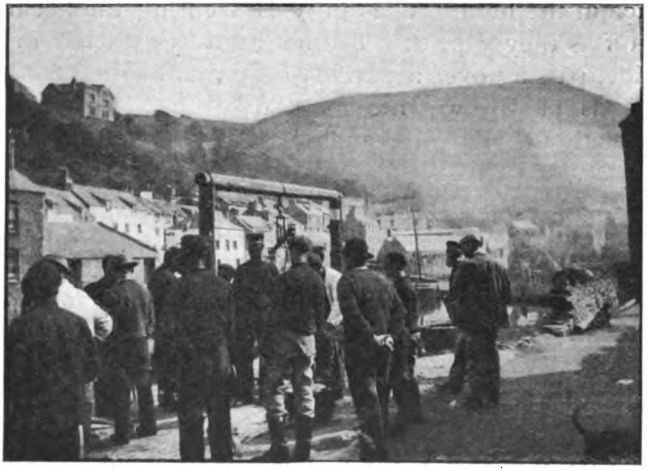
Upon this announcement we make our way below, dropping one at a time through the narrow hatch into the ash-pit in front of the furnace door, to dispose ourselves on the low lockers which meet aft at the apex of the wedge-shaped floor. I would fain have been excused the place of honour next the boiler, but there is no escape, for I am flanked on the other side by Uncle Isaac, and the deck above is in contact with my head. From the boiler-furnace Jack produces the kettle, and from black holes above the lockers the linen bread-bags are exhumed. There is also a horn cup containing butter in a more than semi-liquid state. The air, if it may be called so, approaches the semi-solid, so numerous are the mingled fumes of which it is constituted. I must count the morning redolence of the *Centipede's* wardroom as but a weak thing after this. Though I made shift to trifle with a bit of saffron cake to keep up appearances, I felt a disinclination to bear my fair share of the conversation. Not that that mattered much.

They discussed an artist gentleman who had gone out fishing with them last season—not a proper artist, because he never touched off his pictures with paints, in fact he used to draw them for the newspapers. Before all things it was not to be supposed that he could mend a steam capstan.

When this meal was over one of the black holes above the lockers was put at my disposal if I wanted to stretch out until it was time to draw the nets. It was the same hole that had produced the butter and the bone-handled knives. It now produced a frock and pair of spacious trousers of thick flannel, for I said I would prefer to sleep on deck, and was assured I should find it cold. Encased in these garments I burrowed into a fold

of the mainsail between the yard and the gunwale, a berth which proved as snug as a hammock. If anything troubled me at all it was a feeling of anxiety for the crew stewing below, and this anxiety was intensified when the look-out proceeded to plug himself like a well-fitting cork into the narrow hatchway, and further ensured the exclusion of air by wrapping a shawl about the projecting portion of his body and tucking in the ends.

Then the swaying mizenmast stirred up the stars and the dancing lights of the distant boats, with some jagged wave outlines and distant rags of cloud, into a blurred vacuity which



LANDED FOR SALE

remoulded itself into a voice inquiring with an incredulous ring: 'Have 'ee had a good sleep, Mister?'

'First rate.'

'Well, well! You'm hardier than what we be. Any one of us would have caught his death of cold. We'm going to heave in the nets now.'

All hands were stirring on deck in the darkness, hailing Jack at intervals with inquiries about the steam-pressure, or injunctions to 'Stoke her up, lad; stoke her up.'

If just a slight chill feeling of depression touched my heart, when the capstan began to chatter, it was not due to the midnight air, but solicitude for the feed-valves. It passed off when the net brought aboard the first cluster of shining mackerel, and simultaneously the cheerful announcement rumbled up from below: 'She's 'eaving now.'

By some dexterous twist, that I found it impossible to attain to, the fish were disentangled from the net as one might pluck cherries. Nearly all of them were already dead, literally strangled, the mesh of the net about their gills. It is Jack's task to regulate the speed of the capstan, which he can do sitting on the gunwale, for the spindle of the valve passes up through the deck. When the net is empty he can let her rattle at full speed; he must slow down when fish appear, and stop if they arrive in bunches. The process of hauling the net is precisely the converse of shooting it. The warp is led to the capstan, passing over a 'fairlead' at the bow, and returns to its own place in the hold. The lanyards securing the net have to be cast off as they appear. The net itself is gathered in at the boat's side, passing over a wooden roller, and as the fish are removed it is paid down into its own compartment. There is work enough to keep all hands busy, and one who can find nothing else to do can always take a turn at the pump, for the net brings a quantity of water with it. It is a picture that might be commended to the notice of any artist in search of an unhackneyed subject. The light from the two lanterns, blurred at intervals by the clouds of exhaust steam from the capstan, is not sufficient to dispel the mystery of the scene. The fish entangled in the black net seem to shine with a pale phosphorescence, and the frequently-repeated watchword, 'She's 'eavin now,' is most applicable to the *St. Michael* herself.

Uncle Isaac estimates the catch, when the net is all aboard, to number full six hundred fish, a satisfactory haul. All that remains to be hoped for is that prices will be good when they are landed for sale in the morning.

The capstan-engine's last task is to set the foremast up into its vertical position. When we have hoisted sail old Uncle Isaac takes the helm, which can be handled comfortably enough while sitting on the deck. The rest of the crew disappear down the hatch, issuing an invitation to me as they descend. I prefer to stick to Uncle Isaac, especially as I note I can secure a spot to windward of him. In this position the words of his mouth will reach me, winnowed of a certain fragrance which might otherwise prove distracting.

On summing up they seemed but vague hints, yet they served to demonstrate the laws governing the apparently random appearances of the *St. Michael* and her sisters in such distant waters at varied seasons. This present routine of going to sea at night and returning in the morning lasts for less than three

months, a period now just expiring. In another week they will be going further afield—away to the westward of the Scilly Isles, carrying a store of ice, and returning to port after three or four days fishing. This serves as a breaking-in for their departure into still more distant waters. After a refit in July, which includes changing the nets for those of smaller mesh, they sail either to Aberdeen for the herring fishing, or to Kinsale for mackerel. The Kinsale fleet get back to their wives

THE SLIPWAY BY THE OLD PIER

and families at the beginning of October. The Aberdeen division, working down to Scarborough, reach home a fortnight later. After this reassembling they divide again, half to fish for mackerel off Plymouth, half for herrings in their own bay. Such, omitting colour, incident, or detail, is the year's programme. But what an abundance of colour, incident, and detail should be included! Of weary times, when, as Uncle Isaac put it: 'Like the 'postles of awld, they had toiled all night and taken nothing.' Of windless fogs which bind them helpless on the very high road of the New York liners. Of demon gun-boats, or devilish destroyers, not to be diverted by

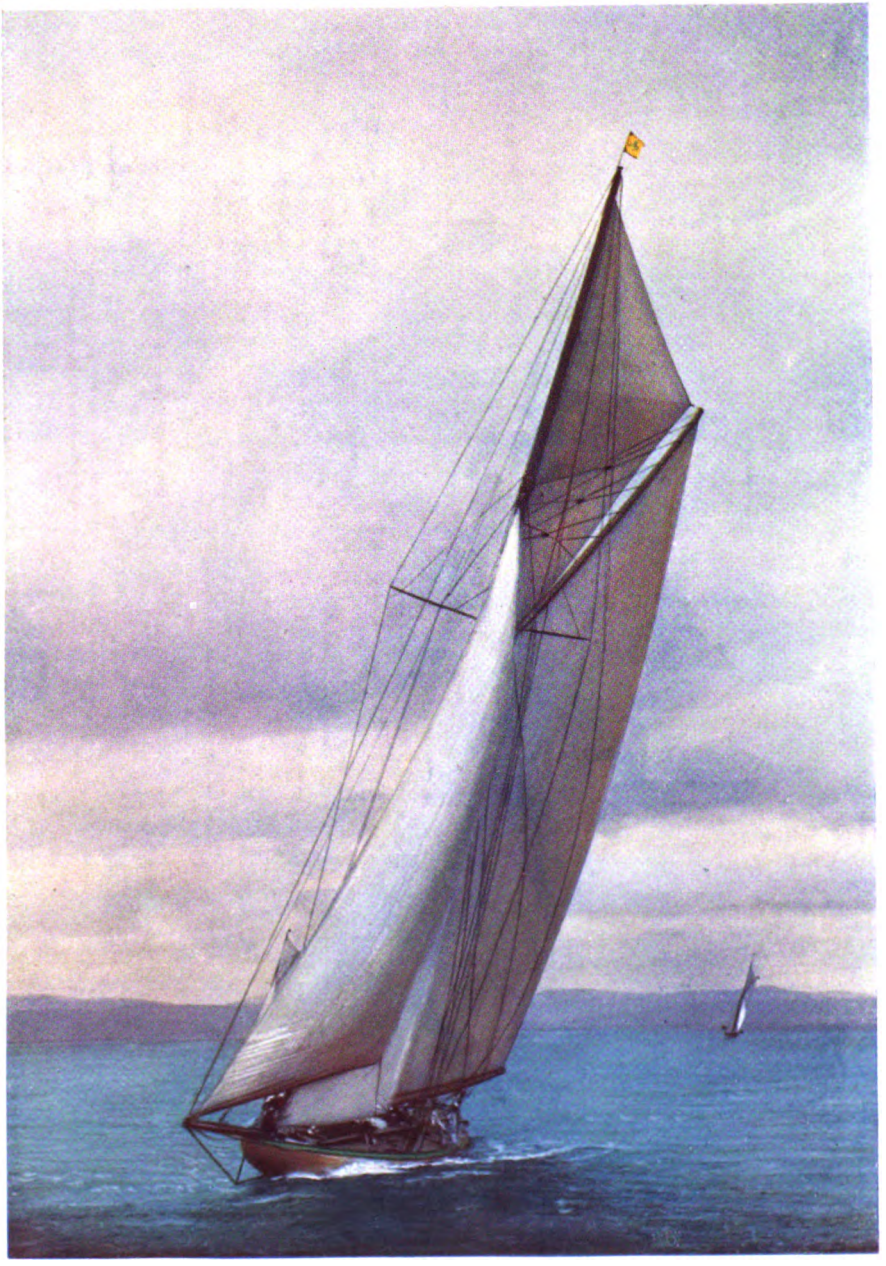
a futile flare. Of ways of fish that are past explaining, as for instance, the refusal of mackerel to come to net off Plymouth on moonlight nights. Of voyages groped through by dead reckoning and dummy compass. Even of the varied manners the lighthouses and lightships affect in their winking, the Wolf's cheery alternation of white and red blinks, the Longship's more dignified occultations at minute intervals, the fidgety triple flash of the Seven Stones Lightship combined with whatever more complicated motion it may please the Atlantic to communicate. Of their articulation no less varied, some clamouring with the iron tongues of bells, some coughing out detonating reports, some yelling through copper-throated sirens.

LANDING THE CATCH

Feeling it was due to me to contribute something to Uncle Isaac's stock of information on the subject, I told him how black men caught rainbow-coloured fish amongst coral-reefs, in water through which they could be seen swimming ten fathoms below.

'I thought you must a' bin out fishing before to-night,' said he, and thrust his head down the hatch to rouse the crew and call them on deck.

There was but the faintest hint of dawn in some grey streaks across the gap of the valley, as we glided under the red light on the pier-head. The *St. Michael* wedged her way to her accustomed place amongst a cluster of other boats already moored. Accepting a brace of mackerel and avoiding any reference to steam-capstans, I was landed by Jack on the slip-



SHAMROCK II.

Photo Agnew & Sons, Glasgow.

UNIV. OF MICH.

way by the side of the old pier, and threw gravel and small pebbles at one of the inn windows till I was admitted.

Now upon awaking in the morning the whole matter of the *St. Michael's* capstan and her night's catch appeared as a dream until the time of greeting the old men in the sunshine outside. Then I found that by a perverse stroke of fate, fame had come to me through a channel I had least expected or desired. Thenceforward defects in steam-capstans were reported to me every day, and a diet consisting mainly of fresh mackerel awoke in me something of a prophetic strain.

I foresaw myself in the character of the oldest inhabitant of the port, an ancient and shrivelled hermit dwelling in a cave, looking seaward, an object of superstitious veneration to the fishermen, who have a strange custom of making a daily offering of mackerel. Though the origin of this observance can neither be traced nor explained, it is supposed to exercise a beneficial influence upon the boat's electro-motive capstans, for steam has long been an obsolete power. Most assuredly I should now be working out this destiny had I not nerved myself, being awed by dark hints of farewell demonstrations impending, to depart out of their coasts prematurely and surreptitiously upon an evening when all the boats were at sea, and all the old men gossiping in the Fishermen's Rest.

Much might be said of subsequent chance meetings with the *St. Michael* upon the high seas and elsewhere. While sketching one evening on the wharves round Sutton Pool, the fishing-boats' harbour at Plymouth, I found Uncle Isaac looking over my shoulder. Amongst other things I inquired what destruction the destroyers had wrought lately. In reply he related an instance of one having carefully avoided going through their nets. I did not tell him this was the *Centipede*.

Ere this I should have made another application for fourteen days leave, but that I cannot decide whether to seek pastoral scenery, with its certain and abortive results in bilious green, or to return to the home port of the *St. Michael* with the uncertainty of being able to escape again.

AFTER KLIPSPRINGERS IN RHODESIA

BY FLOYD ELIOT

IT has always been a matter for wonder to me how it is that, of the many literary-minded hunters of big and small game who have helped to make us familiar with the *venerie* of South Africa, none have dwelt at any length upon the delights of sport obtained with the interesting little buck known to naturalists as *Oreotragus Saltatrix*. It is not with a vaulting ambition to supply the lacking information that I have written this. On the contrary, so pleasantly appetising have been my own occasional experiences, that I feel the only way to get further knowledge of this delightful, or as Gordon Cumming called the klipspringer, 'darling little antelope,' is to start the subject, though it be but in meagre measure.

As I have found him, the klipspringer can and does provide the very best of sport—sport in its cleanest and truest form. The pursuit of the Kainsi—as it is sometimes called by those who lay claim to a knowledge of the native dialects—makes a keen sportsman keener, as it also makes a healthy man healthier. To secure sport with this little 'darling' one must work as hard, if not at so great an altitude, as the Alpine Switzer or the Tyrolese hunter does in his quest for the possibly still more agile chamois or ibex.

The adult male of the *Oreotragus Saltatrix* stands at most

twenty-two inches high at the shoulder, and has an extreme length of thirty-six inches, which measurement presents a form both square and robust. Its colour is of a dark brown or ashy grey at the middle and base, but the tip of each hair is of a decided yellow, the three pigments mentioned giving an agreeable olive glow to the whole pelt. The hair is very thick and long, and is hard, brittle and spirally twisted. It has a small and pointed muzzle coming from a short, broad head. The horns are rarely over four inches in length, are round, distant, and vertical, but slightly inclined forwards, obscurely wrinkled at the base, and annulated in the middle. The female is without horns.

The klipspringer's principal habitat is in broken, rocky ground, for which its hoofs are peculiarly adapted. Each hoof is sub-divided into two segments, and is jagged at the edges; this fact gives it the capability of moving up the almost precipitous mounds among which it lives. When standing, this animal rests its weight only on the very tips of its feet. Like its congener, the Alpine chamois, it is sometimes to be seen standing with its four feet drawn closely together, in a space not larger than a saucer, perched high in air upon the very apex of some pyramidal rock, whence but one false step would hurl it to a cruel death in some vasty deep fissure. Courage rather than caution is the strong point of the klipspringer. His mind apparently is always made up. It is the hunter who will be disconcerted should he suddenly, on rounding a corner, be confronted with a small family of klipspringers. They do not turn, but come straight ahead, and if the path the hunter happens to be treading is but a narrow ledge, the chances are that both he and the klipspringer will go over. When this happens you may depend it is not the agile buck that suffers most. If this game little animal were made of indiarubber he could not bound more agilely or with more spontaneity. To hunters familiar with the chamois of Europe the perky little *Oreotragus Saltatrix* will prove a very acceptable deputy, and unless danger is a positive savour to the sportsman, he will find, as I have done, that a few days spent in a district favourable for the klipspringer will not be wasted time.

I may here remark that, although the little buck under reference is more at home in rocky fastnesses, he is also to be found on the boulder-strewn banks of creeks where a dense growth of fern and bramble prevails.

Some of my readers may pause at the statement as to the

appearance of the common bramble in South Africa. Yet it is there, and a fruitful grower on elevations where rich loams have accumulated on the sides of the more open gullies. It was a matter for surprise to me when I made my first ascent of Spitzkop, a mountain—rather a diminutive one, truly, but having an altitude of 7100 feet—to find so homely a reminder as a blackberry bush flourishing in this sub-tropical region. This occasion was more than twenty years ago. Since then, Spitzkop and the neighbouring Devil's Knuckles have sent forth the reverberations of warlike sounds: witness the memorable presence of General French's command less than a year since.

The reason for my reference to the bramble originates in a desire to tell of the appreciation by the klipspringer and his cousin the ourebi for the berries of it. On more than one occasion I have observed both these kinds of buck feeding on the berries of the bramble with evident zest. This fact *may*, I do not say that it does, account for the superior flavour of their venison to that of any other buck. That ourebi and klipspringer flesh is generally reckoned the most toothsome, every South African sportsman will agree, though eland meat is, undoubtedly, the most nourishing.

I think it was Sir William Cornwallis Harris, a noted hunter of some sixty or seventy years ago, who remarked that the ourebi was easy enough to find in his haunts, but the securing of his body was not so simple a matter. On being roused from his seat the ourebi indulges—after covering a few yards as a preliminary—in the most astounding and snipe-like zig-zags, making it necessary for special rifle practice. The same remark applies to the klipspringer when found out of his favourite coverts. In the low bottoms and along the fern-covered banks of creeks and gullies, when disturbed, he makes a series of most outrageous dartings, first to the right, then to the left, with occasional head-long dives. These dives carry him out of sight so effectually one might almost be pardoned for believing him to be a habitant of gnome-land on his return to the bowels of mother-earth.

Just previous to the outbreak of hostilities between the British and the Boer forces, I was making a trip to Rhodesia. My *entourage* comprised three waggons, two of which were somewhat heavily laden, having a weight of some twenty-two or twenty-three thousand pounds distributed between them. The third waggon was a travelling one, tented and made more than usually comfortable, if not luxurious. My stock-in-trade

was not of a perishable order, therefore my friend G. and I did not feel bound to hurry on the road. Thus it fell out we stayed just where and when our joint pleasures listed.

Entering Rhodesia from the Transvaal side of the Krokodil river, we left the old Tuli camp to the south, making the best of our way northward. At Setoutsi—a place which is a place only in name, unless the remains of an old post-station erected by the Chartered Company when its pioneers first invaded Mashunaland may be seriously termed 'a place'—at Setoutsi we saw a considerable amount of game, but as water was not only scarce but bad in quality, we lost no time in pushing forward to the Bubye river. On our arrival at the drift we were gratified to find plenty of good water in the stream, and capital feeding for the oxen. Here we rested three days to recruit the cattle on the rich grass which was so abundant. It is quite a revelation to new travellers in South Africa to note the vast improvement in the draught cattle if only a couple of days good grass can be vouchsafed to them after long, heavy, and often too rapid trekking. The combined effects of running water and plenty of good grass are really miraculous.

The banks of the Bubye are lined with bush of a stunted character, which seems to thrive on the loose sand of the district. The 'boys' at the waggons were never happy unless they had plenty of meat, so I turned out the morning after our arrival, and finding spoor of the Swaart-wit-pense, as the Boer calls the sable antelope, followed it up, returning some two hours later, my bearers bringing with them the meat of two sables. Their heads were not of much account, so I left them, but on my way to the waggons I found a sable's head with the very finest horns I ever heard of, much less saw. Their measurement ran to three feet nine inches, but unfortunately they were very old and full of worms. I have seen others which I have thought fine, one pair I remember being three feet six inches. These were highly esteemed by the man who owned them. He told me he shot the buck on the Hunyani river. Other specimens I have seen measuring from three feet two inches to three feet four inches. This last would perhaps be rather above the average, but of late years more young bucks have been killed than in past times, consequently the full grown specimens are not so numerous as perhaps they were ten or fifteen years ago.

Another ramble I had along the Bubye's banks was

productive of a couple of klipspringers, and very glad I was to have them, for their skins, or rather the hair from them, formed the nucleus of a supply I had long desired to possess. Some of the Boer hunters I have met have told me the hair of the klipspringer is as efficacious in the curing and prevention of rheumatism as is that from the rooi-kaat. To that I cannot vouch, but be it as it may, the prime use to which the hair of the klipspringer may be put is for stuffing saddles, or—if you can get a sufficiency—for mattresses. For this latter purpose its special qualifications are its extreme elasticity and its peculiar texture, which precludes the possibility of its balling or becoming lumpy, a fault nearly every other description of padding is open to.

While yet on the Bubye, some donkeys I had with me, which I hoped to dispose of profitably later on, got astray. Their absence delayed our start for some twenty-four hours, during which time all the members of my *ménage* were seeking for the delinquents in every direction. Towards sundown they were discovered some eight miles away, associated with a herd of some thirty or forty quaggas. It proved a work of no light order to get them separated. At first the donkeys would not leave the herd, and later the quaggas seemed bent on keeping further company with the donkeys, for they followed them for quite four miles on the return to camp. To prevent any relapse from allegiance we picketed our asinine friends, and two or three shots soon dispossessed the quaggas of any lingering desire to remain near us. Notwithstanding their departure I had a half-fear the donkeys might again be tempted to stray, so lost no time in pushing on. Within three easy treks we eventually reached the village, or rather what was once Mothibi's village. We found it wrecked and the kraals dismantled. The mealie gardens were all broken up, while the wattled fences had been either taken away or made use of as firewood by the advancing settlers, who, under the ægis of *l'homme d'état*, were on their way to further the interests of the Empire, or possibly their own, each in his own particular and modest way. Old Mothibi's under such conditions was not the place at which to pitch a camp. Perforce, then, we pushed ahead, crossing the M'hlane about midway between old and new Mothibi's. After we had proceeded for about a mile and a half, our waggons got stuck bed-deep in quicksand. This road proved as trying a bit of trekking as ever fell to my lot. Three times in less than three hundred yards did we off-load, rain coming down in torrents

the while, wetting all and everything, buck-sails notwithstanding. It requires an unusually large fund of good spirits, apart from those usually drawn upon in damp, bad weather, to maintain a bold front when travelling with ox-waggons in the rainy season in South Africa. We were not, however, 'in the rains.' Our situation owed itself to sudden and unusual atmospheric changes at the particular time of year.

Our arrival at Mothibi's new town was the signal for the acclivitous sides of the broken up range on which it is built to teem with instant life. Where but a few moments before no one particular object was recognisable against the rufous-coloured rock, of a sudden there appeared quite a swarm of natives: young men and maidens, old men and children were all agog with curiosity and desire to trade. Down they came from their huts, which were perched, nest-like, on the ledges jutting out from an almost sheer face of rock. These natives are keen traders, and always have something at hand with which to effect a stroke of business. Jars, baskets, or some other description of vessel are all commandeered from their legitimate uses, to carry either milk, rice, honey, or maize to the ever-ready traveller. Sweet potatoes, in particular, always find ready purchasers, in most cases a foot or two of cloth or other weft being the most desired *quid pro quo*. Of beads they seem to have a sufficiency, or maybe they esteemed them rather out of fashion, but the piccaninnies and younger maidens were ever ready for the *baséla* of sugar, while their papas and mammas wisely recognised the supreme value of salt.

This new stadt of Mothibi's is a remarkably interesting one. By comparison with many others it is positively clean. The people themselves are quite presentable—indeed many wear quite a civilised aspect. They are, or were at the time of my visit, well behaved, except for an occasional slip on the part of an inhabitant when possessed of a longing for property not his own.

I believe there has been a long ancestral line of Mothibis. I made the acquaintance of two of them—the old chief, a quaint-looking old chap, with a face which, from its weather-beaten appearance, reminded me of some of Rembrandt's heads. A gay old fellow though, and ready to give and take a joke with the best. He gave us to understand he was very proud of his new capital, deeming it to be much safer than the old stadt. He had removed mainly from fear of the Matabeles, but now that the power of that nation is broken

Mothibi will rest in peace, till called to his happy hunting-ground in the Erewhon. He had a son, Jan, a stalwart fellow too. He, I think, had been under mission influence. Jan's face was full of intelligence, and he was possessed of many characteristics which pointed to close contact with Europeans. My friend G., who is a past master in most native dialects, soon attracted Jan's attention, and after a while won the native's entire confidence. It seems that Jan's love of hunting was the strong chord which drew him to G., who, as I have said before, could converse fluently in almost any Kaffir tongue. Jan carried a Westley-Richards rifle, and later we found him to be an expert shot. From Jan we gathered information which set us hoping we were in luck's way. He had met with a good many koodoos in the neighbouring bush, and the hills were alive with klipspringers. He himself had that day seen some thirty head, quite near by, and he knew one family of rhinos was 'not so far' off.

My friend G. and myself were bent on sport—that particular kind of sport which might be gained among the piled-up fragments of granite everywhere around us. These huge masses of shattered rock were strikingly suggestive of ruined masonry which might have been the work of Titanic masons, each block weighing many tons. Where these domed granite earth-blisters are not riven and set on edge, their tops are rounded and polished by the attrition of wind and weather. In this condition they present the appearance of bubbles on the surface of a huge cauldron of boiling liquid, and glow like burnished metal in the sun's rays. There have been occasions when these smooth-topped hills have glistened to so great a degree as to raise a doubt in my mind, for a moment or so, as to whether or not I looked upon a veritable crystal structure.

It was amidst this remarkable *débris* of Nature's past activity that I enjoyed some of the most perfect shooting it has ever been my luck to fall across. As we had arrived at Mothibi's early in the day, we had full time to get our rifles and other needs into fittest order, so that when the approach of Jan Mothibi, at the first shimmer of dawn, set our dogs barking, we had good time for the coffee-drinking which seems to have become an institution throughout every part of the South African Continent.

G. and I started just as a golden streak yellowed the lower strata of darker clouds which lined our horizon. Having placed

ourselves entirely under the guidance of Jan, and accompanied by half a dozen stout bearers, two of whom were to hold the dogs in leash, we began our climb to the higher and more retired parts of the range. It had been decided before starting that we should make a wide sweep and then work our way back to the waggons through the most likely coverts for game. To this suggestion our hunter-guide made no demur. Thus we had made a *détour* of some three miles before we began to beat.

Perhaps I am an enthusiast in the matter of the picturesque, for I feel a difficulty in keeping my pen from running too frequently into descriptions of scenery or surroundings. Yet why not describe, for surely scenery is one of the integrals of sport? Even as our guide calls attention to the first party of buck, I check my enthusiasm to admire the sheer ruggedness of the granite pile on which these klipspringers stand, apparently heedless of the splendid vantage they have given us, if they will only remain on their high perch but five minutes longer—five minutes only. In that space of time it became necessary for us to ensconce ourselves somewhere, or otherwise one of the half-dozen pairs of eyes would discover us, and the splendid chance be lost. Nothing helps to disconcert a keen shot more than the recollection of a lost opportunity. It is a trifle, perhaps, but the effects are far-reaching.

On these bare granite blisters the covert at best is of the scantiest. A fragment of rock, a bunch of coarse grass, a half-starved shrub growing from a fissure in the surface, is all that can be expected. To lie prone is hazardous and is productive of discomfort, for at times the rock itself is hot enough to grill a steak. In the huger rents between the hills one fares better in the matter of shelter. Covers and *klompjes* of bushes give the needed refuge from the quick vision of the quarry we seek to win.

On this particular occasion we hung as closely to the sides of the enclosing walls as we could. As these walls receded at their base the over-hanging summit itself screened us. That part of the mountain immediately above our heads was weirdly rent and torn. From the main rock a large slab had been projected forwards, and stood out clear from the mass, perhaps some six or seven feet below the actual line of the level top. On this jutting fragment stood a fine buck, gazing into the far distance as might a sentinel, and apparently oblivious of what was going on nearer home. At the extreme edge above him we discerned what we believed to be four or five others, but until

Jan's more practised eye gave us certainty, these objects might have been merely some of the many strewn fragments of upheaved granite. A very tempting shot indeed, though one that it behoved us to let alone, seeing that to awake the tell-tale echoes for the sake of one shot would have been suicidal to our interests. Jan deemed it would be well for G. and myself to remain where we were while he reconnoitred the approaches to the summit. He explained that it was too early for much of the game to be out of covert, and that buck did not take to the open ground before the sun was higher. Despatching Jan on this errand, we waited, somewhat impatiently, it must be admitted, for his return.

Half an hour later he was with us again, supplying the information that 'alles sal regt kom'—meaning that all would be well. This dropping into *taal* or Boer speech was the only occasion upon which the young Mothibi forsook his mother tongue, it being apparently unintentional. He had no great respect for his mission-house experiences.

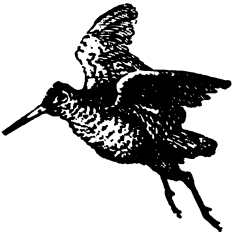
All this while the buck had been under our keen observation. Once or twice he had left his perch to re-visit the top, but he had returned a few minutes later, evidently satisfied as to the well-being of his harem. Jan's report left us at liberty to try our skill. G. and I tossed a coin for first shot. The luck was with me, but, I regret to say, I made but a poor use of it ; my ball struck the slab of rock on which the little buck stood, just at its edge, causing a shower of splints to fly around, which the klipspringer resented by fiercely stamping his fore feet. The effect was only to bring within our vision the four other bucks which had been lying on the summit a moment before. G. then 'wiped my eye' with one of his most perfect shots. He dropped the buck as it stood. Afterwards we found the ball had severed the spine just where it joined the cranium. One of the bearers was sent to bring the dead animal down, while G. and I went in different directions. The further we went through this ravine the more game we saw. In a manner of speaking, as Jan had said, the jutting points and shrub-adorned ledges were 'alive' with klipspringers. Out of every bunch of broom and tangled tambooki grass one of these nimble creatures bounded as if hurtled from a catapult. There were at least a dozen afoot at the same time. Every one of them at once made for the higher ledges, apparently bound summit-wards. In the clear air of morning they stood out so distinctly as to fairly baffle me in respect to judgment of distance,

and I rather plume myself on my ability at that work. The nearest either G. or myself killed was not less than 120 yards. The whole length of this kloof was evidently a favourite harbourage ; and small wonder, for it was so walled in that only the midday sun could reach it. Its cool shade and the heavy dews were highly favourable to the growth of lichens, and a variety of ferns offered splendid feed for the epicurean klipspringer. Within its limits I saw the most magnificent bed of maidenhair fern my eyes ever lighted upon. It grew almost knee-high, its colour perfect in delicacy of shade, and at a guess I should say the whole patch must have had a length of some thirty or forty feet.

Before our enthusiasm had waned sufficiently for us to think of returning to camp, we had accounted for thirteen klipspringers, a very decent and respectable three hours' bag.

Clambering about the slippery fragments of rock had made us feel quite used up, so we deferred a visit to the haunt of the koodoos till the morrow.

In South Africa I have enjoyed every description of shooting, but this little experience at Mothibi's, together with the sport included in a three-years sojourn in the district of Lydenburg, form the pleasantest of my sporting restrospects in that part of the continent.



FLY-FISHING IN MAURITIUS

BY STAFF-SURGEON C. L. NOLAN, R.N.

A MERCIFUL Admiral on the East Indian Station wishes to give the ships under his command the opportunity of visiting Mauritius during the hottest time of the year on the Northern part of the station. He cannot remove all his ships from the Indian and Ceylon coasts, but generally two or three can be spared to go South, and, though the trip in a small vessel is not all pleasure, the vast difference between simmering in the Persian Gulf or at Aden in July and August and enjoying the mid-winter season in Mauritius, more than makes up for a rather long and wet passage against the south-west monsoon.

When it came to our turn to go, we naturally cast round for information as to the sport to be obtained. We did not even think of inquiring about river fishing, and accounts of the shooting were not encouraging. The Admiral and a select few might come in for some red-legged partridge-shooting, but an invitation or two to a *chasse* from the French people of the Island—a *chasse* being a deer drive and a copious breakfast, especially the latter—was all the sport the most of us might expect.

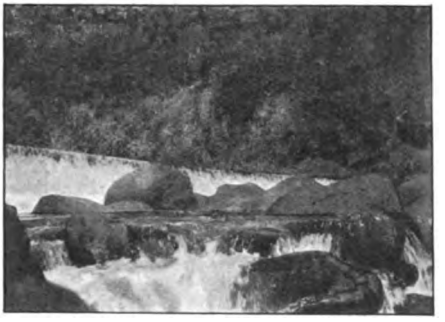
It was only by chance that an enthusiast on fishing came on board just before we sailed, who informed us that nobody ever fished, but that the fly-fishing was not by any means to be despised. To a duffer at cricket and lawn tennis—the staple forms of exercise at Mauritius—this was exceedingly good news :

the next thing to think about was the wherewithal to catch the fish.

Not expecting fishing on this station (for we never go near the Mahseer rivers) I had left my rods at home and so, worse luck! had everybody else on board except one messmate, who produced the greater part of an ancient rod, a shaky reel and some yards of more or less rotten line.

Defective as these might be, they were treasures, and the possessor, not being a keen fisherman, kindly handed them over to me, and I unearthed (if such a term is applicable on board a ship) an old fly book containing some ragged flies and untrustworthy gut.

Perhaps a better equipment might be procurable at



Mauritius, but one must be prepared, so, with the aid of the ship's carpenter, the rod was patched up and an article was produced sufficiently useful for short casting in rough water, though not elegant in appearance, not quite the sort of thing one would choose for dry-fly work in a clear, South of England stream: its end ring was cunningly fashioned from a safety-pin. A landing-net was said to be indispensable, and this was soon provided: one of our handy men netted the net, and this was fastened to the frame of an old tennis bat, reduced to a more comely slimness with a spoke-shave and sandpaper—it did not look like a landing-net; I was asked once if I was going to play *la crosse* with it! As we found later, no rods were to be purchased at Mauritius, and except that we obtained an excellent line (of a stuff called *fil d'Anana*, locally) and were given some flies and gut by the only resident fly-fisher of the Island, we did not improve our stock of gear; however, we managed well enough, and though regretting our 'Farlow' at home, had many a good evening's fishing with our job lot.

Most of my fishing was done on the Grande Rivière in the north-west. It appears to be one of the best rivers, it is quite close to Port Louis, where we were anchored, and it is easy of access. I also made two excursions to the Rivière des Créoles in the south part of the island, but as there is no place to put up at and no late train, I was obliged to leave before the evening fishing—and the hour before sunset is always the best. It is a fine river, and should be given a proper trial. There are several other rivers, all holding fish, and they could be worked by 'carriole' if one had a headquarters up country—difficulties in obtaining leave prevented our trying them. These 'carrioles' are rather quaint. They are light, two-wheeled, covered carts, and are used extensively all over the island. They are drawn

by active and energetic but wayward ponies, and it is advisable to overhaul the harness before you start on a journey. I have seen similar carts and ponies in Java, where probably both originally came from.

The Grande Rivière may be taken as a type of Mauritian streams. It flows at first through deep gorges and ravines, and then, as it approaches the sea, through more open valleys ; the scenery is very beautiful, especially in the upper part of its course where the high banks of the ravines are covered with luxuriant vegetation and tropical trees. Large boulders of rock lie on the sides and in the bed of the stream, which is thus formed into a succession of pools with rushing water between. Sometimes one comes to a larger pool lying under high cliffs almost covered with maidenhair fern. It seems strange to be casting a fly here, amidst 'travellers'' palms, clumps of bamboo, masses of brilliant bougainvillea and such like, with monkeys, perhaps, grinning at you from the trees or rocks. These beasts spoiled the fishing in a favourite pool one evening ;

skylarking overhead on the high bank, they kept sending showers of loose stones into the water, effectually frightening off any fish that might have liked to try my fly. Language proper to such an occasion is quite lost on a monkey, and gives little relief !

The travelling is difficult along these upper waters of the

river. The jungle generally comes to the edge of the stream, there are few paths, and you have to emulate the monkeys in making bold jumps from rock to rock. Fortunately, the best fish are usually to be caught nearer the sea, where the going is much easier. The lower reaches of the Grande Rivière seem

to be the laundry of Port Louis. In nearly every pool there is an Indian *dhoby* pursuing his destructive operations, and you may come across the mangled remains of your shirts drying on the bank—and this is quite like meeting an old friend. It is curious how the fish have become accustomed to the washing —or perhaps they are fond of soap : I have risen them from right under the nose of a washerman standing in the water.

The fly-fisherman in Mauritius concerns himself with only two kinds of fishes, but tales are told of enormous eels—five or six feet in length—that live in the deep, rocky pools of the rivers. They may be caught, it is said, with a live duckling as bait, but we have never tried for them and know nothing of them. The fish that take an artificial fly are the *chitte* and the *carpe*—both French local names. The former appears to be a sort of fresh-water mullet, and is a beautifully shaped fish with moderate-sized silvery scales. It inhabits the upper waters of the rivers, and is said to reach two or three pounds in weight and to be excellent to eat; personally, I have only caught babies of this tribe. It is *la carpe*, which is really a silver perch, that gives the best sport to the fly-fisher. These are most

game little fish; they rise freely and fight like a sea trout. Their size varies. A naval officer, whose veracity I would trust even though he is a fisherman, told me he had caught them up to two pounds; my best was just over three-quarters of a pound, and fish of that weight are plentiful. Of course a few were just lost and those were much bigger!

But it is in the hot season, we were told, that the finest perch are to be caught, and it is only then that the residents think it worth while to fish. There are a few native professional fishermen who also confine their fishing to the summer months, except occasionally, when they dynamite the pools. We met one resident only who uses an artificial fly, the general custom among the few fishermen in the Island being to bait with a small fresh-water shrimp called *chevrette* of which there are large numbers in the streams.

Our stock of flies was limited, but we found one, the 'Governor,' far the best. We used small—not the smallest sized—trout flies, and I think nobody would go far wrong with

the same. If I were going again I would take a supply of the 'Hare's-ear,' the 'Coachman,' certainly the 'Coch-y-bondhu,' and, above all, the 'Governor.'

To conclude: Any soldier, sailor, or other person, whose fate takes him to Mauritius, and who is a trout fisherman and a lover of beautiful scenery, should not leave his fishing tackle at home.

A GOOD HUNTING BOOK

BY W. B. MAXWELL

I SUPPOSE that most men, after a long day with hounds, have suffered during the evening from the craving for a good book—a good book about hunting. Alas, how undiscoverable are such books! Always excepting certain of the classics, known by heart, sporting books, especially the latter-day productions, are, with the rarest exceptions, dust and ashes in the mouth of the sportsman. Better to hunt in dreams like a dog than commit yourself to their feeble, vacillating pilotage across the plough and pasture of imagination. You cannot even doze over their empty pages in comfort. You need a lozenge compounded of strongest extract of beef to suck at and be sustained by, and here is a horrid, grating charcoal biscuit, which may be good for the teeth, but certainly contains neither savour nor nourishment.

Why are they so poor and bad, those modern tales of the chase? Passing over the regrettable fact that they are made by poor and bad writers, while obviously demanding the strenuous effort of the greatest authors of the age to render any measure of success possible, it may at once be said that they are all absurdly too short and bald. What sort of chance would be that of a sentimental novel told in barest outline? 'John married Mary. Three years afterwards she left him, and came home to die ten years later'? Yet, 'the Captain

negotiated the ugly obstacle' is surely just as absurd. Where is the realism? I protest that a proper account of a long hunting run would itself make a long volume.

It is not enough to tell me that it was an 'ugly' obstacle. Most obstacles are ugly, in a certain aspect. I want each evil feature delineated, and brought home to me with the light, firm, intuitively accurate strokes of the artist in words: the brutish obstinacy of a hog-backed stile; the perky insolence of wattle hurdles on the top of a razor bank; the unkempt, ill-conditioned, blackguardly defiance of a ragged bullfinch and the almost obscene bravado of a boggy take-off. And for atmosphere: let me have the very odour of the new-turned earth as hind legs break it on rotten banks, the steam of sweating horses, the crunch and clatter of iron hoofs on gravel and stone in the convenient lane, the clang and cloop from bolt and latch of the field gates, the heat of the press, the hurry of the debouchment, the sob of the goaded whistler, the grunt of the hard-driven slug, the croak of the huntsman's voice—the exact turn of the swear words—''Old 'ard, gentlemen, dam, 'old 'ard; for devil's sake give 'em room,' or whatever it was. The life, the life, the life! Not the draped lay figure—the cant formula, the battered stereo—'And the huntsman, carried away by his feelings, implored them to desist with more force than elegance.' To be just to the old books in this respect, they strove towards the light—nearly all of them. And how they live—the little true touches on the fluffy background of futile verbiage! 'Come hup, you hugly brute,' said Mr. Jorrocks—&c. &c.

Consider for a moment the quality of the love interest, the play of the passions, jealousy, malice, hatred, wicked and virtuous desire, &c., as shown in these sad and sorry latter-day works, in their relation to flying fox and following hounds. (I do not suggest that the ideally excellent hunting romance must be all *tally ho* and *loo, loo, loo, who whoop*, &c.) What a vagueness pervades the scene, how indistinct and foggy are the personages who appeal to us for sympathy in the progress of their joys and woes! Of all deadening media, fog is the most baneful. We poor mortals must see, in order to understand. With the best will in the world, we cannot feel so much for the fallen cab-horse half detected in a fog-wrapt side street, as for the poor beast struggling in the clear light on the frost-bitten pavement of the main thoroughfare. But, here, dim twilight reigns at high noon. Our heroine is good and beautiful, a sound and daring horsewoman, and, we are told, 'turned out in the pink of

perfection.' (I quote the printed words and ignore the abominable slackness which has permitted an ambiguity in that word 'pink,' so that you do not know whether she is in a red coat or not.) Well, why not let us ourselves judge of her perfection? *How* is she turned out? Silence! Not one word more. Two hints—of somebody's overnight flower in her bosom, and her coils of splendid hair closely braided, so that in sober truth, except for that pink of perfection, she might be riding forth like Godiva, and without Godiva's modest attempt to put things straight by unbraiding her splendid tresses. Our hero and our villain are both terrible men on horseback—the villain especially. We are plainly given to understand that they are as clever as they are daring, and that you cannot put the latter on anything which he will not cause to travel—that he quells the most tigerish rogue and puts heart into the timidest youngster with equal precision. But do we see him really at work? Oh dear no. 'Away on the left, Guy, with lowering face and close pressed lips, was going straight as a die.' Vaguely gratifying, it is true. But why not have permitted us to witness the getting away of the terrible Guy? How much more convincing it would have been than this glimpse of him going great guns in the distance. It may be argued that the intelligent reader can himself fill in the picture, can imagine the short, sharp struggle with the demon horse, the vice-crushing treatment, the remorseless heels, dig, dig, the iron hands holding straight and true, and fairly lifting the whole concern over the first fence or two. It may be that the intelligent reader can supply all this, but after dinner, after a long day, can he in reason be expected to do so? Might he not, if this is the author's notion, be asked next to write the book himself?

Our heroine takes everything as it comes, 'lightly as any bird.' She 'turns in her saddle' now and again, to see what sort of lead she holds. She smiles encouragement at the hero when she finds him 'skimming along in her wake.' When he skims ahead, and, on a tired horse, attempts the impossible, she never fails to counsel prudence before and to express keen regret after the disaster. And so on and so forth. One cannot quarrel with it, because it is not like *hunting*. It is not like anything at all under the canopy of heaven except all other works of the same class. It is, at best, as far removed from life as a young lady's water-colour studies of nature—at worst, as the figures of men and women (and horses) mischievously scribbled on the nursery wall-paper by little boys who—even

mamma admits—will soon be old enough to be sent to school. Senseless, conventional, ill-drawn figures, how can one be bothered with them, how care to follow them as the plot thickens, through more and more of such shadow-hunting, till it culminates at the phantasmal hunt ball? What are the good of whispered affirmatives, marble-white faces, sentences hissed out in undying hate, glances of ineffable love, and all the rest of it, with such puppets? They come like shadows and so depart.

We all know the man at the club, who, being aware that we like hunting, though 'not a Nimrod himself'—his own phrase—makes a point of telling us about the hunting down at his nephew's place. Kind-hearted, dear old boy! We *have* to listen, and are, indeed, grateful for the kindly thought that makes him tell us. 'Oh yes! I assure you it was the prettiest sight you ever saw. A regular hunting breakfast—the young beggar's very popular—people from twenty miles round. Sunny morning, the dogs all on the lawn, the three hunstmen in the middle of them, and all the hunters in a circle: a dozen, yes, I should say quite a dozen ladies among the hunters, and such a horn-blowing, whip-cracking and holloaing when they set to work. Splendid! Foxhounds? Oh yes, of course. Wait a bit, though. There was a lot of talk about my nephew's deer in the park. Could they have been staghounds? I know the soldiers hunt deer down there—in a cart, they tell me: with a drag, I think they said—oh, a regular sporting country, &c. &c.'

There you are—a description of a lawn meet in terms not particularly accurate, but sufficient to convey a fair impression, and then, when you are trying to grasp it—slow, insidious, thickening, obliterating fog. All right when you are in full vigour at the club, but maddening in a book when you are tired out by much exercise.

In another part of the clubroom, perhaps, while you have been blandly undergoing your punishment, you may have remarked the smooth shaven face, stiff collar, keen-as-mustard, spick-and-span air of another member—a true 'Nimrod' this—driven by stress of weather to solace himself with bridge and other indoor ruses for killing time during a frost. How greedily do you seek to wash away the taste of the other stuff with a little of his conversation! No more fog—the life, the life! He has been for three weeks with the Quorn, the Belvoir, the Mudshire or the Flash-in-the-Pans, as the case may be; put up at —— (town named), at the —— (sign of inn given), with so

many horses standing at so much a week—all right, eh?—hunting such and such days, training every Friday to —— for the ——. 'Frost attacked the —— first. Stopped on Saturday with us, and going like blazes with the —— fifteen miles off. Curious! Fair sport, yes; one day a clinker,' &c., and so on. He has prepared his palette, loaded his canvas, and now he *paints*. He has told us of the row about the buttons and the master's dictatorial action in changing the die without consulting the club; the fuss at the ball; the withdrawal of the big subscription; the fie-fie lady and the foolish farmer, &c. &c. He has built up his solid background, massed in his strong lights and shades, and already the illusion is complete. In spirit we are *there* with him at the covert side—in for a good thing. Sitting cross-legged on our leather chair, we edge forward into a better place, and as his golden words fall, without rush or flurry or indecision or casting back, a perfect stream, we can hardly refrain from taking a short hold of the mahogany and galloping wildly across the smoking-room carpet to show our appreciation of this admirable man. What a book he would be, if one could print him, bind him, and carry him home to nurse on one's knees before the fire on a long solitary evening. Alas! that there should be no such talking books, while, figuratively speaking, the vapid chatter of our other friend should be always 'at press,' running into dozens of editions, reeling off from the great drums, and mischievously spoiling the lengths of clean white paper, to the rattle and throb of the electric engines, until the ear-tickling, brain-wearying, nerve-inflaming printed sheets would stretch from here to Peterborough railway station. Oh Wrigley! oh Clowes! oh Simpkin! oh Smith! oh Mudie! Why do you permit such things to be? You are all millionaires. I suppose you all hunt and keep strings of valuable hunters. But do none of you know the difference between chaff and oats?

It is actually and solely the crying need of the good hunting book which compels a man to selfishly, mercilessly summon the stud groom at half-past nine at night for the alleged purpose of inquiring how the bay mare is getting on, but with no other end really in view than the cheering of his loneliness by a little intelligent society. Who does not know the sort of conversation that ensues?

'Ate her food, did she?'

'Every bit, sir.'

'Ah! That's all right. That was all I had to say. I was

pleased with her. She took me over a post and rails—did I tell you?'

'A stiff one, sir?'

'No, just the ordinary sort.'

'Was you leading, sir?'

'No. Mr. Gadden and Mr. Creamer were both ahead of me, but what pleased me was her way. She meant having it. There was no shilly-shally.'

And so on and so forth—widening the area of discussion.

'That new horse of Mr. Gadden's is a poor leaper.'

'Indeed, sir.'

'I'll tell you how I know. He blundered into the top rail of a fence. *Luckily*, it broke. If not, they'd have come a tremendous smash, and there was no excuse, because ——.'

'Was that the same fence what you was speaking of just now?'

'Er, no. (Bother!) No, another one.'

The servants come in, placing the tray, 'the last thing,' and find you still talking.

'From what you say, sir, it must have been a severe gallop.'

'It was, it was.'

'But the mare carried you well. I'm glad of that, sir.'

'She did indeed.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Er, what were you going to say?'

'I, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Oh! I'm glad the mare carried you well, sir.'

That is the end. You would like to go on, but cannot keep the honest fellow out of his bed any longer. Poor man! If you could have found a decent book to read, he might have been sleeping like a top hours ago.

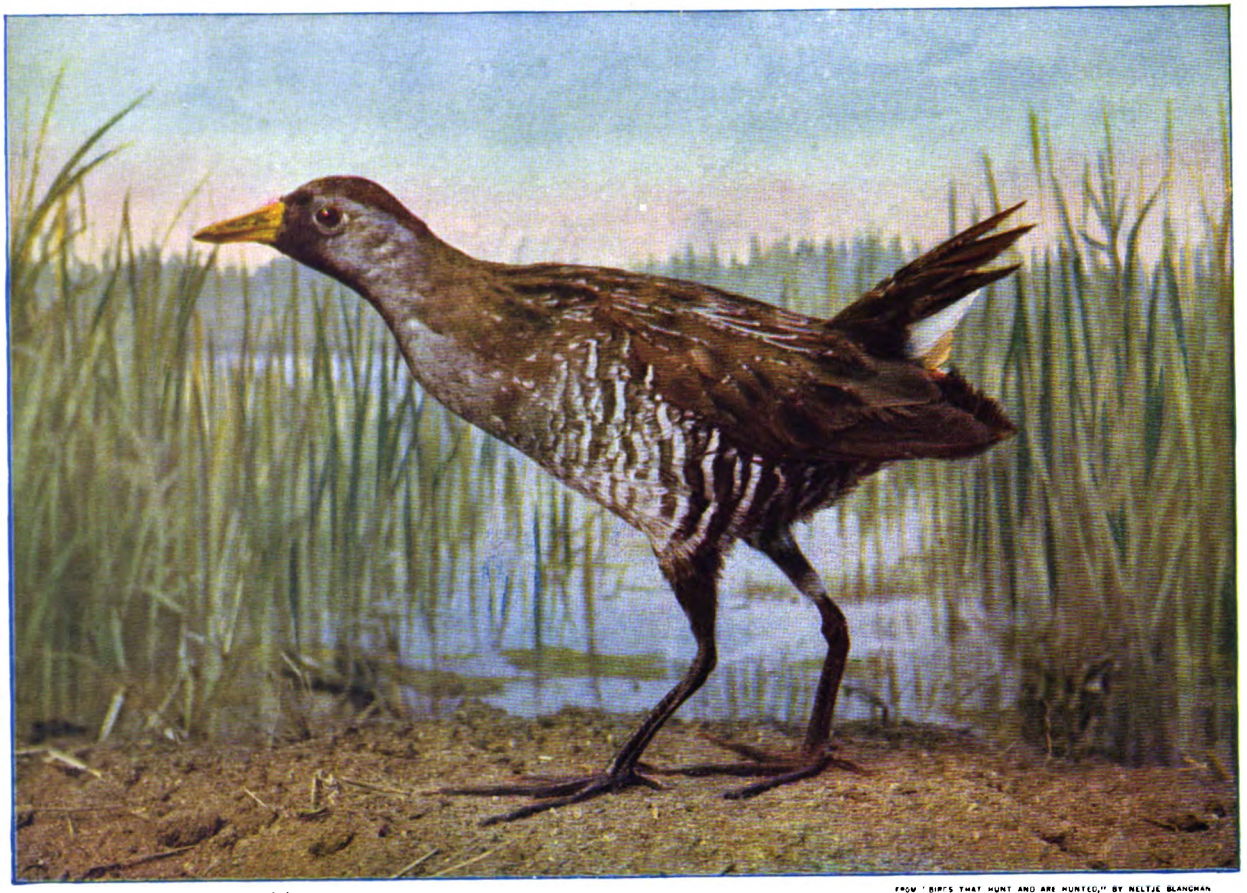
GROUSE SHOOTING UNDER A KITE

BY C. BOGLE SMITH

I HAVE shot grouse and other game for many years, but until last September I have never shot grouse under a kite, and from inquiries among my shooting friends I fancy that a great many have never tried it.

I think there are many sportsmen who believe that using a kite on a grouse moor does much harm and drives birds away. I am not at all of that opinion, as if you take advantage of a wind blowing *towards* your march on the beat you intend to use, the birds refuse to fly under the kite, and consequently instead of being driven over the march are driven into the centre of your ground. Of course I do not think the continual use of the kite would be good for a moor, but one or two days on each beat at the end of the season I believe does more good than harm.

As regards the sport of the thing, I do not think there can be two opinions. On an ordinary day over dogs when birds are lying well, you cannot very well have easier shots. All this is changed under the kite; for though birds lie well they do not give easy shots, for they fly much faster, and if there is a strong breeze blowing I have often seen them twist about very much after the manner of a snipe. In addition to this you very often find that the birds come back *towards* you and *from* the kite, and give you very pretty driving shots, and these, too, at a pace never seen in ordinary walking up grouse without the kite. Perhaps a short account of the last day's grousing I had this September, on a moor in Caithness, may be of interest to some of your readers.



COPYRIGHT 1911, BY A. W. MUMFORD, CHICAGO U. S. A.

FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN

SORA RAIL.

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF MICH.

I was shooting by myself, the day a dull one, with half a gale of wind blowing towards the march of the beat I intended to try. I knew there were any amount of birds on the beat, but the last time it was shot the birds were very wild ; in fact, the old keeper David always considered it to be about the wildest beat on the moor. It is situated on the side of a rather high hill and has plenty of good holding heather.

I started from the lodge about 9.15, and after a walk across the pony track of about three miles, we made a halt to put up the kite, one of Dart's largest sized Eagles which I find are far the best made for the purpose. As soon as the kite is well up the under keeper is sent on with it about 200 yards and 150 yards above us on the hill, with orders to keep that distance ahead of us in order that we may be working with the birds between ourselves and the kite.

When he is ready, David lets loose an old setter named Blond. She is, as a rule, very steady and trustworthy, but to-day the scent is bad and we are working down wind, so before we have gone twenty yards she runs into a brood of eight, which come back straight at my head like bullets. I get one in front of me and turn round quickly for my second, but they are going so fast that they are almost out of shot before I can fire my left barrel, and I do not add another bird to the bag. A little way further on the same performance is gone through, but this time I am a bit quicker and kill my two in front of me, though the second falls some thirty yards behind me. So the sport goes on, the dog being very little use on account of the bad scent and also from working down the strong wind blowing. Nearing the boundary of the beat we come to an old peat hag, where Blond stands in a hesitating way, and an old cock gets up which I promptly knock over, and loading quickly I manage to get two more birds right and left which have risen a few seconds after the old cock. We are now close on the march working some good heather in a small corrie with a little burn trickling down it, an ideal place for deer to lie in if it were only cleared of sheep.

We had hardly begun working the corrie when old Blond again hesitates, but does not point and goes on ranging. In spite of this I am convinced that there must be birds, so tell David to call up the dog and help me to tread out the thick heather and rushes, with the result that I bag five birds with as many cartridges. A little way further on Blond runs right into a large brood of twelve birds which she puts up far out of shot.

I am much disgusted, but glad to see that they fly back towards the ground we shall be doing when we turn from the boundary. As Blond is evidently no use, I tell David to take her up and let out Juno (Chunie as David calls her). She is not a beauty to look at, being a cross between a spaniel and an English setter, with a spaniel's head and coat, and white with liver-coloured markings. However, I know from experience that dogs work in all shapes and forms, and for a really hard, steady, sensible dog you might have to pass over many a highly-bred one before you found her superior. With all this in her favour I cannot honestly say that she ranges correctly, but at the same time she seems to know perfectly well where she will find birds, and nothing will induce her to waste her time in unlikely places.

Chunie is wild with delight at being let out, and I am sure if she had her way she would like to work all day. Almost as soon as she is let loose she makes a good point, but the birds get up wild and I only secure the last bird of the brood. They have, contrary to most of the birds this morning, taken it into their heads to fly very low and fast under the kite and across the march, which is bad luck, as there are ten of them. We now turn and proceed to take a lower beat on the hill, this time, of course; up wind which necessitates the under keeper walking some quarter of a mile in front of us and on the higher ground we have just worked. Of course this gives Chunie a better chance, as she has the wind in her favour and we still have the birds between ourselves and the kite. The scent, however, is evidently desperately bad, as though Chunie does not run into broods in the same way that Blond has done, she has to get very close to them before she can make certain of their presence, a proceeding which she never goes through if the scent is moderately good. I shoot a few more birds, delightful shots, coming back down wind past me at a rare pace, but soon find I am not shooting so well as earlier in the day, so, after missing three birds running, I come to the conclusion that it is time to take a rest with a pipe and a drop of the old whisky. I may say here that I never believe in continuing to shoot when one is out of form. I think there are few men who can go on shooting equally well from say nine till one without a rest. For my own part if I begin to shoot badly I always call a halt and send for the man with the water-bottle and the whisky. I am quite sure that the time lost at these rests is well spent, and in this matter I know old David agrees

with me, and his opinion, after his many years of experience (he is a good shot, too), is of more value than mine.

On this occasion I selected a nice sheltered spot among the long heather and bracken, on the side of the hill which gave one a most lovely view of the moorland which stretches away to the far distant sea, of which one can just get a glimpse, while to the right one has a fine view of the Scarabens and Morven, which form part of the forest of Langwell. We had not been seated long before the black clouds, which we had before seen hanging over Morven, came over us and a regular downpour set in, luckily not for more than half an hour.

At these halts old David is always an amusing and instructive companion. He is sixty-three, a really fine and intelligent Highlander, and he has spent his life since he was fifteen in looking after deer forests and grouse moors. No day is too long for him, and though I believe he has the reputation of being a grave, silent man, I know of no one who more thoroughly enjoys a joke, as the twinkle in his eyes often shows.

Among other stories, David tells me how a year or two ago he had occasion to write to our landlord (one of the very best in the whole of Scotland, but who knows nothing about sport of any kind) to ask his permission to shoot some of the cocks on the moor, far too many having been left. After a delay of a week or two the letter came authorising David to kill some cocks, but that he was only to kill *old* cocks and *no* young ones, rather a difficult order to carry out at the end of October!

As soon as the rain has stopped we proceed on our way along the side of the hill and past an old ruined shepherd's cottage where there are always a good many blue hares, of which I knocked over a few for soup, which I think better when made from blue hares than from brown ones. I find that my rest has done me good, and that I am shooting again up to my best form, but nothing of much interest happens till Chunie makes a good point and five grouse spring up rather wild. I get a right and left as they fly away from the hill towards the flats at the bottom, but am surprised to see one of the three which I had not fired at detach himself from the other two, and after circling round towards the hill again fall in a sheep drain at the bottom of the hill. We mark the spot, and have the good luck to pick him up stone dead when we come near the place on another beat. I have excellent sport on this beat, and am obliged to make frequent calls on David's cartridge bag, but 'exchange is no robbery,' so it is said, and I give him a grouse

for nearly every cartridge he hands me. We have to make a halt of about a quarter of an hour to look for a bird I knock down, but cannot find. However, after a patient search, May, the retriever, begins to scratch at a ruined stone wall into which, after we have pulled out some of the stones, we find the bird has crept. We turn again, and soon Chunie comes to a dead point among some big rocks and long heather. Going forward to the top of one of these rocks I have a regular warm corner. The birds are very kind to me, getting up in twos and threes, and before I descend from the rock I have nine down as the result of ten shots. Most varied shots they have been, some coming back at me, some flying straight away from the hill, and a few flying very fast and low forward under the kite. I think these last are the most difficult shots you can have, as you do not get a good view of them flying so low over the tops of the heather.

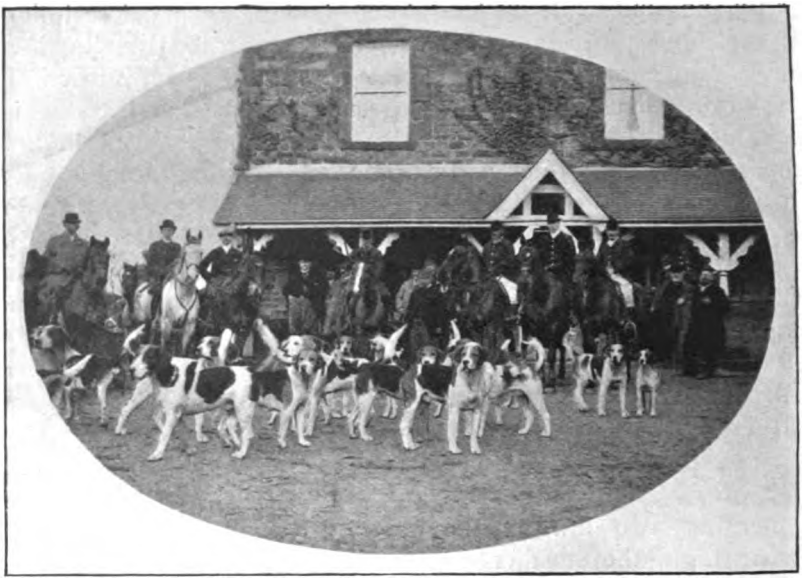
It is now nearly one, and visions of lunch begin to appeal to me. So we turn back again towards the pony path where I have arranged to meet the luncheon pony. I get a good many birds on the return beat, and half way along Chunie comes to a dead point, but with her head turned round, which makes me think that it is either a rabbit or a hare, but when I get to her I find it is a snipe, which takes two barrels before it is added to the bag. We soon get to the pony path, and welcome the sight of the pony coming over the hill, so I have the game pannier turned out and the birds laid out on the heather. A fine show they make, as at the end of September all the birds are well grown, and most of them in their full plumage. The count shows twenty-one and a half brace of grouse, six hares, and one snipe. A very nice morning! The lunch is most welcome to our little party of three, while keepers and gillies enjoy theirs under a knoll a little way off.

After an hour's enjoyable rest it is time to be up and doing again, as the light lasts none too long. This time old David flies the kite, while the under keeper works one of his dogs, for we generally shoot the moor in two parties, each keeper having his own team. We set off down a heathery burn towards which a good many of the birds have flown from the hill. The scent is evidently better, and Poll, a very promising young setter, soon makes a stiff point in some rushes. I go up to her, but nothing gets up, so I look among the rushes and find an old cock stone dead, a victim of the morning, which I supposed had got away scot free. I get some very

pretty shooting while walking down the burn, every description of shot, birds rocketing back over my head, birds flying low forward, and lots of crossing shots. Of course, I have to climb out of the burn every time the keeper signals that the dog is pointing, but I go down to it again after each point in the hopes of getting a duck or teal, none of which I have the luck to see. I get a good deal of shooting, but not nearly so much as on the hill, and I am glad to say the powder is straight, so when I turn for home about 5.30 I feel perfectly satisfied with my day's sport, and find that I have a total of thirty-seven brace of grouse, six hares, and one snipe.

I hope this short account of a day's grouse shooting under a kite may induce some of my brother sportsmen who have never done so to try it, but I warn them that the shots they get will be totally different from the ordinary ones at grouse over dogs at the beginning of the season. Let them also remember two things: the kite must be a large dark one, flown high, the steadier it flies the better, as if it wobbles about the birds will get up and scatter all over the moor. The second thing to insist on is that the kite is flown well in front, so as to get the birds between you and it. I need hardly say that working as you do, so much down wind, only the most steady dogs should be used.

In conclusion, I must add that I think it is better for the moor when birds are wild to use a kite, with the aid of which, though the shots are difficult, you do get within fair shot of them, whereas walking them up in the ordinary way generally means firing at birds practically out of shot, a thing that cannot be too much condemned, as however good one is, a large proportion get away wounded and die miserably.



A MEET AT HAYBURN WYKE

A VETERAN HUNTSMAN

BY RUSSELL RICHARDSON

MR. THOMAS HARRISON, or—as he is familiarly called by all who have the pleasure of knowing him—'Old Tommy,' has at last retired from the position of Huntsman to the Staintondale Fox-hounds—a post which he has filled with credit to himself and his ancient trencher-fed pack for the past twenty years.

Born on June 12, 1835, he is sixty-six years of age—a good, ripe old age, too, for the work he has had to do. Old Tommy's birthplace was a little farmstead in Fylingdales, standing high on the hill about a mile inland from Robin Hood's Bay—a position quite sufficient to earn for it amongst the country folk of North-east Yorkshire (who dearly love to christen places appropriately) the high-sounding name of 'Top o't Hill,' by which it has always been known. Mr. Harrison, senior, was a farmer in a modest way, but, like all North Yorkshire farmers, he had a genuine love for the chase, and he was determined to bring up his son to be a man after his own heart; therefore when Tommy was nine years old he rode his

father's one horse to the meet, and after that father and son took turns to go out on the two days of the week on which the Staintondale Fox-hounds hunted the country.

Keen fox-hunters were they who inhabited the district around Tommy's birthplace and keen enough they are still. The sport was carried on in rough and unconventional fashion. Each small farmer who walked a hound was big enough to blow a horn, and if the fox got up nearest, say, to Newton, why then, with a 'Tally-ho!' like the war-whoop of a Red Indian, a vigorous blast, and a crack of the whip that echoed the

ON THE CLIFF TOP

length of the dale, Newton would be off first in hot pursuit, and the devil might take the hindmost for aught he cared, be he Master, Huntsman, or his old grandfather hobbling along on foot. But what days they had! And what sport! Never has fox been hunted with greater zest than by these men of the dales 'twixt Scarborough and Whitby, and never has greater courage been shown in the pursuit. One minute they would be tearing along a narrow path on the unprotected edge of a precipitous cliff with the sea dashing angrily 500 feet beneath them, and the next a sharp turn inland would carry them over boggy heather-clad moorland. But their quick, sturdy little horses were as safe galloping along the narrow cliff paths as were the black-faced mountain sheep which they startled by their sudden coming, whilst on the

treacherous moors they knew the hidden dangers of the bright green patches as well as did their riders; for they had been born in their midst, and spent part of almost every day since in gaining such a stock of knowledge as made the hunting of this rough country as easy as trotting about in their own little stone-enclosed pastures, though to many a valuable hunter, lacking the necessary experience, the bogs would surely have proved veritable death-traps. Truly Old Tommy's early days were spent amidst surroundings which were bound to be of

PASSING THROUGH SCARBOROUGH

incalculable service to him in the days that were to come. He very soon gave evidence of the superior horsemanship which was to gain him such a great reputation in the district, for at the age of eleven he rode 'Jim Crow' (who, by the way, only cost his owner the modest sum of £5) in a race on the sands at Robin Hood's Bay, beating a horse to which 'Jim Crow' had succumbed earlier in the week in a race at Egton Bridge. In the hands of Tommy, however, 'Jim Crow' completely turned the tables, and won easily. When telling the story of this early success Old Tommy always concludes as follows: 'We fair fleed (flew) away, an' I could look back any time—but that's a bad habit; you've plenty to do to look

forrard.' This victory was but the precursor of many another, and the old Huntsman has the proud pleasure of looking back upon no fewer than fifty races run on 'The Bay' sands, in every one of which he passed the post first! Besides these he has to his credit many victories scored at other places in the district, and he cannot remember ever having been beaten. These races (which are still run) were the outcome of the keen rivalry existing amongst the farmers who were always ready to

'OLD TOMMY' AND SOME OF HIS PETS

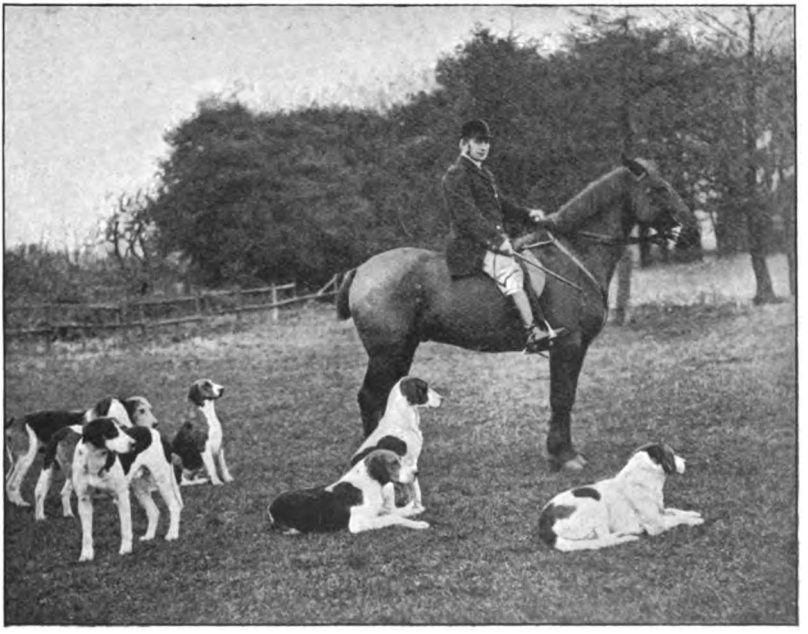
test the merits of their respective hunters, and there can be little doubt that Tommy's superiority in the saddle would procure for him many of the best mounts.

In his day Tommy was also a terror as a runner. He was a regular competitor in the foot-races held in connection with the fairs and feasts of the district, and at 100 yards or a mile (the latter being his best distance) he was bad to beat. True, he sometimes met his match, but he won more races than he lost, and it speaks well for his staying power that whenever he ran a dead heat, which occasionally happened, he was always able to win fairly easily at the second time of asking. He is

still game enough to run 100 yards with anybody who will concede him a yard start for every year by which his age exceeds his opponent's. Old Tommy did not become Huntsman of 'The Staintondale' until he reached the age of forty-six. He was then living at a small farm in Staintondale, and probably no Huntsman was ever appointed with less regard to ceremonial details. The Hunt meeting at which he was selected was held at 'The Shepherd's Arms' Inn, and it was not until close on the time fixed for the meeting that the idea occurred to him to apply for the post. Saying to his wife 'Bon, lass, but I'll gan ower to't meeting an' put in for t'untsman,' he went, and it says much for the esteem in which he was held that, although his application was made so late, he polled more votes than the other four applicants put together. His salary then was £20 per annum, out of which he had to keep his horse, but a few years ago his remuneration was raised to £25, and for some years the keep of his horse has been provided out of the Hunt funds. He can hardly be accused of extravagance with regard to his mounts, for he has only had five horses during his long term of office, and these have been bought at such figures as would make many a Huntsman turn up his nose even if they were offered but as second horses. His first mount was a little bay mare named 'Rach' (short for Rachel), who was bought for £10, and carried him for five seasons. The second was a small chestnut horse named 'The Doctor,' who, though only costing £7 10s., was a 'quick 'un,' and did his work well during the three seasons Tommy rode him. 'The Doctor' was followed by 'Fryup,' a brown horse standing over sixteen hands, who cost £16, but he proved too big for the country, and after two seasons he was sold for £12. Then came 'Red Dick,' the old Huntsman's favourite, who was bought for £25, and was considered such a bargain that the seller absolutely refused to let a halter go with him. 'Red Dick,' as his name implies, was a chestnut, and he carried his master well and faithfully for no fewer than nine seasons. During the last season Old Tommy was mounted on 'Yorky,' a bay horse, who, coming after 'Red Dick,' suffered by comparison—at any rate in the eyes of the Huntsman—though he also cost £25.

Old Tommy was always consulted as to the purchase of his mounts—indeed, he has sometimes been given a free hand in the matter, for, as he once remarked, 'If he made a bad bargain he would have it to ride.' When he went to buy 'Fryup' he

walked from Fylinghall Station to Littlebeck, a distance of five rough miles, carrying the saddle and bridle. After he had put the horse over a few jumps, and galloped him uphill to test his wind, he drove a hard bargain and bought him for £4 less than the price asked. During Old Tommy's direction the Hunt has shown improvement in many other ways than that of its one horse, and in no respect is this truer than with regard to the hounds. At the time of his appointment the pack consisted



'OLD TOMMY ON 'RED DICK,'

of seven couples only, but there are now over twenty couples—an increase chiefly due to the energetic interest of the late Mr. W. S. Tindall, who during his Mastership encouraged the breeding of hounds. In the days when the pack was small the gift of a hound that was either too fast or too slow for more wealthy packs was warmly welcomed, but it goes without saying that these promiscuous contributions hardly tended to make the Staintondale pack a 'level' one, though there can be no doubt whatever that some very fine hounds indeed were obtained in this way. Of one of these the following story is perhaps worth telling:

One morning when the hounds were hunting on Lightfoot's

Moor a horse kicked one of them, breaking its thigh. The rider of the culprit horse suggested that the hound should be at once despatched, but Old Tommy replied, 'No, that'll never do. He belongs to Mr. Collison, o' Thorpe, an' he thinks the world of him. He's a farrier, an' he'll soon mend him.' Whereupon the old Huntsman put the injured hound into a pig-sty, which was luckily near at hand, intending to go and take him home the following morning. Snow fell heavily during the night, and when Tommy reached the rude hospital the 'feetings' (as he would call them) in the snow suggested the idea that the hound had made good his escape through the aperture above the trough. A look into the sty proved this surmise to be true, and the Huntsman then tracked the hound to its home—a distance of six miles—where he found it being carefully tended by its master. A day in the following season found the Hunt again on Lightfoot's Moor, and the sight of the pig-sty recalled to one of the field the incident of the wounded hound. He asked what had become of it, and Old Tommy, pointing with pride to one of the finest hounds in the pack, replied, 'Why there he be, sir, an' as good a 'ound as 'ere one an' there one. That was a right good job was that. He used to be far ower fast, but that there kick just levelled 'im right.'

Needless to say the old Huntsman has participated in many an exciting run, the best perhaps being one in which the Whitby Moor was crossed, when the heather (or 'ling', as the dalesmen call it) was in flames. One good run a rustic poet has chronicled in a hunting song called 'Fylingdale's Parish,' which is regularly sung at the Annual Hunt Dinner. It consists of twelve verses, and after each the chorus:

> O'er the hills and the dales with a sweet echo,
> Resounded the sound of a loud 'Tally ho!'

is sung by the hardy fox-hunters with a gusto that does one good to hear—and they make very light of the difficulty presented by the unusual emphasis.

Old Tommy's duties differed considerably from those usually associated with the post of Huntsman. The Staintondale hounds being trencher-fed, and the farmhouses, at which most of them are boarded out, being scattered over many miles of country, it will be at once apparent that his work has not been of the lightest. Indeed, some of his working days have been so long that many a heart less stout than his would have quailed before it long ago.

Let us, in fancy, accompany the old fellow on one of his longest journeys—say Littlebeck, meet at 10.30—and see how we should like to have succeeded him as Huntsman. Littlebeck is thirteen miles from the village of Burniston where Tommy resides, and, therefore, as he has to collect the hounds as he goes he must be on his way by seven o'clock.

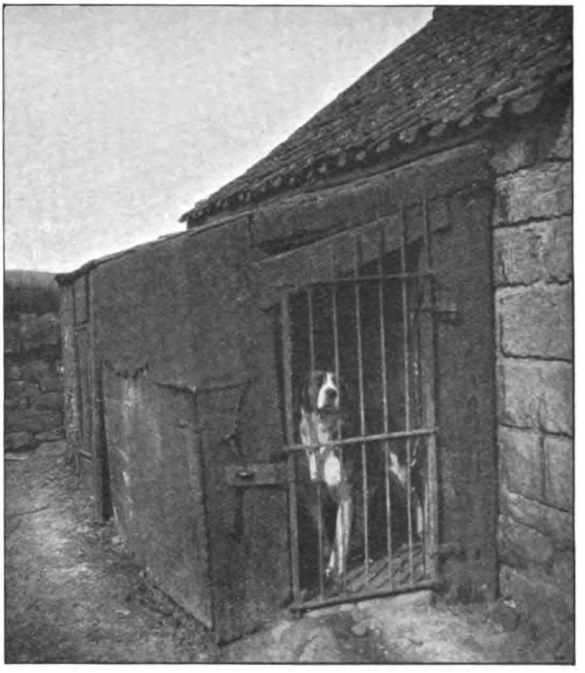
This means rising very early, for there are plenty of little things besides the grooming of his horse that require attention before he leaves home, and it will be late before he returns. All the hounds which he cannot gather together *en route* he will

CLIFF HUNTING

have collected the previous day, and as he begins to move about in the dark winter's morning, and comes out into the yard behind his cottage, there will be many impatient cries from the stable in which the hounds have spent the night. Everything being ready he will be off through the village, a single note from the horn bringing to his side such others of the pack as have their quarters in Burniston, for they will all have been liberated by their masters in readiness for the Huntsman's coming. So intelligent are the hounds that it is almost unnecessary to blow the horn ; their quick ears recognise at once the footsteps of Old Tommy's horse, which they seem to distinguish quite easily from those of any other horse. At the next village—Cloughton—another tuneful note from the horn

will add more hounds to his pack, and then for a long spell the hounds will join him singly. As he goes along in the now breaking light first a hound may be seen crossing the country and coming to him from a farm on the hill, then another races up from the valley below, each receiving its morning greeting from the old Huntsman as it joins him.

The hounds seem to know perfectly well the two days of the week—Mondays and Fridays—set apart for hunting. On



LEFT BEHIND
(*A Staintondale Kennel*)

other days, on being unchained they will just trot about the farm or sleep in their kennels like ordinary watch-dogs, but on a hunting morning there is something in the air which sets them running to the hill-top, from which a view of the road can be obtained. Here they will sit whining impatiently for the first glimpse of the scarlet coat which they know will soon appear. At times, unable to restrain their impatience, they will set off full gallop across the fields to the high road, where, with nose to the ground, they will satisfy themselves that they have not been forgotten and that the Huntsman has not yet

passed, when they will trot leisurely back to their point of vantage on the hill-top. Then, when the first faint note of the horn floats to them through the wintry air with what a cry of delight they bound forth to meet their old friends! Gates, stone walls, fences and becks are all negotiated at a speed which soon carries them to the old Huntsman they love so dearly, though often only seeing him twice a week. For his part, he is equally attached to them, and his power over them, considering how little they are under his care, is remarkable.

GONE TO GROUND

So the hounds are got together, and with the addition of several couples, brought up by some of the Hunt followers from Robin Hood's Bay, which join Tommy at the nearest point *en route*, the pack is completed, and Littlebeck is reached as punctually as though the Huntsman had only had to trot three or four miles from kennels to meet with a full pack to start with. We need not follow our hero through the day's actual hunting, suffice it to say that the wild moorland with its bogs, the steep gills with their rocky becks, and the precipitous sea-girt cliffs combine to make some of the roughest country that can well be imagined, and that his followers are such gluttons for sport that he may find himself again at Littlebeck at five o'clock on a dark night. Then, as he returns—possibly for the greater part of his journey alone, except for his horse and

hounds—he has to see that each member of the pack is dismissed at the nearest point to its home, and he need not be surprised if he has to cross the wide dark moor in a driving snowstorm. When he reaches home at ten o'clock surely no one would gainsay the fact that he has thoroughly earned the night's sleep for which he must be ready.

It may here be mentioned as a token of the hounds' devotion that on one occasion when too many 'drops to keep out the cold' had combined with the frosty night air to render the old fellow helpless by the wayside his pack mounted guard over him, and it was with the greatest difficulty that his friends who found him were able to get near him.

Old Tommy's hunting days were not all as hard as the one through which we have in imagination followed him—indeed, such a day would possibly be as hard as any he would have—but he *had* such days, and the distant meets had to be undertaken, regardless of weather, with the same regularity as those nearer home. Tommy's weight is 13st., and he has a wonderful record, inasmuch as during the whole of his long hunting career he has never had an accident nor brought home an over-tired horse. That he has had some falls almost goes without saying, but he has never received such hurt as prevented his getting into the saddle the next morning. He was only once afraid of his horse becoming tired, and on this occasion he dismounted and crossed the Whitby Moor on foot to 'The Flask' Inn. Here he got some gruel for the horse, after which it brought him the remaining eight miles home 'like steam.' That he should never have had an accident seems the more remarkable when one considers the number of days he has spent in hunting on the high cliffs. Often he has had to dismount and climb down the cliff to an earth after running a fox to ground. The danger of this cliff-hunting is very evident when even the hounds which are quite accustomed to running along the narrow ledges sometimes lose their foothold and are dashed to death on the rocks below.

As Old Tommy sits by his fire, with his little granddaughter on his knee, his mind very often goes back to the memory of favourite hounds whose pluck in jumping at a fox on the steep cliff side led to their death. A particular favourite was 'Saucebox,' who went down under his eyes, and a tear creeps into the old man's voice as he winds up the story of her sad end—'Aye she was a bonny 'un—a real bonny 'un.' Another favourite was Old Tommy's wire-haired fox-terrier

'Nailer,' who for several seasons—in the absence of the modern terrier-carrying system, which the Staintondale Hunt never adopted—proved himself 'a topper to follow.' He was always at hand when required, and could always be relied on to bolt his fox. 'Tip' was another good terrier, who, though lacking 'Nailer's' following ability, was always ready to jump to the saddle of any horseman sent to requisition his aid.

Old Tommy is a very modest man, and though his long

CLIMBING THE CLIFF

experience must have given him a tremendous stock of hunting knowledge he always offers his opinion with the greatest reservation. Asked last season whether he thought it was possible to say on the morning of a hunting day whether scent would be good or bad, he replied, 'Well, they say there's always a scent some part o't day, an' if only you can light on a fox *then* you're all right.'

Then he added, 'At least, that's what old people say'—a sentence showing at once in the most charming manner his respect for the opinion of those who can beat his own sixty-six years, and his unconscious idea as to his youthfulness. He will, however, hazard the opinion that nineteen out of every

twenty foxes are killed with their heads downhill, and that hounds will always run a fresh fox in preference to a hunted one—'Because the fresh 'un doesn't run so shifty'; and he always had the greatest faith in hounds killing their fox if they got him on the moor, for 'How can foxes live among all them great fine hounds where there's nowhere for 'em to be shifty? They're tied (bound) to be killed, if they get on't moor, poor things.' Old Tommy, in spite of (or, shall we say, because of?)

'OLD TOMMY' AND HIS LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER

his fifty-seven years hunting, always speaks of foxes in this sympathetic manner.

The old Huntsman was a great favourite with the late Sir Frank Lockwood, whose residence at Cloughton was within a mile of Tommy's cottage, and of Sir Frank, Tommy—like most people—always speaks with reverent affection. He can sing a good song, and he was invariably called upon to set the ball rolling at the smoking concerts following the dinners and suppers at which Sir Frank often presided in the villages. For over forty years Tommy has been a non-smoker; but he has no great aversion to a glass of ale, or, for the matter of that, to a second. He has never been out of his own county of Yorkshire, and never been further away from home than

Leeds, which he visited once. During the summer he has always worked in the fields, and few would recognise in the garb of the humble labourer the typical Huntsman, who, with a genial smile and a hearty greeting for all, has been on so many winter days the central figure in the Staintondale Hunt.

He has done his duty well. What is more, he has done it cheerfully, and he has killed as many foxes as could be reasonably expected, having regard to the roughness of the country. Now that the old fox-hunting warrior's days as a Hunt official are numbered, it is gratifying to know that his sporting friends have generously subscribed for such a testimonial, as, it is hoped, will help to keep him in comfort during his declining years.

GOING HOME

CONCERNING HOCKEY

BY C. D. McMILLIN

THE summer of 1901 has passed—and with it passes the memory of the cricket season, with its wonderful records and the great performances of great players. Yet if a man is lucky enough and young enough to play both cricket and hockey it is with small feeling of regret that the cricket bat is thrown into a corner and the hockey stick substituted. The feel of the stick in one's hand brings with it a tremor of excitement and lust of contest. Let us welcome the change of season and the change of game, and, like the street arabs, throw our caps in the air and cry without regret 'Buttons is out, tops is in!'

In the hockey world matters stand at the beginning of this season much as they were left last spring. There is, it is true, a change in the constitution and rules of the Hockey Association. The Council of the Hockey Association is now more representative of the whole of England; there is no actual change in hockey administration or in the objects for which the Association is formed. The Counties Hockey Associations now consist of the Southern, Northern, Midland, and Western Counties Hockey Associations, the three latter having been in existence for some time and affiliated to the Hockey Association itself, while the Southern Counties Hockey Association only came into existence six months ago. Under the old *régime* the affiliated associations were only entitled to send two (and in the case of the Northern Counties Hockey Association three) members to represent them on the Council of the Hockey Association. So that under the old state of things the representatives of the South of England were considerably in the majority on the Council, since they were entitled to elect nine members, in addition to having a representative from each University. So long as hockey was played entirely—or almost entirely—in the South of England there was no reason why the Southern Counties (who were the pioneers of the

game) should not keep things more or less in their own hands, but now that the game has spread all over England, now that the South has been twice beaten in quick succession by the North, in addition to suffering defeats by the Midlands and Western Counties, it was rightly felt that the South could no longer claim so large a number of representatives on the Hockey Association Council. By the new Association rules the Northern Counties are entitled to send three representatives to the Council and the Midland and Western Counties also three each, while the newly formed Southern Counties Association may nominate six members to the head Council, and Oxford and Cambridge one each. This, we think, is a fair distribution of authority. Although the Southern Counties (in point of fact, practically only Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey) have held power so long. they cannot be said to be jealous of office, for at the recent general meeting it was thought that the nominations for election to the Committee of the Southern Counties Association were not sufficiently representative of the Southern Counties (Hampshire, Sussex, and Hertfordshire not having nominated any one); and so, in spite of formal (though somewhat short) notice having been sent to all the Southern clubs, the meeting was adjourned in order that the counties named might have a further opportunity of nominating candidates for election.

To pass to the game itself:

There are no new rules to consider this season, no new technicalities to master, no question of professionalism to worry us. At the beginning of last season players were saying to one another, 'How will this new rule on "Sticks" affect the game?' And so far opinions are divided and the question remains unanswered.

And here let us consider the older rule before we review the effects of that brought in last year. The old rule was that no player must raise his stick above his shoulder during any portion of the stroke; should he do so the other side could appeal for 'sticks,' and the umpire, if satisfied that the stick did in point of fact go above the shoulder, would give a free hit to the appealing side. This rule was evidently framed to prevent rough play and wild smiting, and to minimise the danger to players of being hurt either with the ball or the stick itself. And how did the rule work when put into practice? Surely well. For it was in the power of either side to appeal if they thought a player was using unnecessary or dangerous violence, and the result was

that most games were fairly free from stoppages on the ground of a breach of this rule—for the game was played in its true spirit. But even the old rule was unsatisfactory in one way, as occasionally a side would appeal (possibly in a somewhat unsportsmanlike manner) for 'sticks' when they were hard pressed or when a goal had been shot, which certainly was a mean way of taking advantage of a rule made to prevent danger only. For example, after a magnificent combined run by a set of forwards (completely out-manœuvring the other side) a player would shoot a goal with nobody near him, and in making the stroke would raise his stick a few inches above his shoulder —the whole grand effort is neutralised by a successful appeal. Surely here was scope for legislation to improve the game and to lessen appeals, either by empowering the umpire to give 'sticks' only when, in his opinion, the stroke was a dangerous one or by increasing the limit of the stroke and allowing the stick to be raised above the shoulder but not above the head. But no ; the move was made in the opposite direction tending to cramp the game, to increase the number of stoppages, to give more power to the umpires, and leave less to the spirit of the players—and the only thing that can be argued in favour of the change is that it possibly lessens the danger of the game. For the new rule says, 'the umpire shall rigidly enforce this rule (*i.e.*, sticks above the shoulder) *without waiting for an appeal.*' Nothing is therefore left to the players as of old, who stopped the game as little as possible ; but now, should an umpire see a stick go above a shoulder, whether a player is making a free hit standing completely alone, or whether the stroke is being made 'in medias res,' the game is stopped. I played in two club games last season in which the umpires *rigidly enforced the rule* and the play became a farce ; in one case, after ten minutes' play, both captains besought the umpire not to give 'sticks' so constantly as they wanted to have a little play! So to make a game, one must ask the umpires to wink at the rules! Again, supposing one umpire interprets the rule in a liberal spirit and the other according to the letter, then the stringent umpire may win the match for his side.

In my opinion, there is scarcely a goal scored with a hard shot that does not slightly infringe the rule, and certainly many goals are allowed by umpires in the leading matches which an instantaneous camera would show up. Most hockey players agree that under the new rule the play has become more cramped, that there are more bad decisions by umpires—or

rather lack of good decisions, for umpires certainly have more to do—and that if the umpires punctiliously do their duty the game will hardly be worth playing. And what are the alleged gains? It is said that the chances of accidents are lessened! If this guided them in their decision, what evidence of bad accidents had the Council before them to justify the alteration? Personally I am not disposed to admit that hockey is a dangerous game. It is a game of little accidents; whether the stick is lifted some few inches above the shoulder or not is insignificant. Many men (for instance, Mr. S. H. Freeman) can hit the ball as hard without raising the stick above the shoulder as others can with a full swing. Again, a man may raise his stick only four feet from the ground, yet it is 'sticks' if his body is bent low. One cannot play the game in the position of a wooden soldier. My belief is that nearly all accidents (if they occur at all through a breach of the 'stick' rule) occur not through the stick being raised above the shoulder behind the back but in the 'follow through,' and this usually happens when the player misses the ball altogether; no amount of legislation can, however, make a man hit a ball! On the other hand one could argue that the higher a stick is raised behind the higher it will go in front, supposing it does not come in contact with the ball. But if the ball *is* missed the stick will mostly go above the shoulder in front whether it was raised above the shoulder behind or not. Most accidents occur in perfectly legal play, but the new rule seems to have been made as though 'sticks' were the sole cause of accidents. And so either through a misconception of the danger of raising the stick above the shoulder, or through excess of timidity in those who brought about the change, a fine game is likely to be spoilt if the new rule is 'rigidly enforced,' and surely if not capable of being enforced without spoiling the game we are better without it.

The Hockey Season of 1901–2 will probably not be remarkable for any change in tactics or in the style of play. Most clubs will play—and rightly play—a goal-keeper in preference to the four half-back game. Forwards must bear in mind that the days of the individual 'dribble' are over, that combination alone is useless, and that the thing which wins matches now is to play a combined game by all means, but to play it 'at full tear' and at full dash, which is so well exemplified by the Northern forwards, and which does not seem to be possessed to the same extent by the Southerners.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITION

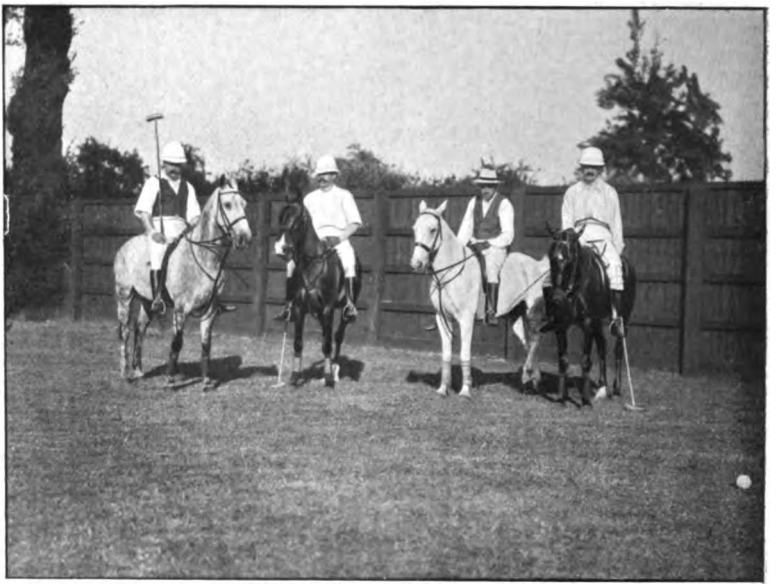
The Prize in the September competition has been divided among the following competitors: Miss C. I. Hawke, Wighill Park, Tadcaster; Miss Stella Bedford, Sutton Coldfield; Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.; Mr. H. Wilson, Southampton; Mr. B. M. Fenwick, Wetherby; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down; Mrs. H. Knightley, Stratford-on-Avon; Mr. J. McCleery, Belfast; Baroness Poldyfranckenstein, Austria; and Mr. Ernest Towner, Newhaven. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

MEET OF THE BRAMHAM MOOR FOXHOUNDS AT WIGHILL PARK

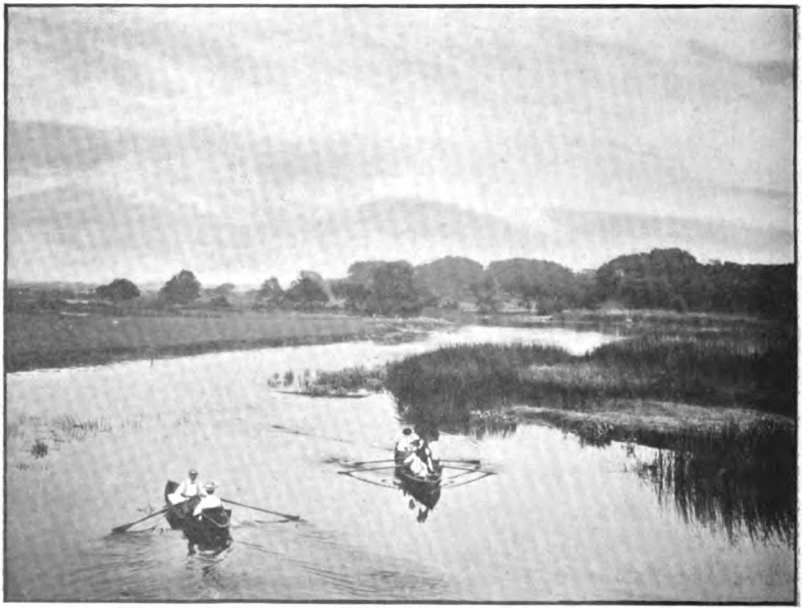
Photograph taken by Miss C. I. Hawke, Wighill Park, Tadcaster

FOUR-IN-HAND OF WITCHES AT A BICYCLE GYMKHANA AT SUTTON COLDFIELD

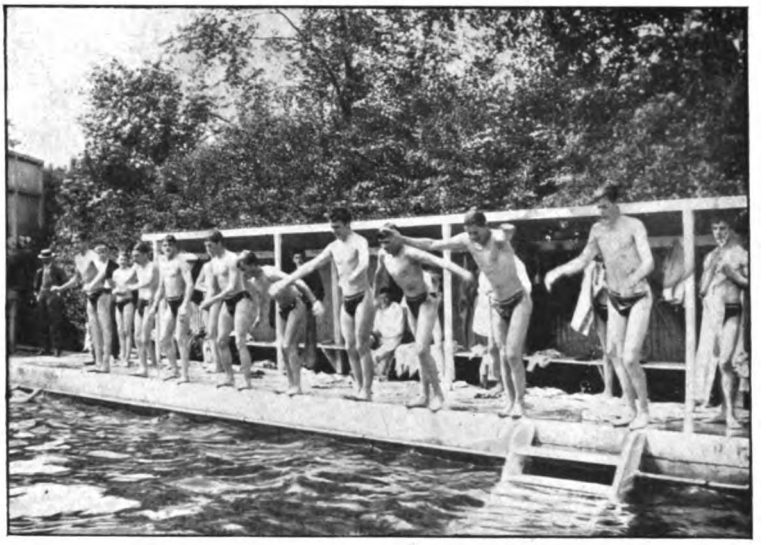
Photograph taken by Miss Stella Bedford, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire



WELL-KNOWN POLO PLAYERS AT HURLINGHAM
Photograph taken by Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.



BOATING ON THE STOUR AT CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS
Photograph taken by Mr. H. Wilson, Southampton

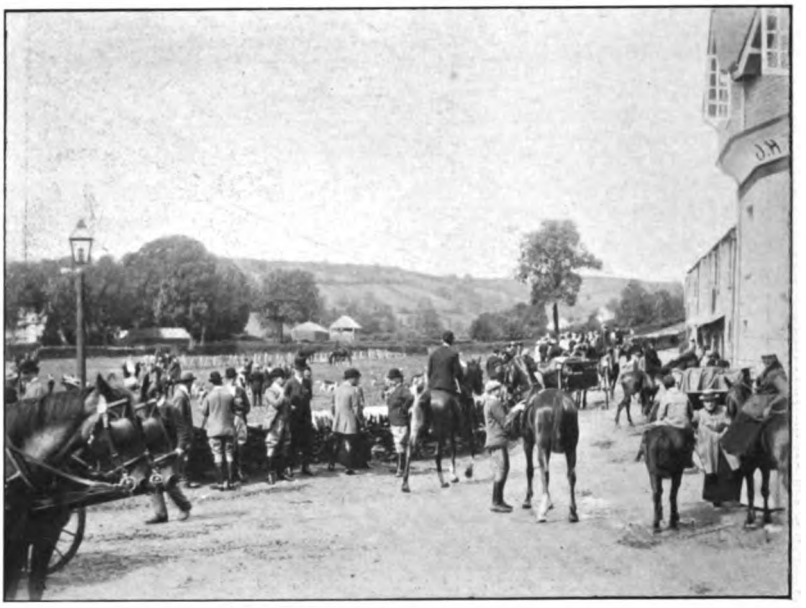


A MORNING DIP AT HAILEYBURY COLLEGE

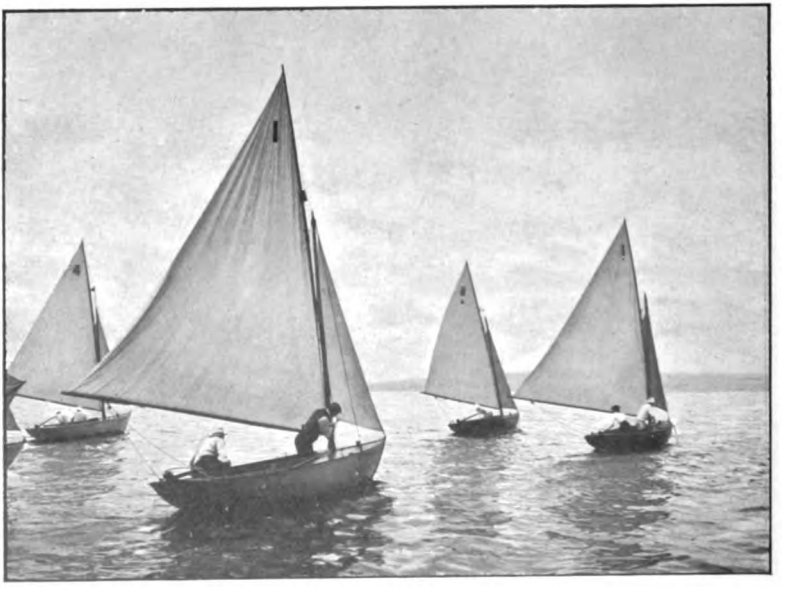
Photograph taken by Mr. B. M. Fenwick, Wetherby

OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE, 1901. KNOX AND MORE BATTING

Photograph taken by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down



MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AT EXFORD, AUGUST 1901
Photograph taken by Mr. H. Knightley, Stratford-on-Avon



ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB REGATTA, JULY 1901. AFTER THE START
Photograph taken by Mr. J. McCleery, Belfast

COUNT LARISCH'S HOUNDS AT SILESIA, AUSTRIA

Photograph taken by Baroness Poldyfranckenstein, Styria, Austria

A DIP IN THE HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, BANFF, ALBERTA

Temperature 30° below zero outside, water 93° F.; your hair freezes as you rise to the surface after diving in

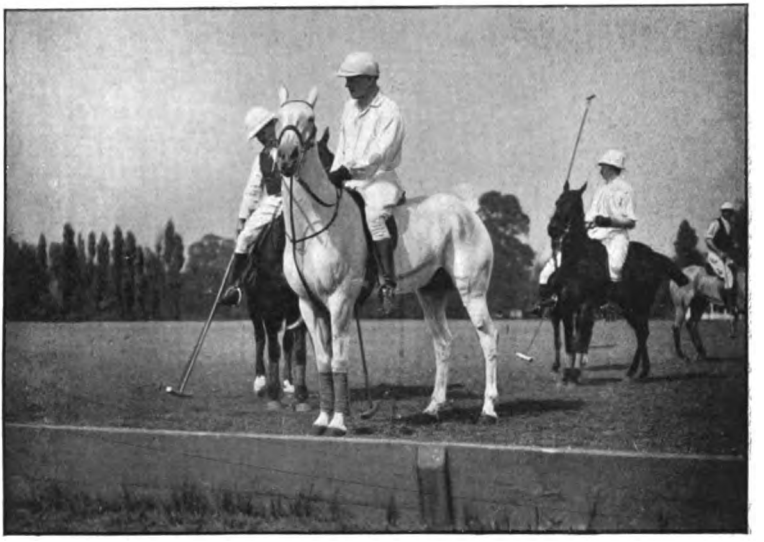
Photograph taken by Mr. Ernest Towner, Newhaven

CAMPING-OUT IN THE BEAR-SHOOTING DISTRICT OF CEYLON

Photograph taken by Mr. Francis Egerton, Ceylon

DIVING

Photograph taken by Mr. C. T. L. Bristow, Thame, Oxon

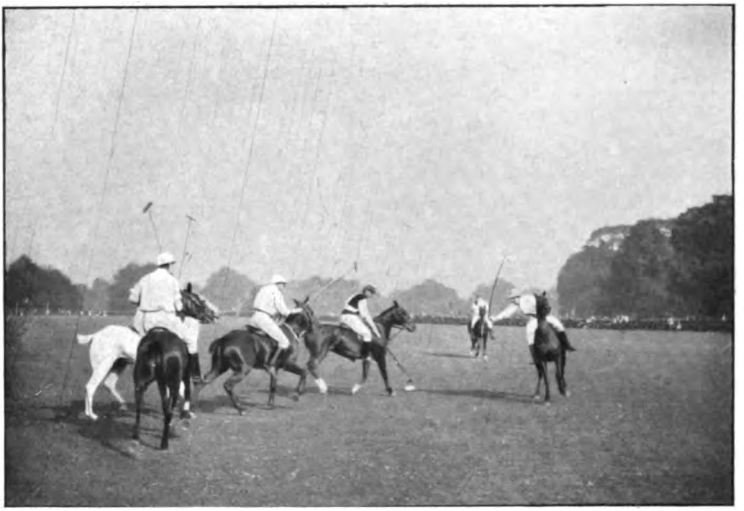


MR. M'CREERY AT HURLINGHAM ON HIS WELL-KNOWN PONY 'CHAMPION'

Photograph taken by Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W.

NEW COLLEGE BEAGLES

Photograph taken by Mr. W. Astor, Cliveden, Maidenhead

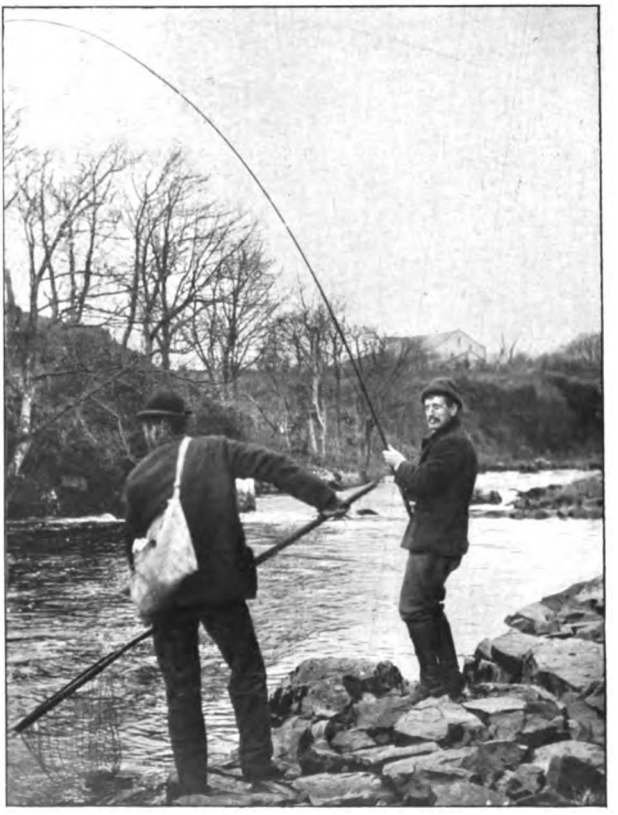


POLO AT PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN. A THROW IN

Photograph taken by Mr. W. F. Butler, Cork

A HANDSOME WORKMAN. 'BLAIR,' WINNER OF NUMEROUS PRIZES

Photograph taken by Mrs. Ernest Turner, Andoversford, Glos.



CAPTAIN MACNAGHTEN (ROYAL FUSILIERS) PLAYING A SALMON ON THE RIVER BUSH, CO. ANTRIM

Photograph taken by Mrs. W. R. Young, Galgorm, co. Antrim

MEET OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT ANDOVERSFORD

Photograph taken by Miss Evelyn Wilder, Cheltenham

BRINGING HOME THE STAG, DELL LODGE, WHITEBRIDGE, INVERNESS

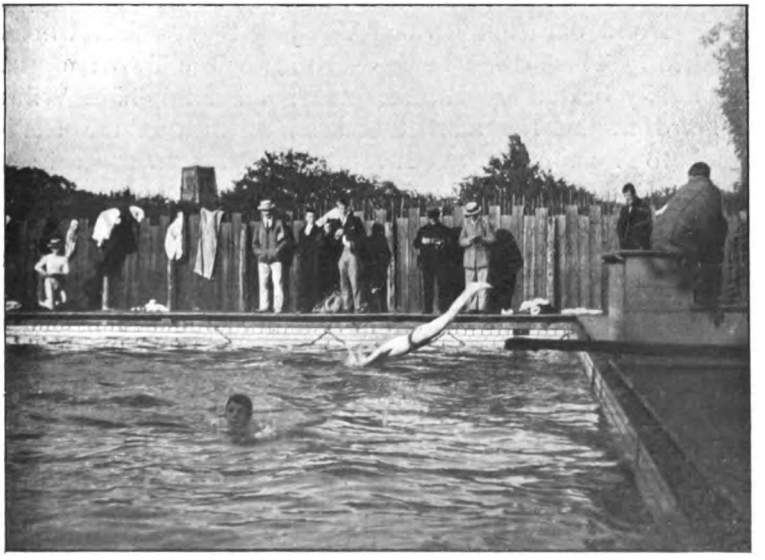
Photograph taken by Mrs. J. S. Gibbons, Boddington Manor, Cheltenham

ON THE MOOR

Photograph taken by Miss Christie-Miller, Kircassock, Lurgan

A WEEK-END CRUISE. STARTING IN A STIFF BREEZE

Photograph taken by Mr. F. M. Thomson, Southampton

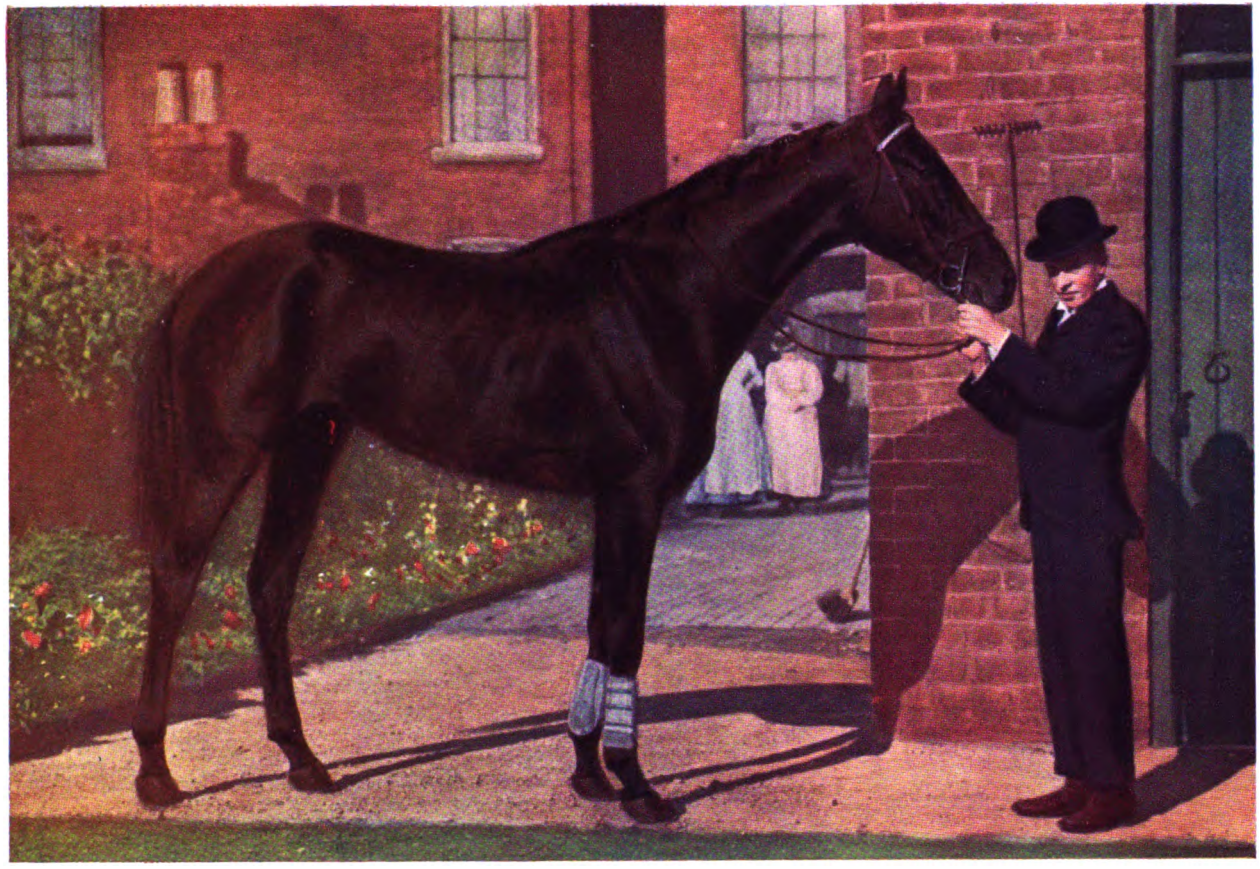


DURHAM SCHOOL ANNUAL DIVING COMPETITION

Photograph taken by Mr. O. P. Churchyard, Newcastle-on-Tyne

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THAT the coloured pictures this month should include a representation of *Shamrock II.* is no doubt only what readers will have anticipated. One of the fastest and generally best found boats ever launched, she had the bad luck to meet one just a very little superior; but upon that trifling superiority depends the difference between victory and defeat. 'Doricles' has been some consolation to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild for a season which without the son of Florizel II. and Rosalie would have proved—or has proved up to the time of writing—wholly disastrous. How many horses precisely Mr. de Rothschild has in training with Hayhoe we are not aware; certainly that trainer has in his charge a considerable number of bearers of the blue jacket and yellow cap, but Doricles is so far absolutely the only one that has secured a shilling this season for his owner, who had to his credit in stakes £30,267 in 1898 and £46,766 two years previously. Such are the ups and downs of the Turf! Doricles was only out twice as a two-year-old, and on the second occasion divided the July Stakes at Newmarket with Veles. This season he was second for the Two Thousand, most flukily beaten by Handicapper; a head behind William the Third in the Newmarket Stakes; seventh in the Derby; second to Fortunatus at Liverpool, and victorious in the Brighton Cup, a Foal Stakes at Derby, and the St. Leger. The 'Sora' (*Porzana Carolina*) is called also the Carolina Rail or Crake, the Common Rail and the Ortolan, though why the last name should have been bestowed upon him is not clear, as he bears no sort of resemblance in shape or in any other way to the succulent little morsel with a big beak that is so beloved of *gourmets*. In September and October the Sora is shot for edible purposes; at other times of the year it is this bird which is said to have given origin to the common expression 'as thin as a rail.' Soras are not strong of flight, but full of cunning. It is difficult to find them on land, and in the water they will dive, and cling to a submerged stalk with only their beaks visible. 'From London to Bristol' is a sketch of a former generation in Piccadilly.



DORICLES.

Digitized by Google
UNIV. OF MICH.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

As a matter of course we are being treated to the usual articles from various quarters on 'big shoots,' their unsportsmanlike character and general iniquities. It is certain that everything may be overdone. Some of the records at rabbits, I have heard, are, for instance, deplorable exhibitions. The poor bunnies are stopped out and then penned up by hundreds, and the bag is in no small measure enlarged by the sticks of the beaters and the exertions of the dogs. No reasonable person would class that sort of thing as sport; but a big day in the coverts is a totally different affair, always assuming, of course, that the birds come well and that men disdain unsportsmanlike shots. I must confess that personally I like as much 'loosing-off' as possible at good birds, and look forward with special pleasure to a day when I know it will be desirable to fold up a silk handkerchief and put it inside my jacket to protect my shoulder. The men who denounce big shoots, one is inclined to suspect, are those who have never had the luck of taking part in them. In those rare districts where pointers and setters can still be employed it is beyond all doubt delightful to see dogs working. That is a special pleasure, however, quite out of the reach of most of us, in England at any rate. In my experience it is only at a minute percentage of shoots that any other dogs except retrievers are now seen—though, as it happens, in two once familiar resorts I used to have the good fortune to go out with Bassetts, which were a highly agreeable and entertaining novelty.

Digitized by Google

I do not exactly understand the nature of the great distinction which the denouncers of big shoots draw between what is sportsmanlike and unsportsmanlike. Men walk in line through roots or across stubble; the coveys spring up in front of them, and a gunner gets one, or a brace if he is lucky; the birds are marked down into a neighbouring field; again they are walked up, and those that are left will presently return to their original quarters to be walked up once more. That is understood to be sport. On the other hand, you stand behind a hedge, the birds are driven over you by a line of white-smocked rustics; you get much more difficult shots than when the coveys rise up before you in walking; the birds are marked down as before and driven again; but this is supposed by a large body of critics to be a much less sportsmanlike proceeding than the other. I can never understand why? One great element of sport is generally accepted as being the giving of a chance to the creature pursued, and driven birds surely have a better chance with the average shot than birds which are walked up. So again with pheasant shooting. To take out some spaniels, let them rummage about the hedgerows and put up a pheasant, is regarded as strictly in accordance with the laws of sport; but most assuredly the long-tailed bird who flaps up and is knocked over before he has got any way on him has not a fraction of the chance possessed by the bird that comes out over the tops of the trees forty yards over your head, going like a steam-engine as he passes above you. Pheasants that lumber out of the covert close to the muzzles of the guns are, of course, different, and it is true that many men cannot resist the temptation of adding to their score. They like to say, 'I know I've got twenty-seven down, and two or three very hard hit must be down somewhere in that field of roots.' The good sportsman will derive infinitely more gratification from half as many really good birds, clean killed, that have come down motionless instead of flopping off, lying on the ground kicking, or affording a chase to a retriever. It is a pity that emulation so often exists amongst a party, but some men are fond of recapitulating their exploits at lunch and quoting the (real or imaginary) total of their individual bag, backed up by the dictum of a complacent loader, who is often anxious to make the best of things.

I admit that I always like to keep count of what I kill, but it is not always easy to do so, and loaders, as a rule,

are neither accurate nor veracious. Only the other day, when having moderate sport at partridge-driving in bad weather, I asked my loader if he had been keeping score of my birds. He made a long mental calculation, and told me he was 'not sure whether it was eighteen or nineteen.' As a matter of fact, unless I was greatly deceived, my total was only a little more than half that number. One rarely sees nowadays those little metal contrivances which some men used to carry in their pocket to keep count of what they shot. The little things used to be called 'liars.' If a man counts what he gathers it is one thing; if he adds to this total 'the bird that dropped down in the corner of that field,' a brace that are 'sure to be picked up in the clover,' the other that was 'so hard hit they are certain to get it when they go that way again,' one or two more that the stupid dog couldn't find, together, perhaps, with yet another that 'the keeper had better look for,' that is a different thing altogether.

The newspapers boomed the race for the America Cup very thoroughly, but I do not think much interest was taken in the contest until after the first 'heat,' and that was so near a thing that a considerable amount of excitement was undoubtedly generated and Sir Thomas Lipton obtained the stupendous advertisement for which it is shrewdly suspected he was playing. For this he is, of course, not in the least to be blamed. It is an age of advertisement, and the man who can advertise in a novel way is to be admired for his ingenuity. When any one goes out as the representative of English sport, however, just a little dignified reticence would be a welcome feature. He need not be so copiously photographed, smilingly mounting his bicycle, driving a pair of horses, playing croquet, posing with his dog, and in a variety of other styles, attitudes and combinations. Many of us, perhaps, would do the same if we were commercial magnates with a keen appreciation of the value of publicity, but somehow or other, if the America Cup is to be brought to England, one would prefer that it should be secured by somebody who did not 'play up' quite in this fashion. Whether the Cup ever will be 'lifted' seems doubtful after the long and monotonous record of English defeats. We all know that 'Britannia rules the waves,' but unfortunately she does not get the best of the struggles over them for this trophy, and it seems a little strange that we have never had a turn of luck in all the years that have elapsed since the race

was first sailed. Mr. Herreshoff—who was kind enough to contribute to the Badminton volumes on Yachting—is, of course, a master of his craft, but so assuredly is Mr. G. L. Watson—who also contributed to the Badminton Library, by the way. It is some advantage to the American captains and crews to be sailing in their own waters, but one would suppose that there are no special secrets of wind and weather that an English captain could not grasp. It is difficult to understand why we should always be beaten, but the unfortunate fact remains.

When, I wonder, are we going to have another really good horse that will stand out by himself from opponents of good class? We do not want to see a moderate animal, whose superiority is conspicuous because the others are very bad, but an Ormonde, with a Minting, a Bard, and other worthy opponents; or an Isinglass with a Ravensbury and a Raeburn to run up to him. The three-year-olds of the present season are doubtless better than was supposed early in the spring, but it has been demonstrated how very little there is between them, and when a lot of animals are all together the inference is that none is good. In glancing back at the events of the year, the Two Thousand Guineas remains as one of the most unaccountable flukes on record. The explanation probably is that Handicapper was despised and allowed to get away from his field, the jockeys imagining that he would certainly come back to them, and Halsey taking advantage of the situation. Handicapper ran very badly in the Derby, and still worse in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, where not only was he behind Lauzun, Convamore and Energetic, who were receiving 7 lb. from him, but also behind Exedo and Ian, whom he met at even weights. Heads and necks have since then been the rule among the three-year-olds. William the Third beat Doricles a head in the Newmarket Stakes, with Aïda a head behind the second, and Ian the same distance behind the third. In the Derby, Volodyovski did have three parts of a length the best of William the Third, but William was a head in front of Volodyovski at Hurst Park (in receipt of 3 lb. however), Doricles had a neck the best of the Derby winner in the St. Leger, and the last positions were subsequently just reversed at Kempton Park, with William the Third close up.

Before these Notes appear the Free Handicap for two-year-olds will have been published, and, as usual, the compiler of the weights has a difficult task. The weather affected Royal Lancer, who 'makes a slight noise,' in the Boscawen Stakes. Glass Jug might possibly have beaten him; she had won her only previous race, and there was no saying how good she might be, but it seemed improbable that she would beat him by nearly five lengths. Just before that race Mornington Cannon, who rode Glass Jug, in answer to a question, remarked, in the presence of the owner of the light blue and scarlet jacket, that in his opinion Royal Lancer was the best of his year. Fowling Piece, who ran Glass Jug to half a length, is understood to have agreeably surprised his trainer; for though he had won a trial the gallop had not pointed to such a result, and it will be specially interesting to ascertain how far the running in this race for the Boscawen Stakes was correct. The much-talked-of trio—Sceptre, Duke of Westminster, and Lavengro—have faded out of prominence, and the Free Handicap, when it appears, will doubtless differ widely from what it would have been had it come out just before Goodwood. One lives and learns in racing as in other things. Sterling Balm must be prominent in the list, for of her five races she has won four, and when beaten was endeavouring to give 12 lb. to Game Chick, her jockey having ceased to persevere when he saw that Game Chick had the race in hand. St. Windeline, again, has only once been beaten, and that was the first time she ran, when it is possible that she was not quite ready. Game Chick was known to be very backward on her first appearance at Ascot. Probably there is not much between her and St. Windeline. One thing which seems likely is that next year the fillies will hold their own with the colts, as has not often happened of late years. It is a most unquestionable fact that two-year-old fillies very frequently lose their form, and that it is rash to speculate upon what they may do as three-year-olds, but this year there are Sterling Balm, Glass Jug, Sceptre, St. Windeline, and Game Chick to represent the mares, and it may be hoped that at any rate some of the five will make average improvement and distinguish themselves next season.

The warning-off of Lester Reiff is a bombshell in the American camp. The Stewards of the Jockey Club, however, perfectly well understand the exceedingly serious nature of the penalty they have inflicted. It must mean a fine of between

£5000 and £10,000 a year—supposing Lester Reiff had been able to continue riding—together with the attendant disgrace, and so heavy a sentence would not have been passed unless the Stewards were absolutely convinced that the evidence against the culprit was overwhelming. The Stewards are often blamed for not making their proceedings public, and enabling the world in general to ascertain the grounds on which they act, but for various reasons it would be impossible to publish what goes on in their conclaves. For one thing, actions for libel would possibly result. Culprits would feel that things could not be worse for them, and that there was an off-chance of a verdict in their favour in a case tried before a judge and jury whose ignorance of racing would as likely as not lead them to false conclusions on evidence which could leave no doubt in the minds of men familiar with Turf affairs. Who would give evidence, too, if an action against him were likely to be started? It is only to be hoped that in sentencing Lester Reiff the Stewards will not think that there is no more to be done. A horse from an American stable, for instance, ran not long since at a meeting in the North, and his jockey's performance was described to me by a young trainer, who himself rides and perceives what is going on, as 'the hottest thing he had ever known in racing.' The same horse ran subsequently at Newmarket. I watched it with care and had no doubt that nothing was farther from its jockey's intentions than winning the race. A prominent and successful gentleman-trainer, to whom I was talking just afterwards in the Birdcage, asked me if I had noticed anything in the race, and I found that what had so forcibly struck me had equally struck him, though he knew nothing of this horse's previous performance. I shall be curious to see if the animal in question wins, and if any notice is taken of it; but this sort of thing happens not seldom, and is a subject for general conversation—though apparently the ears of the Stewards are not reached.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY
NEW YORK

The Badminton Magazine

A DESPERATE REMEDY

A HUNTING STORY

BY SYDNEY FULBROOKE

IT is certainly quite bad enough for a man to have a torpid liver, without the added misery of an active conscience. This combination rendered Dick Witherington's life unendurable. The former affliction made him cantankerous and disagreeable to his friends, the latter rendered existence a misery to himself. Under the baneful influence of his liver he would, at times, be unable to say a civil word to anybody, would sneer at little harmless jokes, and smile a sickly, self-satisfied smile if any ill-natured remark he made succeeded in irritating people. And then his conscience would come in, remorse would seize him, he would isolate himself from all society, and brood in solitude over the nasty things he had said to his dearest friends, until his melancholy became scarcely bearable.

Witherington was a widower, with three daughters to whom he was absolutely devoted, and he was always accusing himself of making their young lives wretched. 'It was monstrous,' he would say, 'that he should inflict his low spirits on them at an age when all should be bright and cheerful; that he was a drag on their existence, and that it would be a good day for them when he was out of the way.' They were well provided for, for Dick was well off, and his life had been heavily insured

at a time when his liver had been in good working order. During the intervals (alas, now becoming very rare and short in duration) when the organ deigned to do a little work, nothing could be pleasanter or more indulgent than his manner towards them. But the sluggishness of his liver became more and more pronounced, till at last he decided that existence, under its tyranny, was not good enough.

This conclusion had not been come to before the most strenuous measures had been taken to reclaim the unworthy organ. The remedies he had tried were both numerous and conscientiously carried out. He had consulted doctors who had made the complaint their special study, but all had failed, and so it was that by degrees poor Dick came to look upon himself as a pariah in society, a moving wet blanket on all that was bright and cheery in the world!

It was after an attack of the usual depressing nature that Dick, having reflected during the weary hours of the night on the immorality of mixing any longer with his healthier fellow-creatures, rose from bed with a splitting headache. He cursed the tailor as he put on his clothes. He cursed the haberdasher as he buttoned his collar, and the brushmaker as he brushed his hair. At the breakfast-table he abused the cook, and made spiteful, sarcastic remarks on the dress and general appearance and proceedings of each of his daughters. They, poor girls, left the breakfast-table in tears. The housemaid, in consequence of some ill-natured sneers at her want of punctuality, gave notice to leave; the groom, a long-suffering man, declared that a saint could not stand master's ways; and the gardener said that he was only staying on till he could suit himself with another place.

It was then that Dick finally decided that immediate steps must be taken to rid society of one who was compelled by his disease to spread gloom and dejection on every side. He had no more right, he argued, to be at large than a dangerous lunatic. Was it a manly thing to go about like a malaria, poisoning the cheerful existence of others? No! it was monstrous! He would rid the world of himself and . . . his liver.

His demise having been decided on as the only moral course available under the circumstances, he spent his time, during his bilious attacks, in planning a creditable exit from the world. One thing was certain: no one must suspect that he had hastened his own death. He had caused misery enough to his daughters when alive, without adding to it the disgrace

of his suicide when dead. He pictured to himself the inquest, and the poor girls giving evidence about his fits of depression. Besides, it would render his life insurance 'nul and void,' and in his present state of mind he did not see any immorality in deceiving the Company. He settled that it would be the only kind, the only decent, way to expire, as though by accident.

For some time he was very sweet on drowning by pretended cramp whilst bathing, but he reflected that it was not so easy to die in this way if you are a good swimmer, and there is always some confounded good-natured fellow on the bank ready to come to your assistance and drag you to shore by your hair. It had now become a habit with him to spend the whole time he was laid up with a liver attack in perfecting some handy and plausible scheme of demise, and at last, after a more than usually severe attack of jaundice, he elaborated a plan by which he felt he could get rid of his liver and bid adieu to the world, if not with *éclat*, at any rate without disgrace.

He would take to *hunting* and be killed at a fence! Everybody knew that he rode, and though he had not ridden across country since he went out with the drag at Cambridge, yet hands and seat never altogether desert a man. He would get a horse which would be likely to give him a fatal 'crumpler.'

The more he pondered this plan the more it commended itself to him, and as soon as he was well enough to appear at breakfast he remarked casually to his daughters that he found time hung a little on his hands, and that he thought of buying a horse and riding with the hounds. The girls applauded this idea to the skies, and said that they would take Tommy and the pony-cart and see him jump a fence or two.

He inwardly demurred to this, but as his time on earth was short, he only muttered something about 'people in traps always heading the fox,' and resolved that the last few days with his girls should be as agreeable as his slug of a liver permitted.

That unruly member had now definitely struck work, and refused to perform the slightest part of its functions in the internal economy, causing poor Dick to loathe his food, whilst his spirits became so low that the only thing he could think of was the grave. So he set to work to mature his plans. He intended to do the thing properly. He would send a subscription to the Hunt Secretary, give a Hunt breakfast, and—not to spoil the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar—he got measured for a red coat for the occasion.

His girls entered into the preparations for the breakfast *con amore*, and he could not help feeling, rather grimly, that nothing had pleased them so much for months as the preparation for this entertainment—his last meal on earth!

Next morning he went to the dealers. Some useful animals were shown him, but he crabbed them all. His surly temper upset both the dealer and his stablemen. At last the former, irritated by continual snubs, cried out to the helper:

'Bring out old Kruger, Tom. P'r'aps he'll suit the gentleman!'

Kruger appeared; a well-shaped chestnut with a beautiful shoulder. The other grooms seemed anxious to get out of the way of his hind legs, and his ears set straight back appeared to indicate that Kruger had a temper. Perhaps he also was suffering from a sluggish liver!

'Is this animal a good performer over a country?' asked Dick. 'His temper does not appear to be of the best.'

'The 'oss can gallop and the 'oss can jump, but I ain't a-goin' to guarantee 'im to you as a 'oss as is puffeckly temperate with 'ounds.'

'A bit fidgety, but not likely to refuse when once he gets going, eh?'

'No, sir, you won't find 'im refuse a deal when 'ee once gets a-goin'.'

The stablemen turned away to hide a giggle. They knew that if he was once got going he would be running away.

'Good mouth?'

'Lays 'old a bit at times, sir, I can't deny.'

'Do you mind telling me how he came into your stables? He looks to be a good bred one.'

'Well, sir, he made a mistake at a big jump; they all will at times. But the gentleman was hurt, and did not care to ride 'im again.'

He seemed to be just the horse to do Dick's business.

'I like his look,' said Dick. 'What do you want for him?'

'A hundred and fifty.'

'I'll give you forty.'

'Couldn't do it, sir.'

'Well, there's no harm in making an offer. You can either take it or leave it,' said Dick as he turned away.

But the dealer knew only too well that Kruger was not everybody's horse, and that he might never again get so good an offer.

'Very good, sir,' he said after a pause, 'you shall 'ave 'im, but mind I don't give no guarantee with 'im.'

'I never asked you to,' growled Dick. 'Come in and I'll write you out a cheque at once.'

'Thankee, sir. But,' added the man, who was really sorry for his victim, 'I do wish you 'ad a-chosen Kitty! She's a sweet mare across country, and nicely up to your weight.'

'I know my own business best,' Dick surlily rejoined.

. . . . . .

The Hunt breakfast was a great success. Everybody congratulated Dick's daughters on their father taking to hunting, and drank his health and *long life!* He himself, in spite of his want of appetite, ate raised pie, and all sorts of indigestible things on the same principle, I suppose, that a condemned man is allowed to have what he likes for his supper on the eve of his execution. The champagne gave him a fictitious cheerfulness, and his friends could hardly believe that their host, resplendent in his scarlet coat, was their doleful friend, Dick Witherington.

It was with some difficulty that he mounted Kruger, who was fresh from the stable, and fidgety. The covert they were to draw first was about a mile off, and though Kruger jogged there quietly enough, even that short distance sufficed to give a man who had eaten a large breakfast with his liver 'on strike' a terrible stitch in the side.

Arrived at the covert a strange thing took place. Dick passed the time of day with Major Hardman, and found that afterwards he had the greatest difficulty in persuading Kruger to leave him. If he got him away, even for a few yards, the horse would whinny and try to get back.

'Confound it, Hardman,' he said at last, 'my horse has taken a desperate fancy to you!'

'The thing is easily explained, my dear fellow,' replied the major. 'I once owned him, and he was for some time the stable companion of the horse I am riding: no doubt he recognises his old pal!'

'So you know old Kruger?'

'Not by that name. He was Pirate when he was in my stable. Possibly his new master, finding him a pig-headed old chap, christened him Kruger—not a bad name for him! But, pardon me, Witherington, I see you are riding him in a plain snaffle. He has either changed very much since I had him, or he will most likely bring you to grief.'

'This is the first time I have been on his back'—('and,' added Dick, *sotto voce*, 'most probably will be *the last*').

'He is a very difficult horse to steer at times. Cannot you borrow a noseband at any rate?'

'I'll take my chance,' said Dick, kicking at his horse to get him away.

'Now he's huffed!' muttered Hardman; 'what a queer fellow he is! If we get a run, Kruger will try to have his own way. If ever there was a horse that requires strongly bitting, it's my old friend, if *I* know anything about him!'

Now Major Hardman was about the best horseman in the county, but the most knowing sometimes make a mistake.

I am not going to describe the scene on finding the fox. Suffice it to say there was a whimper in covert and a halloa in the open. A very stiff post and rails separated the field from the line of the fox, and the pursuers in a body made for a gate a hundred yards off. Dick was about to follow, but he was counting without Kruger. That quadruped was closely watching his old chum, Hardman's horse, who, he noticed, did not join the ruck, but, after a moment's hesitation, cleared the post and rail in beautiful style.

There was no hesitation with Kruger; having found an old friend he was determined not to lose sight of him, and he immediately jumped the post and rail in pursuit.

And now two things became very clear to Dick: first, that Kruger was a magnificent jumper, and, secondly, that he might just as well be riding without a bit at all as with the snaffle. He managed to keep his seat at the jump, though he lost a stirrup. Hardman looked back with surprise at seeing Dick behind him, and cried out:

'Well done, old man!' and then, 'I say, if your horse should get out of hand, don't follow me too closely, there's a good chap!'

A cold shudder passed through Dick at these words. What an awful irony of fate if it should happen that, instead of killing himself, he should kill his friend! He did not reply, for he knew that Kruger was out of hand already. As they galloped on, however, he found, to his great relief, that it was not Kruger's intention to follow tamely in the wake of his old stable companion; on the other hand, he did not seem to be inspired with any undue spirit of rivalry. There was plenty of room to ride, and the two horses took fence after fence, side by side, at a comfortable distance apart.

It was a warm day at the beginning of the season, and by this time Dick, although he had lost the stitch in his side, was absolutely bathed in perspiration, which ran from his face in streams on to his new red coat, whilst the unwonted exercise caused him to ache in every bone. There was no refusing with Kruger. Now and then they came to a ghastly place, a stake and bound fence with a ready-made grave on the other side, but the horse went at each with the requisite speed, and never made a mistake.

There was a burning scent. It was soon evident that they were in for a good run, and now, after half an hour without a check, in spite of his exhaustion and aching limbs, an unknown feeling of exhilaration announced to Dick that his unworthy liver was beginning to be aroused to some sense of its duties, giving him a delightful sense of freedom from melancholy he had not experienced for years. There was no doubt that Kruger was an admirable mount. What was the reason of it all?

The explanation is this. Kruger was one of those horses which are not so uncommon as is generally supposed. He was well bred, he loved hunting, and if left entirely alone, and within sight of hounds, could be ridden by a child; but the moment you began to pull at him, or check him at his fences, he got the bit between his teeth and became unmanageable. Had Dick put a sharp curb on him and tried to ride him in the run, most probably the object he had in view in joining the hunt would have been accomplished. I believe there are many horses like that, if only the experiment could be tried without risking one's life or that of others. Of course that cannot be done; no one has a right to try experiments with a horse not under control in the hunting-field, and Hardman was quite right to get rid of Kruger, grand jumper and galloper as he was, when he found he could not steer him.

So far there had been no check, but now they came to a point where hounds hesitated a little. Kruger sagaciously popped his old head towards the wind, and whinnyed to his friend as though he would say: 'What a day we are having! Blown at all? *So* glad you are out! I'm having awful larks! My man is letting me do as I like. Hullo! they have hit off the line again. I'm off! See you at the finish!' And off he was.

They had the hunt to themselves. Hardman would never have taken that awkward post and rails at the start had he not foreseen that it would give him a clear lead of the field, and

the pace had been so fast that now not a soul was within sight, for the huntsman had lamed his horse early in the run at a rotten bank. Mile after mile passed away; Kruger and Hardman's horse flew, negotiating fence after fence in faultless style, and hounds still kept on running like mad. Dick's old experience with the 'Varsity drag stood him in good stead, and he not only sat the jumps but found himself riding at them with a confidence which astonished him. Whether it was the exhilarating feeling which is irresistible when leading in a good run, or the joy of triumphing over that wretched liver of his, Dick felt another man.

After having been bumped about like the plunger in a churn for over an hour, his liver had now surrendered at discretion, and returned to work in the most submissive way. 'Ha!' cried Dick, 'you have given in at last, have you, you brute! Think you will do a bit of honest work by way of a change! Well, Kruger and I have not done with you yet!'

He was thus apostrophising the repentant organ, when he heard behind him a cry from the major, and discovered that he was landed in a bog which the slim Kruger had been careful to avoid. His horse had now struggled out, out of his reach.

'Catch him for me, there's a good chap!' cried Hardman.

'I will, if I *can!*' shouted Dick, pulling for the first time at Kruger, who at the very first pull laid back his ears and, putting his head down, went off at score, and all the harder when he saw his old stable chum galloping riderless by him. The horses raced side by side, with hounds just in front, taking the fences, big and small, as they came, without hesitation. But the pace had been too severe to last much longer; the gallant old fox made a last effort to reach an earth he knew of hard by —too late! The hounds are on him and roll him over in the open.

Dick was in at the death—alone! He jumped from his horse, which stood still, quivering a little, but was soon rubbing noses with his friend, evidently congratulating him on the run!

The hounds had killed their fox, and it now struck Dick that the duty of snatching its body from their jaws devolved upon him. They were growling and showing their teeth to one another, and it appeared to him to be a perilous thing for one who was a stranger to them to attempt. Possibly fate had decreed that, instead of being killed by a fence, he should rid society of his doleful influence by being torn in pieces by the hounds? If so, he must face it; he had not come out to funk.

HUNTING.

From an Oil Painting by Thomas Blinks, by permission of C. Klackner.

Rating them in a harsh voice, and lashing them with his hunting-whip, he managed to rescue the carcass, and hung it up on the branch of a tree out of their reach. In a minute or two the huntsman, who had found a fresh horse, came up, followed by a select portion of the field, and then the usual obsequies were observed. Of course Dick had the brush, and jogged home amid congratulations on every side.

'I'll give you a hundred and fifty for your horse, if you care to part with him,' said the Master.

'No, thank you,' replied Dick, 'I have found a horse which will always *oblige* me to ride straight, whether I like or not, and I'll stick to him.'

Little remains to be told. Dick, on arriving home, had a hot bath, and found himself desperately hungry, a feeling he had not experienced for years. Awaking next morning after a long sleep, undisturbed by nightmare, in spite of his stiff and aching limbs, he rose blithely, and instead of cursing the different articles of his toilet, he actually whistled a tune as he dressed. At breakfast, although unable to sit down, he cracked a few jokes with his daughters as he ate a hearty meal standing. In a word, his liver, whose sloth had caused him to live so wretched an existence, had woke up, and was working away industriously, as though anxious to atone for the past.

On the plea that they inherited his bilious infirmities, his daughters soon succeeded in wheedling horses for themselves out of their father, and now they all go hunting.

SNOW-SHOEING IN THE WOODS
(Photo by Zirkler, Clausthal)

WINTER SPORTS IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS

BY G. H. VILLIERS

IT is certainly a safe rule never to prophesy until you know ; but, in spite of it, I venture to begin this short article with the prophecy that it will not be long before the Harz is in open competition with St. Moritz and Davos-Platz as a winter resort. In the first place, in spite of the infamously bad railway connections after one leaves Hanover, the Harz is incomparably nearer to London than either of the Swiss places. The journey between London and Clausthal is only just over four-and-twenty hours, and could be, and will be, made much shorter. Sport organisations and clubs, although in their infancy, *have* been founded, and are every year increasing in size and importance : for example, the four-year-old Oberharzer Skiclub, which started with twenty members, now numbers more than four hundred, and the Harz Club is an immense organisation. The facilities which the district offers for indulging in winter sports are unsurpassed, and if the foreigner should be tempted

to come to Clausthal he will find, besides comfortable hotels, a hospitable Ausländer Club, ready to receive him with open arms.

As I have just above stated, the sport organisations are as yet in their infancy, and the Harz is not the paradise for skaters and tobogganers that it will be later. With regard to skating, what happens elsewhere generally happens here too—*i.e.* snow and ice freeze up together and render skating on the numberless lakes—there are over a hundred large pieces of water in the Clausthal district alone—quite impossible. This year, however,

OFF TO ST. ANDREASBERG

even the most *enragé* skater could have demanded nothing better. It snowed hard for twenty-four hours, with very few degrees of frost on the ground surface. Then—and not till then—did the thermometer drop and drop, and hard, steel-blue, mirror-like ice covered the surface of the three-acre Badeteich reserved for skaters. Right in the forest, surrounded by snow-clad pine-trees, and with a brilliant blue sky overhead, it was truly ideal, and when the ice became cut up we braved the terrors of the law and skated to our hearts' content on other lakes. Our last skate of the season took place in the pitch-dark and bitter cold at 2 A.M., which performance finally convinced the Germans—if such conviction was still necessary—of our utter insanity. There was a regular gale blowing, and while I

was engaged in using my great-coat as a sail, out fell my latch-key—and the brandy flask! I was going very much too fast to stop at once, and the others were not very near me at the time, so to mark where they fell was impossible. My companions did not care about my latch-key, but they *did* about my brandy,

A SLIGHT MISHAP
(*Photo by Zirkler, Clausthal*)

and we all hunted and searched in the inky black till it began to snow. Then we decamped, and I spent several miserable hours on a sofa. My landlady's face, when I appeared that morning, unwashed, unshaved, in my still wet clothes, minus her only latch-key, can be better imagined than described!

The chief winter sport in the Harz is, of course, snow-shoeing, the Norwegian type of shoe, called *ski* (pronounced

'shee') being nearly always employed. This consists of a strip of wood, generally ash, about 8 feet long and 4 or 5 inches broad, curling up and ending in a point in front. The foot is attached to the middle of the ski, only the toe being held fast to the wood, the rest of the foot being able to move up and down. This, of course, prevents sprained and broken ankles. The Canadian type of shoe, however, is sometimes to be seen, one of the few men using them being the Brocken Messenger, who twice a week brings up provisions and letters to the snow-bound caretakers of the Brockenhaus. The first ascent of the

A FAIR EQUESTRIENNE
(*Photo by Petz, Duderstadt*)

Brocken on snow-shoes was made from Elbingerode in 1892, and it is still considered rather a sporting trip, especially from the Clausthal side, where only a path leads up to the summit. A few years ago a party went, and got caught in the mist before they reached the hotel. They groped about hopelessly for several hours, and had altogether a most uncomfortable time. The local papers rose to the occasion splendidly, and the accounts of the dangers and privations were harrowing. One paper got hold of photographs of the Matterhorn, I think, and used them for illustrating purposes. Those who know the pastoral, grass-clad slopes of Father Brocken will appreciate the humour of the situation!

The introduction of ski into the Harz, and in fact into

Germany at all, is of quite recent date. It was late in the eighties that the movement first began, and it leapt at once into popular favour. The newspapers took the matter up warmly, and the German War Office was, as usual, on the alert. The 82nd Regiment of Infantry, stationed at Goslar am Harz, one of the oldest and most fascinating towns in Germany, was the first corps to be provided with snow-shoes, and this proved so successful, that now almost every regiment, both of the German and Austrian armies, possesses at least one company of snow-shoers.

THE NOVICE

'The weightiest event in the history of the sport, however,' says the patriotic author of a little monograph on snow-sports, 'was in 1893, when the Crown Prince and his two brothers, Eitel Friedrich and Adalbert, received snow-shoes as Christmas presents from their imperial parents.'

For purposes of this article I wrote some time ago to Herr Wendeborn, the popular and energetic President of the Oberharzer Skiclub, and asked him for details concerning the introduction of ski in the district, and the founding of the club. He informs me that he personally did not see any snow-shoes in use till 1893, and only very few in the ensuing year, the users being 'very unskilful and without talent' (*sehr ungeschickt und ohne*

talent). This state of things was, however, soon to be remedied. In February 1895, sixteen gentlemen and four ladies assembled together at the Brocken, and there 'with fresh Oberharz humour and in the merriest temper we celebrated the founding of the club. Then came movement in the matter.' Probably not one of them was capable of the least movement till late the next afternoon as a result of the fresh Oberharz humour. But before the snow had disappeared the club had secured the services of Herr Lÿsgard, a Norwegian runner at the time studying in Hanover, and he undertook to instruct the members in the

THE NOVICE

gentle art of skiing. It may not be out of place to state here that, if any Englishman wishes to learn to ski well, he can do nothing better than go and stay at Herr Wendeborn's charming little hotel at Sonnenberg, which lies half-way between Clausthal and St. Andreasberg. The surrounding country is lovely, and snow generally lies there long after it has disappeared elsewhere. Herr Wendeborn is an expert himself, and given good weather, nothing could be more enjoyable than a stay there during the winter season. But to return to the club. The first Winterfest was held at St. Andreasberg in 1896, and the Norwegian Lÿsgard swept the board. But in the following year the principal event, a long-distance race of 6000 metres (about four miles), was, after a magnificent race, carried off by a

forester named Kamenz, Lÿsgard being second, and Herr Wendeborn himself third. Their respective times were 29.35 mins., 30.16 min., and 30.26 min. It must be confessed, however, that up to the present time Norwegian visitors have invariably carried off all the jumping prizes, both in St. Andreasberg and in the competitions held in Zellerfeld last year, and in Altenau this year, and much practice will be necessary if the Germans are to defeat them in this particular branch.

Although jumping is a distinctly difficult sport, and the

'DAS GEMEINSAME BERGABFAHREN'
(*Photo by Zirkler, Clausthal*)

qualities required in a good jumper no mean ones, any ordinary runner can have the greatest fun out of a 'schanze.' A slope, not *too* steep, is selected, and rather more than half-way down it a small level platform, called a 'schanze,' is built of packed snow, the vertical face being about a yard and a half high. The jumper runs down on to this, and on reaching the edge jumps out as far as possible into the air, and then, landing on his feet, glides on downwards. Of one thing the novice may be certain—*he* will not land on his feet. Probably he will fall violently on his back and tie his legs into knots, but what does it matter in the snow? It is by no means the least amusing part of skiing

watching other people fall. The way in which one can twist oneself up is quite extraordinary, and sometimes it is absolutely impossible to get up without a helping hand.

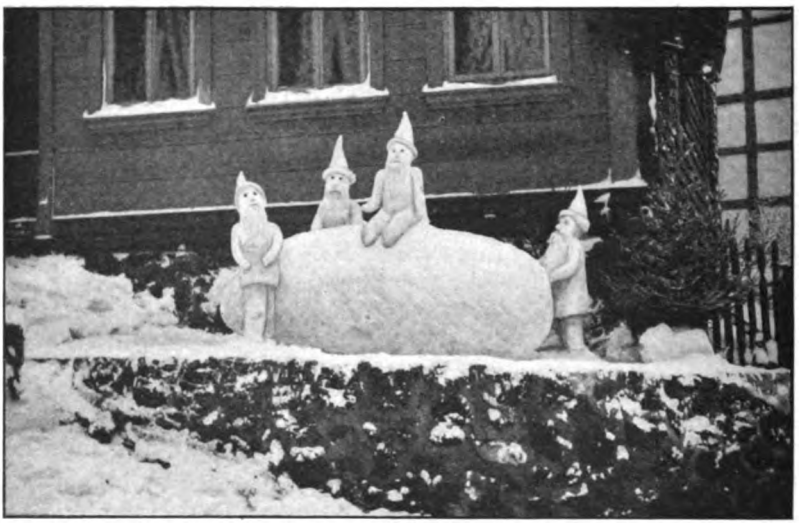
The fun to be got out of a pair of snow-shoes is almost endless. Nothing can be more altogether delightful than the long expeditions through the forest, the pine-trees one solid mass of snow, springing out of a pure white carpet. Generally one has to keep to the beaten tracks, as nothing is easier than to lose oneself in the woods. And how one rushes along, deliriously swinging round corners with the man behind screaming at one to get on, and the man in front tumbling down and blocking the way; and on clear frosty nights flying down the meadow-slopes, simply not feeling the snow beneath one, till one gradually stops, half-way up the opposite side! It is really divine. Of games and tricks on ski there are many. One of the most popular is *das gemeinsame Bergabfahren*. Ten or twelve runners hold on to a long bamboo-pole and swing down a slope together. It is by no means easy to regulate one's pace so as to keep together, and if one falls, down go the rest like ninepins, to the huge delight of those watching.

On Sunday, February 3, took place the sixth Winterfest of the Club at St. Andreasberg. The road between there and Clausthal was blocked by extraordinarily deep snow, so we were obliged to sleigh to Osterode, and thence by train. We arrived on the evening of the 2nd, and found an imposing array of sleighs ready to convey new arrivals to the little town, which lies at some distance from the station. After a good deal of wrangling we got sorted out, and started off in a long jingling procession along the moonlit road, with only an occasional bark or cry in the distance to disturb the cadence of the sleigh-bells.

Andreasberg, unlike Rome, seems to be built on unlimited hills, inasmuch as every street and alley slopes like the side of a house-roof, and the main street is one of the seven wonders of the world, winding upwards with impossible gradients and improbable corners. In front of the houses at intervals stood marvellous erections of snow-horses, caves, gnomes, soldiers, polar bears, &c., many showing great skill in construction, especially one of Graf von Waldersee and Li-Hung-Chang, which, I believe, carried off the prize offered for the best snow-group. Our rooms, we found, were not in an hotel, for which we were most thankful, as every inn and hostelry was packed to overflowing by the mob of visitors, several thousands

strong, from Magdeburg, Halle and Leipzig. We were lodged in a private house and were most comfortable : the prices too, be it added, were also surprisingly moderate.

We sallied forth the next morning and explored the town, which presented a most animated appearance. Foresters in resplendent green uniforms, staid elderly couples armed with sausages and rolls, students bent on a drinking bout and 'bother the sports,' photographers, amateur and professional, all equally ready for the fray ; and down the long steep street, right through the crowd, came yelling and screaming a continuous



HARZ GNOMES
(*Photo by Paul Reinicke, Rudolstadt*)

stream of children on ski, toboggans, schlitten (little sledges), and in fact anything that would slide. The weather was fine, the snow in splendid condition, and everything augured well for a successful meeting.

Sharp at 2 P.M. the proceedings opened with the long-distance race. The first event was the 10,000 metre (about 6 miles) race, for which there were eight competitors. A splendid struggle took place, and the winner, a Norwegian from Christiania, named Elger, only just managed to beat the Andreasberg champion, Keyerdahl, by a few seconds, their respective times being 49.29 and 49.48 mins. A German from Neuhaus won the 5000 metre race, the next item on the card, fairly easily in 24.6 mins., the second man, an

Andreasberger named Maschke, coming in two minutes later. The ladies' race, 3500 metre long, was won by Fräulein Kalisch in 14.12 mins., Fräulein Wendeborn, the sister of the President, being second. And then races for boys and girls were decided after various heats.

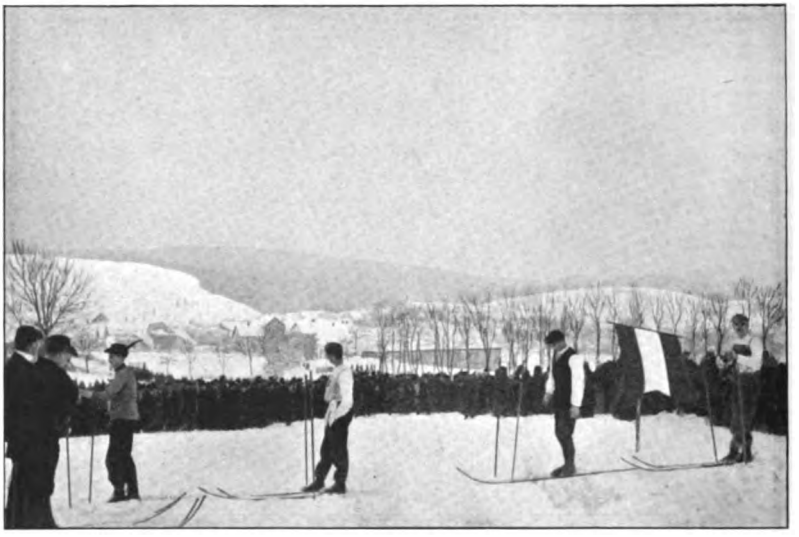
I should not like to state exactly how much beer was drunk that evening, but it certainly was a very respectable amount. There was a ball, and before the dancing began a sort of representation took place. Children came forward

THE HARZER CHILDREN
(Photo by Zirkler, Clausthal)

one by one, dressed as dwarfs or gnomes, each bearing a belt inscribed with the name of some Harz town or district, noticeable among them being the scarlet-coated Brocken, and recited verses, welcoming and wishing success to the assembled visitors. After it the fun and 'fresh Oberharz humour' waxed fast and furious, and at 4 A.M. a friend and I decided that we must go and toboggan in the moonlight. We couldn't get a little schlitten so we annexed a table, much to the landlord's horror, turned it upside down and sat on it. I really don't know why we weren't killed. We hummed down vertical slopes and whizzed round right-angle corners at positively break-neck speed—express trains weren't in it—and eventually brought up

at the bottom panting for breath with tears streaming from our eyes. Then we repeated the performance!

The jumping took place at 9 A.M., and some little time previously we took up a position on the opposite slope, whence we commanded a splendid view of the whole scene. The yard-and-a-half high Schanze, built on a foundation of fir branches, was gaily adorned with flags, which were also used to mark out the course. Suddenly we hear a murmur among the crowd, and then silence—the first man is off; descending from the top of the hill the little black figure approaches faster and faster,

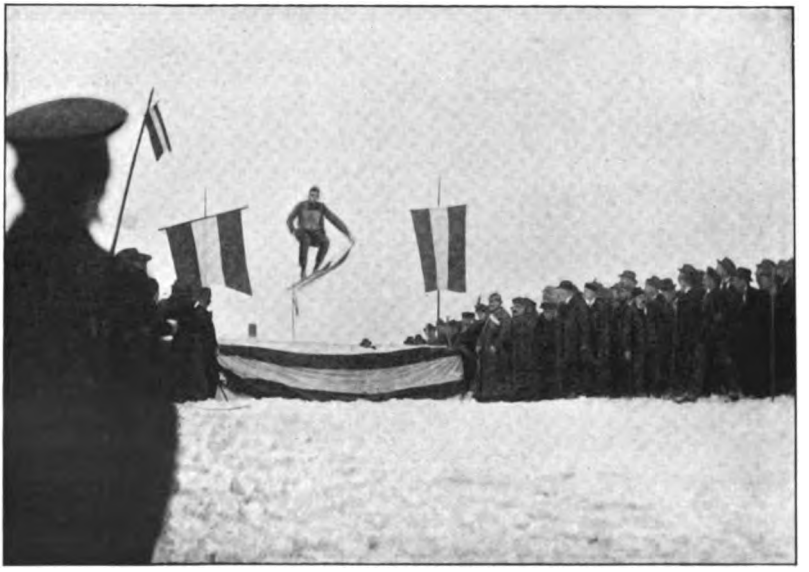


BEFORE THE START OF THE 5000 METRE RACE AT ST. ANDREASBERG
(*Photo by Petz, Duderstadt*)

till, reaching the schanze, he bends down and just before the edge gathers himself together and launches himself out into the air like some great bird; then, lighting softly some twenty yards farther on, continues his downward course. The judges rush out and measure the distance from the schanze to the marks he made on landing, the snow is smoothed down again, and the course is ready for the next man.

Of the sixteen competitors almost half were Norwegians, and one of their number, named Jacobsen, won with a jump of 21.95 metres (22 yds. 1⅔ ft.). Keyerdahl of St. Andreasberg, who had come in second in the 10,000 metre race the day before, was again second in the competition with a jump of

19 metres, but he had the consolation of defeating his former conqueror Elger, who was third with a jump of 18.88 metres. After the competition the Norwegians performed some fancy tricks, and then there was a general adjournment to the hotel, where after luncheon the orthodox barometers, clocks, and dressing-bags were distributed. The ladies, the visitors and Gut Schnee for the future were in turn toasted, and the Norwegians returned thanks with their national toast and 'yell,' a splendid noise, reminding one of an American college



SKI-JUMPING AT ST. ANDREASBERG
(*Photo by Paul Reinicke, Rudolstadt*)

cry. And then the guests dispersed by sledge or rail, after a most successful and pleasant feast, the best as yet held in the attractive little town. I should have stated above, by the way, that the record jump is 35.5 metres (36 yds. 1⅓ ft.). This almost incredible distance was jumped by Olaf Taudberg at Trondjhem last year, and will not, as one can well believe, be easily beaten, except perhaps by Taudberg himself.

A popular sport here, which, as far as I am aware, is absolutely unknown in England, is Rennwolf-running (*das Rennwolf-laufen*). After the successful introduction of snow-shoes into Germany, a very general desire sprung up for some apparatus which could be employed when lack of snow or suitable tracks

made skiing impossible. The result was the appearance of the Rennwolf, an improved form of the Norwegian 'sparkstötting.' It consists of two very narrow iron-shod runners, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. apart, curved up at the ends and joined there by a cross-piece. At right angles to each runner stand upright pieces, about 3 ft. high, joined at the top by a straight, and in the centre by an outward-curving bar which allows room for the action of the knee. Two other pieces join the curved ends of the runners to this latter bar. Rennwolf-running is by no means difficult. The upper cross-piece is held with both hands, and one foot is placed on a runner; then a push is given with the other foot, while at the same time the arms assist in sending the Rennwolf forwards. The right foot is generally employed as propeller and is armed with 'Schlittensporen,' *i.e.* spurs attached to the boot by a strap. On a good road very considerable speed may be attained, 16 or 17 kilometres an hour being nothing extraordinary.

SCHLITTENSPURS USED IN RENNWOLF-RUNNING

Rennwolf-running is altogether a far more quiet and sedate sport than snow-shoeing, and has none of the delirious excitement of the latter. It is especially suitable for middle-aged gentlemen and for ladies, no great strength being required and an accident being almost impossible. The Rennwolf, too, is a far more adaptable machine than the snow-shoe, and can often be used when the latter is impracticable; for instance, on a much-worn high road or during a thaw. Skiing during a thaw is absolutely impossible. The snow packs and balls on the under-side of the ski, and it refuses to glide forward at all. This never occurs with the Rennwolf owing to the extreme narrowness of the runners. In fact the 'winter bicycle' may generally be depended on, however bad the way or the weather.

Very similar to the Rennwolf is the Schneeschneider, and it is propelled in the same manner. It consists of one broad iron-shod runner, instead of two narrow ones, slightly curved upwards in the centre, somewhat resembling a large snow-shoe in shape. The speed, which, of course, depends on the track, is about 12 or 13 kilometres an hour, and although the

Schneeschneider requires somewhat more skill than the Rennwolf, it is by no means so difficult to use as the snow-shoe. The Schneeschneider may be relied on never to leave one in the lurch, and is therefore particularly useful for tourists, whose object is not so much speed as always to be able to press forward; this is especially the case when the paths are very rough and cut up, and too narrow to admit of a Rennwolf being used. But Schneeschneider are by no means common,

THE START FOR THE LADIES' RENNWOLF-RACE AT THE ZELLERFELD WINTERFEST IN FEBRUARY 1900
(*Photo by Zirkler, Clausthal*)

and are seldom to be seen, at any rate in the Oberharz district.

One of the most noteworthy points of last season has been the great increase in the number of snow-shoe and Rennwolf-runners. The participation in these sports is by no means universal, and it is a fact that hardly a single student in the Clausthal Mining Academy even possesses a pair of ski, except, of course, the foreigners. But the younger generation of the Harzers have taken enthusiastically to these new amusements. Every small child has a schlitten, and the bigger ones have either ski or Rennwolf. May the second year of the new century afford them even better sport, if that is possible, than the first has done!

MY GILLIE

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON

A CHARMING Highlander, of the blonde, golden-haired type, with that gently self-deprecating manner, and soft way of speaking that make you feel as if you, the Southerner, had a raucous voice, which is exactly the case, and a hard heart and an evil conscience, which is as may be. This Highlander's mission in life is, for the present, to attend on me in my fishing, to tie on my flies for me, to tell me where the salmon lie, to lie himself about the chances of my catching them, to disentangle my hooks from the oak-trees on the bank when the cast is from the shore, to row me to the likely places when we are casting from the boat, to help me on with my waders when there is a necessity for wading, to yell at me, in a Celtic fury of excitement, on the rare occasions when I hook a fish, giving me incessant, and perpetually contradictory, instructions as to how I am to deal with him; in short, to act towards my fishing infant footsteps as a kindly nurse, to be my guide, philosopher and friend. In a general way he is to be all this, and he performs his functions well, with a zeal that does not seem to be simulated, and is a constant surprise to me, with the gaff ever ready in his hand to land a fish (or to fish me from the river should I fall in), though we have not caught a fish for a week, and to tumble into water more than knee-deep is a calamity that, though constantly impending, has not happened to me yet.

But his principal function, beyond all doubt, is to apologise for the lack of appreciation of the fish, that they do not take my flies, though we offer them in never-ending variety and with all the little skill of which we are master. 'Eh, it's a gran' fushing day the day'—that is the motto with which on our lips, and its hope in our hearts, we always set out, on each succeeding morning. 'It's a gran' day—there's no that glare there was on the watter yesterday.' It is, in fact, a day of east

wind, with no colour in sky or water. We fish, but catch fish we do not. Then my philosopher says: 'It's a maist awfu' dour-like day whatever, the clouds is that low. The fush'll no be takin' with the clouds so low doon-like. Eh, but ye'll likely be gettin' them yet.' However, we do not 'get them' on that day. But the next day the clouds have cleared off and the sun is shining. 'Eh, it's a better kind of colour in the sky the day,' my henchman tells me; 'it's likely ye'll get a fush or twa the day.' The day, however, is far spent, and no luck has attended us, when my friend says: 'I wush they clouds wud come up ower the sun; he'll no tak' with that glare upon the watter.' Presently the clouds come up, as at his desire, and the day is all that he had lately wished of it. 'I dinna ken hoo it is,' he says; then, 'he's no seeming to care for they flies at a'. Ef on'y the watter was a fut or nine inches lower we should ha' a better chance.' In a day or two, 'she'—that is to say, the river, is away down just that foot or nine inches of his wish, but fish still remain obdurate. 'Eh, she's just a wee thing low,' says my counsellor then. His genders are worth a study. The river is always 'she,' and such an all-important 'she' that it is seldom necessary to designate her further. 'She,' without any further explanation, you may always take to refer to the river. The salmon, however, irrespective of sex, is always 'he'—almost always spoken of in the singular. 'Het's where he'll come' I am invariably told, as my guide indicates the edge between the stiller water and the stream. 'Het' is where 'he' never does come, but that makes no matter. The singular number is curious. It is as if there was one great particular salmon that we sought to hook on each occasion, as Hiawatha went out a-hunting Nama, the great sturgeon—or was Nama the woodpecker, and the sturgeon something else? Really I forget, and I have asked my philosopher, and he does not know. It seems to be almost the only thing he does not know. 'I canna just richtly tell,' is his formula for his rare confessions of agnosticism. He has all the typical Highlander's deprecating manner, but none of the typical Highlander's reluctance to commit himself to a definite statement. This, however, I attribute to his constant intercourse with inferior intelligences, such as my own. We see the same kind of effect in the case of schoolmasters, from the same cause, only, unhappily, they do not start with a Highlander's inherited dislike to giving an opinion. Another peculiarity of my friend and master's speech, now that we are touching this topic, is

that to him there is but one kind of piscine thing meriting the name of fish—in his dialect 'fush'—that is to say, salmon. You ask him whether that was a fish rising, and he will reply, 'Na. It's nae but a bit trootie or a sma' beast of a grilse maybe. It's na a fush at a'.' If you were to suggest to him that you knew places where a trout or a grilse would be called a fish, his manner would imply incredulity, or if he did deign to believe you, he would consider that those places must be inhabited by very ignorant people, who did not know the meaning of simple words.

The frosts begin rather early in Scotland. 'Eh, I'm richt glad to see het rime the morn. There's nae onything sattles fush like yon rime, ye ken.' This 'sattling'—settling—of the fish is a consummation devoutly to be wished, for ever since we have been here the lament has been that 'the fush are just on the run; they'll no get sattled in the watter.' So now it appears that at last there is a chance of their 'sattling.' However, the day draws on, but still the fish do not draw on, and presently the henchman says, 'Eh, I've never knowed the fush to be takin' weel when there's they ghost-mares aboot.' 'Ghost-mares,' I asked in astonishment, 'what are they—night-mares?' 'Na, na; they kind of ghost-mares, ye ken, at the p'int of the rod. They cobwebby-like.' 'Ah yes—gossamers! Are they bad for the fish taking?' 'Maist awfu', for the fush 'll no take until they are cleared awa'.' 'But they mostly come after a night of rime,' I suggested. 'Ou ay,' he agreed, 'and so they dae.' 'But you told me that the rime made the fish inclined to move and take.' 'Ou ay,' he says then; 'and so they might be, whiles; but whiles again no. Ye see ye canna always be verra sure.'

May be that is the conclusion of the matter, at which, to say truth, we might as well have arrived first as last; but in the end we do come to have a perfect day, such a day as my friend declares to be 'just made for the fushing.' So we fish with great heart growing ever smaller and smaller as the day goes on but no fish rises, until finally one has no heart left at all, and appeals to the minor providence who rows the boat to account for the failure. Then he sighs and says, 'Ah weel, I'm no understandin' how he's no coming to they hooks. It's just a kind of a somethin' in the air or in the sky. It's just the kind of a day it is. *That's the explanation of it.*' The explanation of it—the dear man! Certainly we can never hope to get it any more clearly explained than that; so at that let us leave it.

My good friend fills me with much respect for his simple entomological faith—the entomology of the fishing-tackle maker, be it understood, of the Jock Scott, the Silver Doctor, the Dusty Miller, and the rest of the inventions. A suggestion that the salmon did not take the flies for anything in Nature he received with more than a little shocked astonishment. 'Ou, I think they dae; they're awfu' like some of they big watter flies,' he said. Then, as a small gauzy thing, scarcely at all larger than a common gnat, went hovering in the air before us: 'See yon? It's verra like a Silver Doctor.' But this was asking just too much of me, of my trust in him, even of my courtesy. 'Do you think it is?' I said, and looked hard at his innocent face to see whether he really thought so. He was either an accomplished humbug or he really did. I believe the latter to be the case. Great is the power of faith, that will move mountains, and will see a Silver Doctor in a simple gnat.

But it will not bring salmon to the hooks. 'They're verra apt to tak' just here-aboot,' is the phrase of invincible optimism of my friend, that does not vary even with a whole fortnight's experience to contradict it. His faith is prodigious, but it is ineffective. That is the pathos of it. Not a salmon in the river is affected by it in his cold-blooded course. My gillie is an artist in presenting the lures to the salmon, but not even he, for all his art and all his faith, can lure the salmon to the hook.

His knowledge is curious and various, for he has been for years at the nets, as well as attending to rod-fishers on their anglings; and perhaps it is at the nettings that more is learned of the salmon than in the rod-fishing. In the latter, for one thing, there are seasons when your learning is of the negative kind—in effect, that no fish can be caught—but with the nets it is ill work indeed if you are not catching something. Then, too, he has wrung the changes from the down-river nets, those in the estuary, to those up the river, and that is how it is that his knowledge is so various as well as curious. From him I learned many things more valuable than his 'explanation' of the fish not taking.

Now here is this, for those who are fond of the theory that the netting of spawning fish in autumn does no harm to the stock. There is a close time, as we know, from Saturday to Monday—a Sabbath all through the season—to allow the fish to run up. The estuary nets are taken off, so are the up-river nets. The estuary nets come on again on the Monday, after

the fish have passed. The up-river nets come on again on the Monday also, but—observe the difference—*before* the fish have passed them. And my gillie informs me of this interesting fact, that whereas the up-river nets will in early August catch the grilse that came through the estuary on the Sabbath, on the Monday night, later they will not be catching them till the Tuesday or the Wednesday ; the simple and altogether natural explanation being that, as the season draws on, the fish, becoming more and more 'bagged,' move more slowly, dawdling in each pool as they come to it, so that it is likely that by the time the nets are off the movements of fish running up are so slow that very few of them ever arrive at the proper spawning ground at all. If this does not account, in very large measure, for the comparative failure of the salmon fishing in these modern times it is hard to see what facts will be accepted as giving an account, no matter how long the Commission may sit and labour. It makes the futility of the Sabbath close time, in view of the activity on Monday and Tuesday of the up-river nets, very manifest. The close time at the estuary permits the fish to run up to supply not the spawning-beds up the river but the up-river nettings. That is an aspect of the case that we may hope the Commission will consider ; but my gillie, I am sorry to find, though his faith is so touchingly simple in the fly-fisher's entomology, has virtually none at all in the labours of 'they lords,' as he slightingly speaks of the members of the Commission.

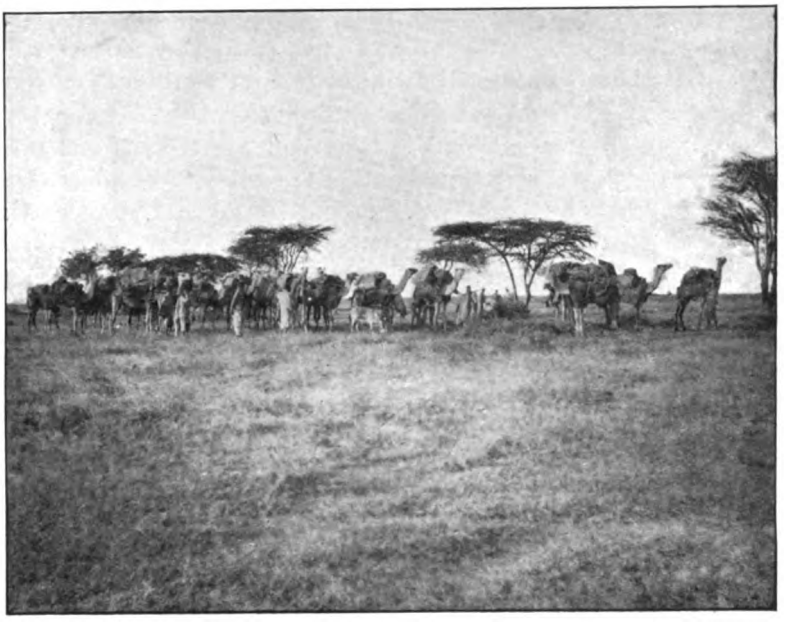
The salmon, of course, will always go along with the wind ; he sails with the wind at his tail and the waves going with him. That is what he seems to like ; and he likes to see the water darkened above him by the rippling wind. That is what my gillie says, and without question he is absolutely right in this, no matter what his views on the weather as affecting fishes' appetite may be. And he is sure that the salmon will travel better and quicker when the nights are dark, unlike the woodcock that moves on the nights of bright starlight. That the salmon feeds in fresh water he regards as a question beyond all dispute, except by people like 'they lords' and all scientists ; but admits that his appetite is less constant than he could wish it to be—that he feeds seldom. And I tell him a story of some years ago, but carrying its moral with it for all time—where three fishermen on the Northesk, all of whom understood their business, went down and fished one long pool sedulously for the better part of a likely fishing morning, and but one of them

could get a fish to move, and this was a very small one, which he landed. The others swore by many gods that there was no such thing as a fish (except this small one he had caught) in the whole river. Then came down the netsmen, and out of that self-same pool, at the first haul, they dragged more than a hundred fish. The exact number I forget, but it was certainly well over a hundred, and I am not sure it was not three hundred. It is not to be said that this was altogether pleasant to those who had flogged the pool with scientific fury all the morning, but at least it was an object lesson to them, and I imparted the lesson, without the fury, to my gillie, who received it graciously and gratefully as a thing that jumped with his own view entirely. But it makes it seem queer that one ever does catch a fish at all. Nevertheless, he pointed to the fact that a red fish distinguishes and takes a prawn, while scorning another lure, as sufficient proof that he discriminates and seems to have an appreciation of the palate as well as of the stomach. And on the moot question of the feeding or non-feeding kelt he had an open mind, a mind that remained open owing to so singular a train of reasoning, if it is to be called so, as to be worth noting, for he says that the opinion in which he has been reared is that the kelt do not feed, but one day he came upon an Irishman (what was that species of Celt doing, fishing in this river?), and beside the Irishman was a dead kelt or two, that he had clubbed, on the river bank. So my gillie expostulated against this killing of harmless, unnecessary fish. 'What,' says the Irishman, 'do ye nae kill they? Do ye pit them back intill the watter?' That is the way that my gillie tells me the Irishman addressed him, but it is likely that there was in truth more of the broad Hibernian in his speech. My gillie replied that they always put back the kelt, 'and what for no.' 'What for no? Why because they snap up everything like a smolt or a parr or a troutlet that they find in the river.' That was why the Irishman killed them. They sate down together, quite amicably, by the river's bank, to have it out. They had it out, according to my gillie's account to me, in more senses than one, for the Irishman, despairing of convincing his brother Celt by the process of argument, adopted a more solid plan, gralloching the kelt with his pocket-knife, and finding in his gastric apparatus (so my gillie, who, of course, could no more lie than a George Washington, assured me) several small fish of various sorts and sizes. Now this was a singular ocular proof, so clashing with all that the faith in which my gillie had

been reared had taught him as to produce an equilibrium or total suspension of judgment on the question, so that by this curious means he was brought to have an open mind on the point. I offer this less as a contribution to the science of salmon than of gillies, which is perhaps a subject equally mysterious and perplexing, and no Parliamentary Commission has been appointed to investigate it.

But if he could impart his knowledge of the fish to a Parliamentary Commission it would be the better both for the fish and for the ichthyophagists of this country. Unfortunately 'they lords' will listen to other counsels. But there are few who can tell you more curious facts, as well as the instructive ones, than my gillie. He will assure you that the fish do not regard the boat at all, it is only the nets that 'fleytes' them. And perhaps the most singular of his notes is that the seal-marked fish will take a fly more readily than others. These are they that the seal has clawed with his flipper and scored right down the side, there is no mistaking the mark. My gillie knows the numbers of these that are caught in the nets and also the numbers that the rod-fishers catch, and finds that the latter show a far greater proportion of the whole number taken than the former. It seems as if the scratch of the seal gave the fish an appetite, like a tonic.

One of my gillie's queer preferences is that he likes, gastronomically, the fish that has been for a while in fresh water, and is slightly red in the flesh and scale, better than the fresh-run silvery fish; and in this, too, he is perhaps right. The prejudice in favour of the fresh-run fish is held most strongly by those who have never tasted the others. So their view is a little partial. If they would appoint a Royal Commission to sit on my gillie it would learn many things. Sir Herbert Maxwell told the Commission on Salmon Fishery a tale of the way they do things in Norway that my gillie would highly approve. There, on the river fished by Sir Herbert, the weekly close time for the estuary nets was from 6 P.M. on Friday to 6 A.M. on Monday, and for the up-river nets from 6 P.M. on Saturday to 6 A.M. on Tuesday. Thus, the fish that went through the estuary did not escape this frying-pan merely to fall into the fire of the up-river netsmen, as happens to the vast majority of our own fish that come through the tidal waters on the Sabbath on such famous rivers as our Tay, for instance. *Verb. sap.*, if there be any wise men—always excepting my gillie—to receive it.



PART OF MY CARAVAN

THREE LIONS BEFORE BREAKFAST

BY CAPTAIN B. R. M. GLOSSOP

'SPOTS' was very excited, but then Spots' reputation was at stake. Spots overnight had taken me many weary miles after lions that he declared as we started were 'no be too much far away.' We had eventually been overtaken by darkness and a thunderstorm, and had returned to camp wet to the skin without seeing any signs of our quarry, whereupon I had unjustly told Spots that I didn't believe there had ever been any lions about; I also mentioned that in my opinion he was an idiot. Great was his triumph, therefore, when at about 7 A.M. a native came to tell us that lions had been roaring round his zareba, some five miles from us, all night. Spots, I should mention, was my Somali hunter, so called because it was a nice short name and he seemed to answer to it, also incidentally because his black woolly head was interspersed with snow-white tufts as if he had had a series of terrible shocks at some period of his career, or perhaps

they were only caused by youthful dissipations; however, let us leave moralising over Spots' head and return to our lions.

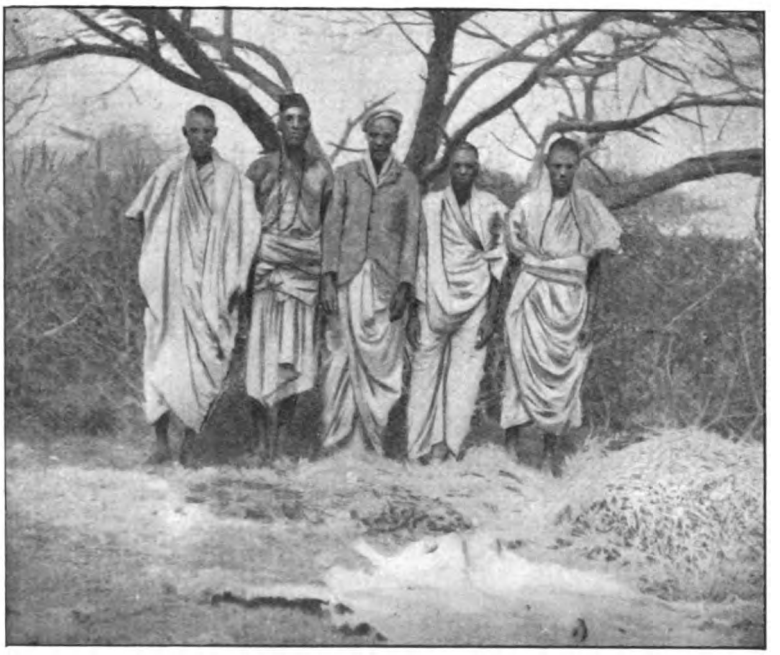
It was a beautiful fresh morning after the rain, and we were soon in the saddle heading for the 'karia,' as the temporary native encampments are called, from which the lions had been heard. A cool breeze was blowing, the country was looking its best with the young grass just showing up; 'aoul,' first cousin to the South African springbok, were dotted about everywhere, alternately grazing as if they had not a moment to lose, and

THE CAMP

then chasing each other across the plain; the jolly little dik dik, the smallest antelope known, darted out of every other bush; a couple of oryx were seen watching us suspiciously in the far distance; while as we neared the 'karia' the wild game gave place to camels of all sizes looking horridly bored as only a camel can, and eating thorn-trees and such-like dainties.

Arrived at the 'karia,' Spots engaged in conversation with every one at once and drank bowls of camel's milk at the same time; the whole population of the 'karia' turned out and all seemed to have a lot to say about the lions, till one very stout old lady wore them all down and continued the story by herself, interspersing it with terrifying roars which roused Spots to the

wildest enthusiasm. After considerable delay my hunter, full of milk and information, remounted his pony and we jogged off accompanied by three very dressy gentlemen with flowing 'tobes,' spears, and all quite well mounted on their hardy little Somali tats. I own I thought they would be rather a nuisance, but, as the sequel will show, they were quite invaluable. We had not long to wait before seeing a confirmation of the old lady's tale. High up in the heavens we saw vultures circling round

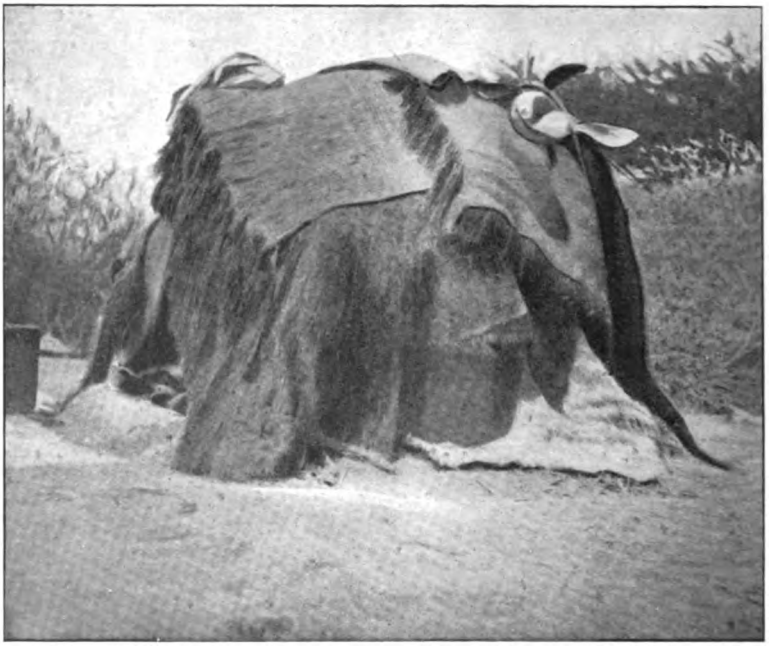


HUNTERS. SPOTS SECOND FROM RIGHT OF PICTURE

yet never coming down, which was a sure sign that, first, there was a kill below them ; and, secondly, that there was something by it that they dare not approach, something more to be feared than a fox or a skulking hyena ; there was only one explanation, my lord the lion was dining! Now came an anxious time. Spots and I dismount and stalk slowly through the thin bush, guiding ourselves by the vultures above, but at the same time keeping an exceedingly wary eye on the bushes below. Why does the bush insist on getting denser at these critical moments? We had been in quite open country just before ; it seems very unreasonable, though the reason in this case is not far to seek,

as naturally lion would be more likely to kill in close cover than in the open.

Suddenly—for, as it seems, the very briefest fraction of a second—I see three great yellow beasts, and a moment later can scarcely believe I ever saw them, so quickly have they vanished; but there lie the scanty remains of an oryx, and running round a bush I see a lion pass at a dignified walk between two bushes about a hundred yards off—no time for a shot. Spots meanwhile has whistled, and in another second up



SPOTS' HOUSE OF CAMEL-MATS

dash the three attendant horsemen, and without drawing rein they turn in obedience to a wave from my splendid little hunter and are off shouting and flourishing their spears after the lions. We follow at best pace along the tracks, nor had we long to wait before seeing one of our men galloping to and fro (this to get a flying start in the event of a charge) and pointing with his spear at a bush some two hundred yards from him. The lions, lazy after their feed, had not gone far before coming to bay, though only one had been marked down as yet. I could just make her out lying crouched, as if for a spring, in the thicket with her head lowered between her fore paws, and every now and then raising

it to give vent to ugly snarling roars as she saw me approaching. With the eyes of my Somalis upon me I had to pretend to be valiant whatever my feelings might be, so I walked straight up to within thirty yards of her, finger on trigger and momentarily expecting a charge, sat down and shot her dead through the neck. A very tame ending, but, considering possibilities, quite exciting enough at the moment.

No time was wasted. Hastily covering the dead lioness with branches to screen her from the prying eyes of the ubiquitous vultures we started off again on the two remaining tracks, our horsemen falling back again to some five hundred yards in rear. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed before we saw the footprints with a little hole in the front of each toe which told us that their claws were out ; also showing that our game was very close, had heard us, and was inclined to show fight. The country was here considerably more open. Spots went at a sort of jog-trot along the tracks with his eyes on the ground, I keeping abreast of him, looking out for the lions and with rifle ready.

The bushes gradually ceased altogether and an open plain stretched ahead ; on the extreme edge of it was very dense bush, and when some three hundred yards from it I distinctly saw a great yellow form moving on the far side. A whistle brought up the horsemen, and they galloped on to the plain, opening out meanwhile and giving the thicket a wide berth ; then followed shouts from the men and a terrific roaring, from which I surmised that the lions were chasing my sportsmen on the plain. However, I knew that they were well mounted and the lions had dined heavily, so I didn't anticipate any casualties and thought the great cats would soon get bored and would then probably head back for the big bush. I accordingly ran as fast as I could to get into it first and give them a warm reception.

I had nearly judged the situation accurately, but unfortunately one of the lions came back sooner than I had anticipated, and I was still some fifty yards from the bush, running somewhat out of breath, and with my rifle held at the 'trail,' when with a crash a huge lioness cantered heavily through, saw me straight in her path, and after being bothered by the horsemen evidently thought this the last straw and lost her temper completely.

I saw in a flash a most awful expression of rage come over her massive face as she suddenly changed her pace, gave several coughing roars, and came full at me, stretching along the ground like a greyhound, in the midst of a whirl of sand.

I threw up my rifle and fired without using the sights, then slipped my finger on to the rear trigger, ready if necessary to give her the second barrel down the throat at close quarters; but the roars had given place to snarlings, the sand-cloud rolled off, and there she was five and a half yards off (subsequently paced), broadside on, with her 'near fore' in her mouth, worrying it; the second barrel was promptly brought to bear on her heart, and at the report she rolled over stone dead. So close had she come that I was covered with the sand she had thrown up, and deep marks showed where she had slid along the

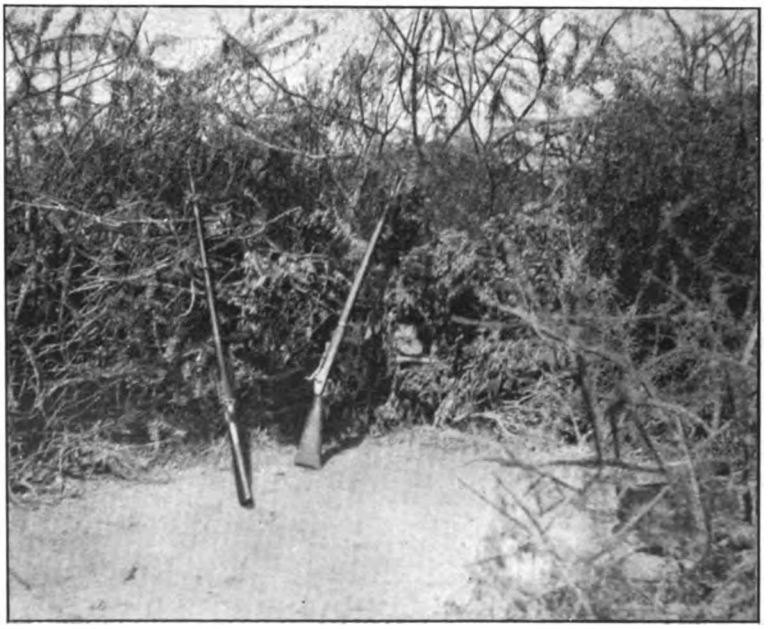
SKINNING A HARTEBEESTE

ground in pulling up from her great pace. I had nearly missed her, but luckily I was using a heavy twelve-bore rifle with, I think, as much as eight drams of powder, and the shock, although the bullet had only struck her low on the leg, had made her forget my existence at a moment when I hardly wished to be remembered.

Spots insisted on shaking hands over her corpse, which accomplished, we covered her up and hurried on in the usual formation, following the tracks, now reduced to only one. A couple of the horsemen had pushed on after the third lion while we were busy with number two, but had missed him in the bushes; they accordingly fell in behind us again.

Number three's tracks led presently into a very dense patch of bush, round which we worked without finding any spoor

leading out, so I fired a shot in at random and promptly evoked a regular 'feeding-time at the Zoo' roar, while a fine lion sprang half out of the bush, looking as if he meant to eat both of us. It was, however, only bluff, and he was in again before I could draw a bead on him; this he repeated several times, the while I slowly advanced on him and the horsemen galloped round behind to cut off his retreat. I must own that his sudden appearances and terrific roars were very alarming, but Spots followed me up so close that retreat (had I wished it) was



INTERIOR OF SHOOTING ZEREBA

impossible. I do not believe his head was *quite* in the small of my back, but I know he was whispering 'Kill um, kill um,' 'One, two, dree,' in a manner meant to be very encouraging and chuckling with delight the while. When ten yards only separated us from the bush our friend leapt forth again with such a gurgling roar that I involuntarily recoiled on to Spots, nearly upsetting both of us; at the same moment I brought my rifle up, and this time, encouraged, I suppose, by my step back, the lion stood for a second in full view, then crouched, and in another moment would, I believe, have been hurtling through the air but for my bullet that caught him, in the nick of time, full in the chest.

Instead of springing he reared himself on his hind legs, caught a bough above him in his teeth, snapped it in two and toppled over sideways into the bush.

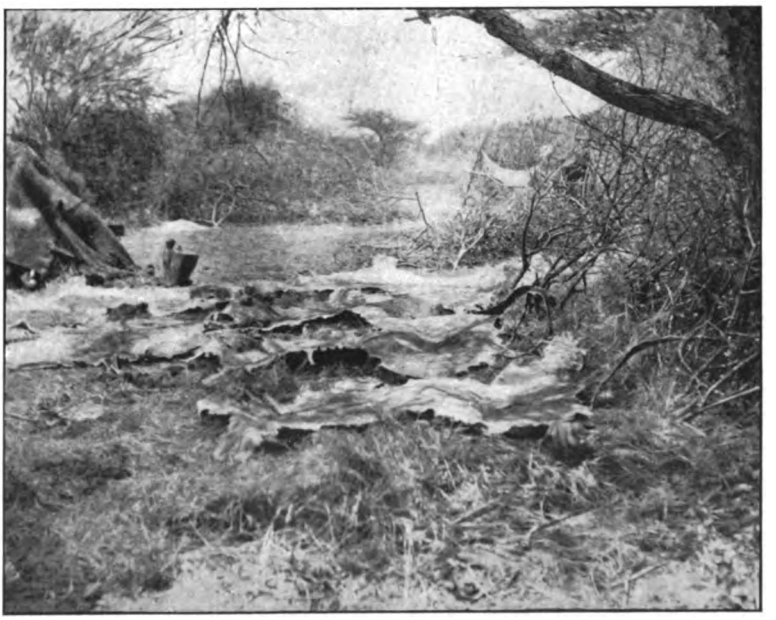
I foolishly dashed at him rather too soon, and as I stooped to get a better view of him under the boughs, he suddenly sat up again on his quarters with a snarl, and I was so close that I had to put my rifle against his great head and blow his brains out, somewhat to the detriment of his skull.

Great hand-shaking was now the order of the day, our three

SPOTS' PERFORMING

horsemen joining in, after which we had a pull at our water-bottles and proceeded to skin lion number three, then, riding back to his wives, performed a like office for them in turn. The return journey by the 'karia' was a veritable triumph. Spots and his three pals galloped furiously in circles with their 'tobes' streaming in the wind, waving spears, and singing extemporary songs. Arrived at the 'karia' we all drank camels' milk and I proposed the health of the old lady, whose information had been so useful, in suitable terms, which nobody understood, but which Spots, who seemed to think I was doing quite the correct thing, translated, I am afraid rather freely, as the

old thing looked very coy and fled to the karia amid roars of laughter from the bystanders. We reached camp at about 11.30 A.M., having been gone just about four hours; and only those who have killed three lions before that time in the morning can appreciate the feelings with which I sat down to breakfast. I wonder if Spots ever thinks of that red-letter morning? He was a capital fellow, bolder by far than a lion, and a good sportsman all round. He had three wives, all looted from neighbouring tribes, whose *raison d'être* was to look after his



SIX LIONS' SKINS DRYING IN CAMP

numerous camels, all obtained in like manner. In fact, looting, I fear, may some day be his undoing.

I am sure he must have had something to do with the fighting that has lately taken place in Somaliland; Spots wouldn't be left out if he could help it. I wonder if he fought for us against the Mad Mullah, or *vice versa?* Perhaps he is the Mad Mullah himself? Anyway, here's the best of health to you, Mr. Spots! May you always be on the right side, and may you accumulate camels and Mrs. Spots as comforts for your old age, without being prematurely cut off in the collecting thereof!

MARKED DOWN

ON A YORKSHIRE MOOR

BY C. S. SIDNEY

We were a company whom chance had thrown together—different in ages, humours, and pursuits—and yet so merrily the days went by, in sunshine, wind or rain, that methinks some lucky star must have ruled the hour that brought us . . . so auspiciously together.—OUTRE-MER.

I AM not a great reader of the works of our poets at any time, but the title of the book from which the above quotation comes caught my eye this morning, as being likely to contain matter which might chime in with my own exiled feeling. And as I had nothing whatever to do, and about eight hours to do it in, I hauled down the dusty volume from the shelf and dipped casually into its pages. I might have waded through it in time, but before I had gone far I stumbled across the quotation, and then my reading came to an abrupt end.

As if a magician's wand had suddenly come into play, the whole scene changed. Gone were the staring white walls and white cloth ceiling of my bare sitting-room in the bungalow. Gone was the murder-inducing chatter of the servants in the compound ; the harsh cawing of the crows perched three yards away on the verandah railing ; the smell of the native bazaar

in the burning air. Gone all the numberless pestilent sights and sounds and smells peculiar to a hot-weather midday in the ordinary unsanitary Indian station. And instead I was back once more in England—Merry England—drinking the Yorkshire air, trampling the Yorkshire heather, and ready to laugh aloud for very joy of living. Memory, on its kindly, cruel wings, had borne me back again to the days when I first tried my prentice hand at driven grouse.

What a motley crew we were! Of different ages, different humours, different pursuits; each one, except our kindly host, a stranger to the rest; but you might search the world north and south, and east and west, without finding seven people so suited to live together within the narrow confines of a shooting-box. Our faults were merely harmless and amusing traits of character, our varied attainments were objects of admiration in each other's eyes. My chief fault, in my own opinion, was the fact that I was an execrable shot. I suppose that to this day I should never have tasted the unsurpassed joys of grouse-driving if it had not been for the persuasive powers of our host. He was, and is still, I am thankful to say, one of those rarely found men who think nothing of the bag, of their own shooting powers, of what public opinion may say as to the capacity of their moor, provided their friends enjoy themselves. And, withal, you could feel certain that the guests he asked were safe shots, however indifferent their skill might be.

I remember so well that August evening, when I rode for miles along the lonely moor-track with the Wizard and the Doctor. They had been strangers when I met them at the wayside station, but we were boon companions before we reached our journey's end, and found the others waiting for us We all drew into our shells, and looked askance at one another for a time, as is the invariable custom of Englishmen. But before dinner was half through the national ice-coating had thawed, and a stranger looking in would have concluded he had stumbled on a happy family party. Before very long our nicknames had come, and come to stay. In addition to the Wizard and the Doctor, we had the Photographer, the Tyke, and the Immaculate; our host had a christian-name, known to us all, and I take the liberty of suppressing my nickname in deference to the esteem in which I am now held by my acquaintances.

The majority of the names need little explanation. The Immaculate got his from his habit of always wearing a stand-up collar, the Tyke (having been born in Cheshire) was more

Yorkshire than a Yorkshireman ; the Wizard came into fame through his water-finding capabilities with a hazel-twig. We never knew if he was a liar, or an idiot, but called him both impartially. Certainly, the twig used to rise up in a most surprising manner when he carried it blindfolded over water ; but equally certainly, it made no move with us, with the exception of the solitary occasion when it turned right over with our host as he approached a tumbler of water with some whisky in it.

After dinner a little harmless loo and poker, a song or two on the banjo, and a flow of general conversation, in which one can so often get a glimpse of what a man really is. Then to bed, for there is a long day, and hard walking for us on the morrow.

What a glorious morning it was when we started! A few fleecy clouds in the sunny sky, a soft warm breeze stirring the bent and heather, and the indescribable fresh scent of the wild moorland in our nostrils. Here and there the grouse got up with a defiant cry and sped away into the far distance. They will come back fast enough—too fast for some of us—when the Upper Lings are driven. We are all in our places at last for the first drive. On my left is the Doctor, nearly as bad a shot as I am ; on my right the Immaculate, one of the best shots in Yorkshire, and therefore in the world. What a time of suspense it is for a beginner! I have shot many kinds of game, in many parts of the world, since then, often when a miss would have meant a bad time for the shooter, but I don't think I have ever felt such a thrill run through me as when I first saw that small dark cloud rise up and wheel on the horizon far, far away.

They are coming straight to me. Now I shall stand exposed for the duffer that I am. No! four hundred yards or so away they split up and swing outwards till they are hidden by the undulating ground. Bang, bang! Bang, bang! again and again. I have no time to wonder what has happened, for three brown objects are coming straight at me, and with the ignorance of a novice I have emptied both my barrels at them about a hundred yards away. I turn them up the hill a little as they pass me, and the Immaculate drops one fifty yards behind. As I look, in envy and admiration—whir-r-r-r, and, before fresh cartridges are in, a thick mass that I *couldn't* have missed are over me and out of sight. I see the Doctor blazing away in front and behind, and am meanly happy that he hasn't touched a feather. But the Immaculate is making up for us both. How beautifully he times them ; how quick,

and cool, and deadly he is! The instant they are in range two are down, and with only one gun he drops another, sometimes two, behind him, before they dip over the ridge some eighty yards away. Sometimes he misses, and I console myself with the reflection that, if he sometimes misses, small blame to me if I never hit.

And so the drive goes on, and as the beaters draw near I move off shamefacedly, having first stamped some of my cartridge-cases into the turf, that no one may see what an utter muff I've been. I thought my idea original, but when I confessed at lunch-time to a chorus of laughter I learned that it was not an uncommon thing at grouse-driving, even for good shots. The Immaculate has eight brace down; the Tyke, six; our host, in a bad place, has four and a half; and the Photographer, who has been taking 'snap-shots' to some purpose, gathers seven and a half. The magic of the Wizard has only brought him one bird, and the Doctor and I have—none! Total, twenty-six and a half brace, for what is practically four guns. What would it have been if we three could have hit anything smaller than a haystack?

The next two drives are very similar in results, but one of them is enlivened for me by the Tyke, who, having wounded a bird unto death, shouts to me as it begins to fall to give it another barrel, and on my complying—many feet behind it—calls out 'Your bird,' in the hope that he has been able to add a little pleasure to my day. Think of it, oh! ye sportsmen, who shoot jealously, and even dangerously, in the desire of topping the score. It made an impression on me at the time, and I have thought a lot of the Tyke ever since. There is not much wrong about a man who can do that. The fourth drive comes to cover me with glory. I have been blazing harmlessly away for some time, and am seriously thinking of practising economy by having special cartridges made for me in future, without shot in them, when—thud!—my first grouse has fallen almost in the butt!

I restrain with difficulty the mad desire to throw my cap into the air and yell, and, revelling in the pride of ownership, I let a small pack flash by me without a shot. But my triumph is not yet complete, for, before the drive ends, two more birds, both difficult shots behind me, somehow or other 'fly into it' and drop.

I honestly think that nothing pleases our host that day so much as my three birds. And, when I manage to bring down

a 'snorter' in the last drive, he prophesies that he will make a grouse-shot of me yet. We have done for the day. Ninety-seven brace gathered, and a few more likely to come in from the pick-up; and we are all well pleased. How we talked about it all afterwards in the smoking-room; how the difficult birds were killed, and the easy ones inexplicably missed, over and over again, until we longed for the night to pass that we might once more sally out on the war-path!

We gave the moor a rest on the third day, and had a long afternoon of sweeps at the five hundred pigeons our host had ordered up. The Doctor was too modest to try his skill before so large an audience, and spent an hour or two with the trout in the little beck—'tickling' them, we said—and we blessed him heartily next morning.

All too quickly the time came when we stood at the little station, each of us with some grouse and a bunch of heather tied to the gun-case, and began to say farewells that with some of us were destined to last for many a day. It is a long time ago, oh! my friends, but my heart is just as warm towards you now as it was on that August morning, and I am always glad to hear how the world is treating you. I learn from our host, in his last letter, that most of you are to be up on the moor again together. I wonder will you think of me sweltering in this accursed land of India. In my own small way, I too have sport at times, such as it is. But oh! for dear old England, and the noblest of our English birds, and the merry company who shot them on the purple Yorkshire moor in the days so long ago.

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietor of the Copyright and Publisher, C. Klackner, 12 Haymarket, London, S.W. Also 7 West 28th Street, New York, U.S.A.

RETRIEVED.

WHERE THE PIKE LIE

AFTER A MOONLIT NIGHT

BY CHRISTOPHER CLOSE

THIS is the tale of a chapter of accidents which would have been tolerable if enlivened by sport, but had to be endured without the solace which sport would have afforded.

There is a certain strictly guarded lake, formed by a dammed-up river, where I had never hitherto caught fewer than twenty pike, and often nearer forty, in a day, selecting some half-dozen of the largest and returning the rest. This year my annual leave contained the following proviso :

'I must make it a condition that you tell no one, and that you go alone. I have made this condition with the only two other persons to whom I have given leave, and will ask you to observe it also. Fix your own day, and send word to the keeper when you are going.'

I therefore fixed a day towards the end of December, and any anticipations of pleasure were only marred by the singularity of the condition, made for the first time, to go alone. But I ordered three score of splendid bait, intending always to keep a fresh and lively one on the hook.

A few days before I was sitting at a restaurant table and happened to hear a French Professor, whom I knew by sight, remark to a friend that he had obtained leave for a day's pike fishing in the best water in Norfolk, but upon condition that he *went alone*. I pricked my ears up at this, and presently, entering into conversation with him, endeavoured to find out where he was going. But his vivid description (entirely fanciful, alas!) of the place (which he would not name) convinced me that it was not the same place as mine, and I thought no more of it.

Six o'clock on the morning of the eventful day found me engaged in transferring the bait from the bath in which they had spent the night into my capacious bait-can. By the way, this keeping the bait overnight in the bathroom is a point of dispute with my family, as the malodorous smell of the fish is said to pervade the whole house. In fresh-caught bait it is certainly very strong, but lessens the longer they are kept in running tap-water without food. The cab arrived punctually, and the drive to the station occupied about twenty minutes. When we arrived it was found that the bait-can had sprung a serious leak, all the water was out, and the bait had scarcely a flop left in them. I ran to the booking-office and asked the clerk if he had a bait-can. He had, and, aided by a sympathetic porter, the can was filled with fresh water, and the bait speedily recovered. Difficulty number one was luckily surmounted, but the day had begun with an impression of ill luck, and although a twentieth-century lawyer ought not to believe in omens, I have long learned that in sporting matters, at all events, troubles never come singly, and that if one thing at the beginning of the day goes wrong the chances are that ill luck will follow.

Preceding me in the station was the Professor with rods and bait-cans. He entered a carriage in the same train as mine. I followed with a foreboding heart. I bade him 'Good morning' and asked him his destination, at the same time naming my own. It was his also.

'But,' he said, 'I was told to go alone.'

'So was I,' replied I, and we looked jealously at each other. Just then in came a third person also equipped for fishing. I will call him Mr. Native. He was known to both of us.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' quoth he, 'going a-fishing I see. So am I, and, worse luck, I have to go alone. I am not allowed to take a friend, so I do not look forward to a very

agreeable day, although I have no doubt I shall have plenty of sport.'

There was a pause of consternation, and then mutual explanations showed that it was by the purest coincidence that each of us (the only three persons who had leave) had fixed this one day. At first we apprehended a practical joke on the part of the owner, but this was not so.

'Well,' I said, 'we had better join forces as there is but one boat, and make the best of it.' The native agreed to this, but——

THE PROFESSOR GETS TO WORK

'No, no,' said the Professor, 'you look after yourselves, and I will look after myself.'

This, of course, meant that he intended to race us for the possession of the boat. Now the place where we were to fish was accessible from two stations. The Frenchman had ordered a trap to meet him at A. and the native and I had ordered traps at the next station farther on, B. The Professor got out at A., and as our train steamed out we watched him hurrying the porters to carry his things.

The native and I, having agreed to join forces, found that we had ordered traps from the same place, and on our arrival at station B. there was one waggonette waiting for us both. 'Now drive as fast as you can to the river, as another person is trying to get there before us.'

Off we started, without a moment's delay, for a four-mile drive. Entering the great park in which the water lay, we saw on a converging road a dog-cart being driven rapidly along, but behind us. We were first into the boat, and bundled our things into it, shoving off as the rival angler neared the water. Seeing us already in possession he altered his course and drove along the bank. The water was a sort of canalised river, with only one or two places of sufficient depth for the pike to congregate in. The best place was about a mile away, by the dam at the lower end, and could be fished from the bank as well as from a boat, but was of very limited extent. We rowed as hard as we could for it, but the Frenchman outpaced us until he came to an insurmountable obstacle in the shape of a gateless fence. Then he gathered up all his possessions and made a bolt for the coveted place on foot, while his driver returned with the trap.

'Look at him,' exclaimed the native. With a heavy bait-can in each hand, his bundle of rods under one arm, a big basket under the other, his ulster flying behind him, he staggered along. 'Oh, there's a spill! Down he goes, and all his traps about him.'

This accident gave us time to get up with him, and, hailing him, we offered him a seat in the boat, but he declined in a rage and pressed on again. It ended by both boat and Frenchman arriving at the dam at the same time, and the almost simultaneous splash of three floats on the water.

We now had time to notice that the grey morning was developing into a beautiful sunny day, with a light crisp breeze from the south-west, quite ideal fishing weather. Looking at three floats sailing over the circumscribed fishing-place of water clear from weeds, I said, 'In five minutes we shall each have a fish, for there are scores where our baits are, and each must be within a yard of the noses of several pike. I will get the gaff ready. Remember that we put back all under five pounds.' But to our astonishment not one of the floats disappeared, and when an hour and a half had passed we gazed at each other blankly.

'What is the matter?' said my companion. 'I have never heard of a blank day at this place.'

'I have no theory to advance, except that last night was brilliantly moonlit, and it is commonly accepted as a fact among the professional fishermen in Norfolk that pike will not feed after a moonlight night, nor so well when the moon is waxing as when it is waning.'

'Yes, I remember, when living by the Italian lakes, the fishermen would not trouble themselves to go fishing at all after a bright moonlit night. They said that fish of all kinds fed during the night, as they could see the bait as well as during the day.'

'That is the belief in Norfolk, I know, but I doubt its correctness. My own keeper always says that when, in times past, he had orders to get a pike for the house, he used to set liggers, and found that the pike fed on dark nights but not on

VERY *DIS*INTERESTING

moonlit nights. It is some baleful influence that the moon exercises rather than the seeing by its light or not seeing.'

Apropos of this conversation, I heard of several parties being out on good waters the same day, and all meeting with an utter lack of sport, so the adverse influence was general. Yet a few days afterward, during the continuance of the same moon, I had an exceedingly good day's sport after a brilliant night. A few days after that, after a dark night, I had a bad day on first-rate water, with every circumstance apparently favourable. So as to what it is which actually influences the feeding of pike I am absolutely ignorant, beyond that it is climatic; but after close observation of barometer, thermo-

meter, wind, sky, frost, and rain, I have no theory to offer. To me the cause is incomprehensible. I have noticed that pike seem to feed three times in the day—early morning, noon, and just before dark. In many of our shallow lakes a strong wind will stir up the mud at the bottom, which is held in a fine state of suspension, and when this is the case the fish do not feed well. No doubt the very foul nature of the mud accounts for this.

Well, after a while we hailed the Frenchman and begged him to come on board to lunch, and he did so and made himself friendly and agreeable. He said—'I have lost two floats in de weeds. I have only caught one little pike, and I think this is very *dis*interesting,' to which we agreed. After lunch we rowed around the bordering reed-beds and beat them with a pole to drive out the pike which lurked in them. We saw at least a dozen large fish move out in the direction of the deep water. Many of the large fish in Norfolk have been obtained in this way. Great fish are lazy, but if woke up and driven out of their lairs they will swim out, make a curve, and presently swim back again to the same spot. Their progress can generally be traced by the wave they make, and if you can throw your bait into the path of one he will in all probability take it, but he will not go far out of his path even if he sees the bait. A great pike coming out of his lair looks covered with mud or slime, which dissolves off him as he swims.

Returning to the edge of the deep water we cast in our lines again. The Professor had a lot of splendid dace for bait, a dozen of them were nearly a pound in weight each. He was a practised pike fisherman, and exceptionally lucky in catching large fish. We, therefore, watched his methods with interest. He used a light, short rod, not longer than seven feet, but with this and a fine line he could easily cast forty yards. His dressed silk line was well rubbed with mutton fat, and it floated on the surface of the water for the whole length out, being supported also by several small pilot floats, which, running freely on the line, distributed themselves at wonderfully regular distances as he threw, or as the boat took the line out. His float was a long pointed one, sticking six inches above the water, and thus easily visible at a distance among the ripples. He was lavish in the use of baits (of which he had four score), and always kept a lively one on his hook. He never let his bait remain stationary, and took a fresh cast every few minutes in a different direction. A story is told of his once

going to Rockland Broad, mooring his boat in a good place, and fishing with five lines and one rod. The lines were coiled in separate little baskets, and his rod had but one ring, and that was a hook, at the top. He just hooked the line with the rod top, and so could cast a bait or play a fish with the lines in turn.

But to return. His float disappeared, and he was presently playing a really large fish, well over twenty pounds.

'Just his luck,' we thought. Then the fish left him. 'Just my luck,' he exclaimed, with tragic gestures; but, putting on a

A RUN AT LAST

pound dace, he cast in again in the same spot and the pike took him again.

'Just his luck,' we again said.

'Now I will strike hard,' he said. 'I did not strike hard enough last time. Now see me!' And he gave a vigorous strike. His line snapped above the float. He got so excited; he beat his breast; he snapped yard after yard of his line in his rage; he used rapid and strong language in French, and then, calming down, presently he said sadly, 'Just my luck!' We taxed him with being the Jonah of the ship. 'What is dat about Jonah?' he said. 'I do not know de tale of Jonah.'

So we told him the tale of Jonah. Then he said he would go and fish from the bank as before. Rowing to the nearest

spot where a landing seemed practicable, he took his rod in one hand and a bait-can in another and jumped—up to his thighs in soft mud. Floundering out with difficulty, he started to fish in his old spot. After a while it appeared that he was trying to make an extra long cast with a heavy bait, the bait flew off and his line went at a tangent into a tree-top. Up the tree he shinned in a violent temper; the branch broke, and he fell some distance, but, most fortunately for him, on some bushes overhanging the water, which received him like a feather-bed, and he managed to scramble ashore with only a slight wetting. He had to break his line, and then, having no more floats (he had lost four), he gave up fishing as a bad job, and told us that he meant next day to break all his lines, throw away all his hooks, and never go fishing any more.

Two days afterwards I met him, and he said that he had done so, but he was going to try new ones, as he had leave for another good place, and he meant to catch a bigger fish than any one else. He went and caught four over twenty pounds each and one of thirty-two pounds in weight, all between six o'clock and nine o'clock in the morning after a moonlit night, and not one the rest of the day.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE-GAME

BY ANTHONY C. DEANE

IT was Brown's idea ; even from the first I was not particularly keen about it. But my friend Brown is a chess-player so enthusiastic that it would have been cruel to refuse. Besides, he was my guest at the time. He had arrived by the five-o'clock train on Monday night ; by five-thirty we were seated in my house with the chequered board between us, and Brown was thoughtfully stirring his tea—into which, in absence of mind, he had dropped two white pawns—and studying the position with that ferocious scowl which he wears on these occasions. With brief intervals for food and repose we played all that night and all Tuesday, and when, by a singularly subtle combination, I compelled him to resign the fourteenth game somewhere in the small hours of Wednesday morning, we had each won six games while two had been drawn. I rose from my chair and yawned.

'What are you getting up for?' he demanded. 'Of course we must play the conqueror!'

But this I firmly refused to do. If Brown really was obliged to leave, as he said, by the early train, we must breakfast at eight. It was already past two in the morning, and quite time we went to bed. He tried to persuade me, but I was obdurate.

'Very well, then,' he rejoined at last; 'then we'll play before breakfast. If you won't be quite so deadly slow in moving'—this from Brown, who would be disqualified in any tournament for exceeding the time-limit!—'an hour or so will be enough.

We'll make it an hour-and-a-half, to be on the safe side. So mind you're down by half-past six, else I shall score the game by default!'

Accordingly, the housemaids who came to sweep the room were astonished at finding it tenanted by two chess-players somewhat about 7 A.M., who were contending by the light of a bedroom candle. One of them, as I have reason to know, was in an exceedingly bad temper at having been forcibly awakened by his guest when, as it seemed, he had only just managed to get to sleep. The grey winter dawn struggled in at the windows before we had played a dozen moves apiece; presently the gong imperiously summoned us to breakfast, but Brown carried the board into the dining-room, and we continued the game as we snatched our food. Twice we were told that the cart was at the door, and on the second occasion Brown asked me if I would like to resign, when I had a passed pawn to the good! Finally, a message came from the groom that we should only just catch the train if we started that minute, and so we had to leave the game unfinished, though Brown complained that I might just as well have allowed the groom to take the reins and put the chess-board on the back seat of the dog-cart. He had the impertinence to add that he could have forced a mate in a few more moves. Naturally, I felt bound to contradict this absurd statement, and we wrangled all the way to the station.

When we got there, it was to find that the train would be twenty minutes late, and as we paced the platform Brown magnanimously changed the subject of conversation, thanking me for his delightful visit. I expressed my regret—not quite truthfully, for, really, my health couldn't have stood many more days of this kind—that it had been so short.

Brown sighed. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I suppose there'll be no more chess for me till we meet again. There isn't any one in our neighbourhood who plays; and even if there was, I doubt if it would be much use. My wife is—is so prejudiced against the game, you know.'

I was about to express my sympathy when he turned towards me suddenly. 'By Jove,' he exclaimed, 'I have it! We'll play a correspondence-game! How idiotic of me not to think of that before!'

'Won't it take rather a long time, though?' I suggested.

'Not at all. You'll get a postcard with my move in the morning, send off your reply the same day, and so on. It

ought to be a splendid game, and we'll get it published somewhere when it's done.'

I assented rather dubiously; from what I knew of Brown's methods, it would be a lengthy business and uncommonly dull. But my friend swept aside all such objections as it seemed consistent with politeness to urge.

'Oh, all right,' I said at last. 'But couldn't we settle the first few moves now, and save some time and a good many postcards?'

'Very well,' said Brown. 'Look here, I'll toss you for first move. You cry. Heads it is! Hullo, here's the beastly train! What are you going to do?'

'Pawn to king's fourth,' I answered.

'Ditto!' cried Brown, seizing his bag and rushing towards a carriage.

'Knight to king's bishop's third!' cried I, as he stumbled over the toes of the previous occupants. Confused sounds came through the window as I made my way towards it. Brown's head appeared, looking rather flushed. 'Knight to queen's bishop's third!' he gasped.

The guard whistled; the train began to move.

'Bishop to knight's fifth!' I shouted.

'Pawn—all right, sir' (this to an irate fellow-passenger, upon whose toes he was standing). 'I'll sit down in one moment—pawn—no, I rather think *knight*—no'—the train was just rounding the curve—'PAWN to. . .'

I couldn't hear the end of his sentence, but, as every chess-player will understand, I was able to tell that he had decided on the old-fashioned P—QR3 defence to my 'Ruy Lopez' opening. So I wrote on a postcard the regulation move, 'B—R4,' and sent it off that night.

Two days later came the following answer: 'Pawn takes pawn. White's position is now hopeless, and you may as well resign.' I contented myself with replying, 'Move impossible; am entitled to claim penalty.' After two more days Brown wrote, 'Nonsense about false move. I told you as plainly as possible that my third move was P—KB4. But, as I find that the books don't recommend it, and as I'm willing to give you *every* advantage, I'll play P—QR3 instead. Very busy in the garden just now. How do you force lilies of the valley? If you castle, I play P takes B. Kind regards.'

As if any sane person would leave his bishop *en prise!* I repeated that my fourth move was B—R4. After this the game

proceeded as follows—I may as well set it down in the regulation way, quoting Brown's postcards in full:

WHITE (*Myself*).	BLACK (*Brown*).
4. Q—R4	4. 'Thanks for explanation of your blunder. My move is Kt—B3. Seven degrees of frost here this morning. Sure you understand this time? *Knight to king's bishop's third.*'
5. Castles.	5. 'Did I leave a stylographic pen behind me? Can't find it here. On the whole, think I'll play B—K2.' (*Later, by telegram*): 'Postcard cancelled. My move knight takes pawn.'
6. P—Q4.	6. (*a*) 'Mr. Brown must ask that his order sent last week shall receive immediate attention.' (*b*) 'Sorry: fear I sent you card yesterday intended for my gunmaker. Snowdrops doing well. P—Q Kt4.'
7. B—Kt 3.	7. 'Isn't your birthday this week? If so, accept my good wishes. P—Q4. Where do you get your asparagus plants?'
8. Pawn takes P.	

After this there followed a prolonged silence. Twice I repeated my move, and then, having exhausted my stock of postcards and patience, let the matter slide. Three weeks later, when I had almost forgotten all about it, there arrived a lengthy letter from Brown. He had expressed his surprise, it appears, at receiving no move from me, whereupon his wife, who had been very strange in her behaviour of late, went into hysterics. Gradually Brown elicited from her the confession that she had intercepted and burnt my last three postcards, under the belief that Brown was conducting a secret correspondence in cipher! Not without trouble he had convinced her of the truth, and the game could therefore be resumed. He begged to intimate that his move was:

	8. B—K3.
9. Q—K2	9. 'Position seems rather complicated. P—QR4. How are your bulbs doing? No; on second thoughts, B—QB4.'
10. P—QB4.	10. 'Knew you would come a cropper soon. BP takes B. Now you're a piece behind, so of course you won't care to continue the struggle?'

I wrote indignantly, pointing out that no pawn could

possibly take either of my bishops. Brown replied that he was astonished at my impudence, considering that my tenth move had been B—QB4, putting my bishop *en prise*. I told Brown that he was mistaken, and begged him to look at my postcard again. He sent it to me by return—and it read B—QB4! And thereupon I resigned.

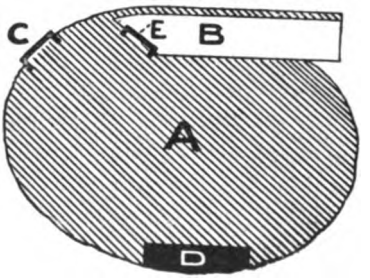
Between ourselves, I am certain that the postcard had been tampered with. Nothing is easier than to change a capital 'P' into 'B' if they are written in printed characters. Of course, I don't suspect poor Brown. On the other hand, I do strongly suspect his wife. Probably she was only half satisfied by his explanation of the mysterious postcards, and mischievously determined to alter a letter on one of them. That is my theory. Brown's is that, frightened by his 'superior position,' (?) I made a gross blunder. Anyhow, it caused a good deal of unpleasantness between us, and we have played no more chess by correspondence. But, as Brown suggested before we began, I have published the game, with 'analytical notes'—less, I own, in deference to his wishes, than as a solemn warning to chess-players.

A SPORTING EXPERIENCE

BY NORMAN PEARSON

FIVE-FIFTEEN P.M. was the witching hour. All around us a rolling moor, with copses of fir and silver birch pranked on the brown and purple heather. To the south a belt of hills which hid the Hampshire Avon from sight. Away to the north an ancient tumulus, still known as the King's Barrow, rose up boldly into the sky ; and over all was shed the soft haze of a bright September evening. Through all this loveliness a group of stern-faced men set forth with guns towards a small pond, some forty yards long by thirty broad, and fringed with an irregular belt of alder bushes. But even the soul of the sportsman paid homage in its own fashion to the magic of the surroundings, and while one gun mused half aloud on 'the low good-night of the hill and the river,' another murmured dreamily that the evening was 'too fine for anything.' The latter reflection, apart from its singular beauty, had the merit of containing more truth than was altogether welcome ; for on a fine evening duck—and it was duck that we were after—are tempted to waste their time pirouetting in high air, instead of attending to the sober realities of supper. At the pond in question supper awaited them in abundance, but this was only a device to lure them to their doom. The pond lay in a shallow valley, to which the duck from the Avon were wont to repair at nightfall, either in search of food or at the prompting of some complex form of pure cussedness. By a system of regular feeding it

was easy to concentrate them at the pond night after night. This done, it only remained to compass their destruction by means of an ambuscade. It was contrived in this wise. Round the pond were placed some six or eight wigwams, shaped something like a squat figure 6. These were built up of branches of Scotch fir. The body (A) of the 6 was roofed over with the same material. In front of this was a sort of platform (B) open to the air, but with a breast-high wall of Scotch fir. The wigwam was entered by an aperture (C), which was then closed with a loose branch. At the far end, and inside of the wigwam, was a turf seat (D), and opposite this a small exit (E) on to the platform (B). The wigwam, occupied by the keeper, was so devised that he could get a view of the open sky. The various wigwams had been duly allotted, but we were all lingering outside, unwilling to leave the fair evening for the gloom of our



hiding-places, when a solitary mallard, greedier or less sociable than the rest of the flock, flitted swiftly over the alders into our very midst, swerving upwards and away with loud quacks of alarm on discovering the doubtful character of the company into which he had plunged. Every available barrel was immediately discharged approximately in his direction with the usual result. But the warning was not to be neglected, and we betook ourselves each to his wigwam as speedily as might be, and under strict instructions not to show ourselves on our platforms under any pretence until the keeper whistled.

From the gloom of this retreat not even a peep was possible into the outer air, and being thus deprived of the use of one's eyes, one's sense of hearing became more alert. The gambols of an unsuspecting rabbit outside the wigwam sounded like the tramp of a war-horse, and it was sound rather than sight that revealed the fleeting visit of a tiny shrew mouse, which darted out again in frightened haste, like a shy schoolgirl who has unexpectedly discovered visitors in the drawing-room. A light

wind began to arise and sigh wistfully over the moor; but behind the wind there was something else which caught the quickened ear. Faint though it fell through the distance, there was no mistaking the sound. It was the throb of many wings. Near and clearer it came, till, with a rush like some aërial express, it swept over the wigwam. There was a moment of eager expectation, doomed, however, to disappointment; for the duck did not take the water at all, but swerving upwards, wheeled off into space. Once more, indeed, we heard their rapid wing-beat as the flight circled over us high up in air, but it speedily died away and they passed out of our ken.

It was now a quarter to six, and the evening began softly to melt into night. Now and again the silence was broken by the shrill call of a partridge, or the jubilant crow of some rascally cock pheasant, congratulating himself on another ill-spent day as he retired to rest. Later even than these came the persistent hoot of a belated woodpecker, who seemed determined to do the civil thing and say good-night all round before betaking himself unwillingly to his roost. The gloom and the silence as they deepened together provoked a sort of an uneasy feeling that this was an hour for improving meditation, and perhaps it was. But the immediate surroundings were not inspiring, and, moreover, one began to appreciate the solemn truth, that of sitting down, as of other carnal pleasures, cometh satiety.

A full hour had passed away since the departure of the last flight, and the whole thing began to assume the guise of an inferior practical joke, when a sudden rush of wings startled us once more into attention. This time the birds meant business, and dashed into the pond with an impetus which sent the water flying. The keeper whistled shrill and we all scrambled out on to our platforms. Up rose the ducks, quacking indignantly, and dispersed in hasty flight in all directions. Between the first sound of their rise and their appearance above the alder bushes seemed an age, but at last they emerged, black against the sky. I secured one with my first barrel, but the next, which I had marked for my own, was stopped dead by another gun, and then I called to mind our host's injunction, 'Spare no man's bird.' Strange as this may sound to a sportsman's ears, it was essential under the special circumstances. Each platform gave only a limited range of vision, and it was not always possible to see what the other guns were doing. Consequently, for the sake of the bag, it was necessary to make sure of every available bird, without any undue tenderness for vested interests.

As soon as the fusillade was over we hurried back to shelter, carrying with us—for such were the orders—our empty cartridge-cases. Hardly had we reloaded, when there was another dash of duck into the pond, but this time no whistle called us to the front. Its silence was soon explained, for in a few seconds another flight, which the keeper had descried, swooped down to join the first. Then the summons came, and once again the air was alive with whirling ducks. This was an *embarras de richesse* which certainly did embarrass us—some of us at any rate. Three guns apiece would hardly have made an impression on such a multitude, and personally I found one gun quite inadequate to cope with the situation. But here I draw the veil, merely remarking that, though birds presented in this fashion may be fairly easy to hit, they are not altogether difficult to miss.

For the next twenty minutes flight succeeded flight, but at longer intervals and in lessening numbers. At last, when darkness fairly began to set in, we were bidden to emerge from our wigwams and take our chances in the open. These were not many. Two or three single birds, all of them pretty shots, were added to the bag, and a keen-sighted youngster managed to secure a right and left in the last glimmer of the waning light. Then began the pick-up, which the darkness prevented us from completing ; but thirty-five birds was collected before it was abandoned for the night. Our host had hoped for thrice that number, but we were not ill content ; though the word of the prophet had been, partly at any rate, fulfilled, and the evening, if not 'too fine for anything,' had proved 'fine for much.'

THE LITTLE TOWN OF BATHURST, AT MOUTH OF NEPISIQUIT. OUTFITTING AND STARTING-POINT FOR TRIP UP RIVER

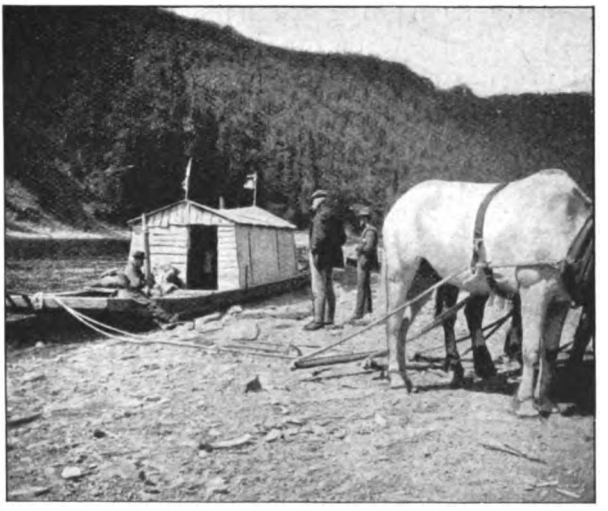
A BLACK BEAR HUNT IN NORTHERN NEW BRUNSWICK

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

THE log fire burnt cheerily, shooting aloft showers of red sparks into the velvety darkness of the summer night, lighting up the slanting tops of the pines and the black arrow-heads of the fir-trees which girthed the forest camp. The flames, as they greedily fed into the centres of the great rock-maple trunks, hissed and crackled, throwing dancing discs of light over the coarse masses of shaggy black hair and the tawny faces of my two Indian hunters, Noel (Christmas) and Nicola Glode (Cloud), as they sleepily watched the wreaths of blue smoke curling upwards from their pipes, and assumed that grave impressive inscrutable pose of countenance which is characteristic of the North American Indian in his attitude of ease wherever you find him.

Bounded abruptly on all sides but the river by the naked stems of the forest, our camp was pitched in a clearing on a point of land jutting out into a famous trout pool known as the Devil's Elbow, where, deep in the innermost recesses of the

backwoods, the impetuous Nepisiquit, most enchanting of all the woodland streams of New Brunswick, hushes its brawling for a brief space and grows calm in an oily sheet of sable foam-flecked still-water. Stern and savage, yet lovely in its wild wayward grace, there stretched around us on every hand the unbroken wilderness which covers the whole of the central portion of northern New Brunswick, attaining to a diameter of upwards of a hundred miles. It is a tract covered in large areas by dark evergreen forests and mossy cedar swamps. It is broken by many shallow lakes with broad margins of low-lying



HOUSE-BOAT. A STOP TO FEED THE HORSES

marshes covered with a dense growth of cotton grass, rushes, sphagnum, Indian Cup and arrow-head, frequently scored by a network of deeply worn deer-paths. In the more elevated portions there often occur many level savannah-like stretches of tableland crowded with luxuriant bracken, kalmia, and berry-bearing bushes.

Sometimes these dry upland plains assume curious terrace-like forms hemmed in on parallel sides by naked ridges of precipitous rock, while from the other extremities the woods gently slope away to other bench-like plateaus of similar character.

This tract is further varied by open spaces vast and drear, known as the 'burnt barrens,' exceedingly wild and desolate, where the travelling is painfully tedious, and the barren aridity

is such as is scarcely ever seen equalled elsewhere. Here some forgotten fire has once ravaged the evergreen forest. Spectre-like the gaunt white skeleton stems of once noble pines and hemlocks stand sometimes singly and sometimes in groups, at every variety of angle, often leaning and creaking against their comrades, their ruin adding a fresh touch of melancholy to the scene such as the sight of wreckage sometimes lends to the sea. There are yet other fire-swept spaces where, as if still cowering under the hot breath of the flames, the earth seems powerless to reclothe her nakedness save in tattered shreds and patches of dwarf scrub.

The hunter pursuing his game in these wilds often climbs to the naked summit of one of those sugar-loaf mountains, bare flattened domes of rock, which occur as they do in the Maine forests at frequent intervals. From such a point of vantage he drinks in a glorious wild view of forest and lake. The bare hills which undulate below him look like a tossing ocean suddenly stilled. The valleys which divide them are seen to be overlaced with the silver courses of innumerable brooks, some of which, reaching back into solitudes seldom trodden even by the lonely trapper, attain to considerable volume, and at length swell into ample rivers. Another view shows one vast canopy of the mingled light and dark-green foliage of evergreen and hardwood forest, where the eye vainly essays to trace the forms of individual trees.

This broad track of primeval untamed nature rejoices the heart of the trapper by its unlimited possibilities of fur, and is dear to the sportsman who, seeking the coveted trophies of the hunt now and again, here attains the *ne plus ultra* of his wishes.

It is the natural home of the giant moose roaming the undisputed monarch of his giant demesne, wading the shallow tarns and the cedar swamps on giraffe-like stilted legs, with long prehensile tapir-like lip cropping the tender tops of the young deciduous trees; 'yarding' in the winter time on the more sheltered hillsides. Here also roam bands of that most ancient type of deer, the robust, thick-legged caribou, capable of sustaining life upon glacial wastes on bitter lichens and sour mosses; crossing the winter snow-drifts and frozen lakes by means of the wide-spreading, hair-cushioned foot furnished with curious shell-like cutting edges, which is the beautiful Arctic adaptation to the rugged country over which they roam. Here in a few sheltered valleys feed small companies of the red or Virginia deer, creatures as delicate in appearance as the fallow

deer, as slender and graceful in limb and head, but still able to thrive in spite of their stern winter environment.

That most weird of the many discordant notes of the northern wilderness—the night howling of the big grey wolf, until recently here mingled with the eerie hootings of the owl and the wild demoniac laughter of the loon. This most fierce enemy of the calves of the great deer, however, has of late quietly slipped out of this region ; not becoming extinct by the hand of man, but by that noiseless way which wild animals have of fading out of sight, ever retiring into deeper solitudes

THE WHITE-TAILED VIRGINIA DEER, A FREQUENT VICTIM OF THE BLACK BEAR
(*Photo by James Turnbull*)

as their haunts become encroached upon and breeding-grounds disturbed.

While the wolf has disappeared the black bear is as abundant as ever in this region. The sequestered feeding-grounds which it affords, alternating with inaccessible mountain fastnesses, are exactly adapted to the secluded habits of this stealthy animal. In Europe, on the other hand, it is curious to note that the wolf has outlasted bruin everywhere.

Even where bears are fairly numerous there is only one season of the year when they can be hunted with the sure prospect of success. This falls in the early autumn, when vast quantities of ripe berries, particularly the huckleberry and

blueberry, have come to their maturity. The saccharine juices of these wild fruits furnish the supply of fat requisite for the long winter hibernation.

In such broad open spaces as are found along the upper reaches of the Nepisiquit River, also upon the bare hills hemming in the basin of the Patapedia, a tributary of the Restigouche, in the province of Quebec, successful stalking is at this season only a matter of wariness and skill. The usually sly and sneaking fellows come out boldly into the open for three or four hours after sunrise and throughout all the late afternoon and evening, in order to feed greedily on the delicious wild fruits there found in astonishing abundance.

When not engaged in feeding they frequent the long narrow damp mossy ravines which are often found abutting the river. Sometimes, however, they conceal themselves in the watercourses which descend from the forest into the open, forming with their steeply wooded sides a sort of covered way. A peculiarly soft subdued light pervades these coverts, which are usually composed of dense copses of black spruce mingled with cedar and hemlock. Where the deep cool verdure of the spongelike sphagnum bathes the tree-roots with its chilling moisture the bear loves to make his lair. Here, fringed with luxuriant masses of cinnamon and royal ferns, he sleeps throughout the heated hours of the day. The sportsman does not often see him, it is true, in such a lurking-place, though he often puts him out, leaving behind him a rank and strongly offensive smell. It is truly astonishing when disturbed with what silence and celerity he manages his retreat, seldom allowing of a chance to cover him even with the rifle held at the ready.

Wherever forest fires have recently spread—and it must be said that they keep recurring with astonishing and regrettable frequency—a plentiful berry growth, irresistible to bruin, soon follows. Hence hunters often set fire to the bush, while lightning in seasons of special drought effects the same end by an operation of nature.

It was the last day of August when we pitched our first camp at Devil's Elbow. On the previous day a sharp thunderstorm had cleared a sultry atmosphere, and now a chill nor'-wester came sweeping down the river, while heavy driving clouds occasionally threw dark shadows on the river of the hue of steel. But yesterday summer was supreme; to-day saw autumn's reign established—a revolution in a single night.

We were very luckily the first hunting-party 'up river,'

so that as yet none of the haunts of the big game had been disturbed.

On either bank of the pool ran a well-defined 'animal path,' while many freshly torn limbs of the choke cherry, tree cranberry, and 'Kinni-kinich,' or wild willow, betrayed the recent presence of feeding bears. The latter tree yields a white acrid fruit very much esteemed by bruin. The heavy animal well knows that the slender limbs of these fruit-trees will not

A GOOD BIT OF CANOEING WATER

support his weight, so he climbs the trunk and tears down the small fruit-bearing limbs within reach by means of his great curved claws.

It was immediately decided to leave the heavy camp equipment and take the lightened birch-bark canoe up to the three magnificent Nepisiquit lakes which feed the river at its source, then drop silently down stream on some quiet evening after the wind had died away, in order to surprise unwary bears during their usual feeding hours.

Accordingly, in the red afterglow of a lovely evening we started up stream, with Noel at the stern armed with spike-pole

from which the noise-making steel shoe had been removed, while Nicola took his station at the bow and kept a sharp look-out for game.

Give me an Indian hunter for such a trip as this. The red man with his birch-bark canoe is as much an integral part of this northern wilderness as the black bear itself. After he has succumbed to that strange sickness which civilisation has brought on his race, the rivers and forests will scarcely seem the same.

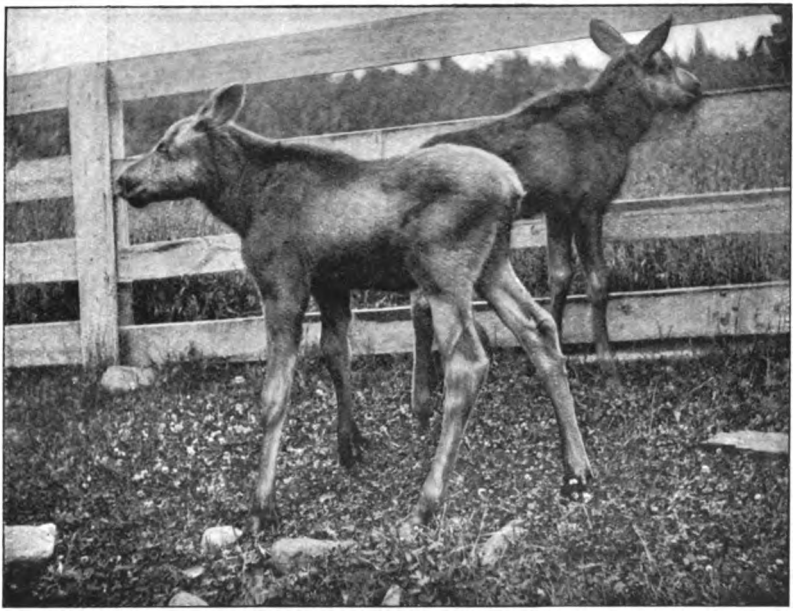
Few persons know how beautiful and delicate a craft the canoe is. It is made only by the Indian. In that the white man has never equalled him.

Of all the modes of locomotion a wilderness hunter can make choice of, far and away the most delicious is travelling by canoe. It is marvellous with what untiring energy and skill the Indians mount the long impetuous rapids. When quiet 'steadies' are reached the light barque rushes along with an exhilarating buoyant motion driven by the paddles through the pure cool waters. The rare scent of wild flowers and resinous pine odours perfume the air. Here the river broadens out into shallow reaches pouring over glassy ledges. Now and then the canoe seems to have scaled triumphantly the green side of some waterspout. Daily before the onward path callow broods of trout-eating mergansers or shell ducks beat the water into yeast as they flee along the surface, as if Justice were pursuing them for the murder of untold innocents, while big drab herons flap lazily in advance as rounding the points new vistas are opened up, or with a harsh cry black duck disturbed by our presence rise from the reeds on the wing.

At one time the stream is like a narrow canal moving with smooth yet swift current between high sombre walls of spruce and hemlock. Soon a rampart of rock bastions seems to stretch clear across stream from bank to bank, till a narrow defile splits the steep Laurentian rocks into a gorge through which the river roars and rages in white fury. Sometimes it happens that even the skilful efforts of the Indians fail to overcome a rapid where hissing waters chafe the base of some precipitous hillside. There a portage becomes necessary; but one hardly regrets relaxing stiff limbs along the straggling portage path for a brief interval.

Late on the third day we came to a round lake encircled with a fine growth of deciduous trees, having for a background an amphitheatre of romantic hills. Here is the lovely cradle of

the Nepisiquit River. Wading the shallows of the lake a moose bull, cow, and April calf were surprised while busily feeding on the roots of the yellow lily. Doubtless they had sought the water to evade the clouds of flies which were in this vicinity a plague of full Egyptian quality. The gambols of the calf were highly amusing. When making off, at times apparently fatigued by the swimming, it rested its forelegs on the hindquarters of its dam. On reaching the shore it flung up its heels like a colt, and for many moments after the others had disappeared in the



A PAIR OF YOUNG MOOSE CALVES, FOUR MONTHS OLD. A FAVOURITE FOOD OF THE BLACK BEAR

bush it remained boldly staring at us, as if wondering what its seniors saw in such insignificant-looking bipeds to be alarmed about.

It was a serene evening as the light bark canoe came gliding down over alternate 'steadies' and 'rattles,' skilfully guided by occasional silent touch of the paddle, while I kept a sharp look-out in the bow. 'Never seed so much "works,"' whispers Noel, as we survey a grove of cherries showing clean white wood torn by the early morning feeding. Mile after mile we slip pleasantly down stream, now among an archipelago of lovely little islands, splitting the fretted stream into a dozen

branches rippling shallow over golden pebbles; now apparently in a lake hemmed in by tree-covered banks; while far in the background the silhouette of a blue sierra of cloudlike mountains is printed against the roseate evening sky.

At last a low whistle from Noel warns me that he has seen game. Ah! there is a rustling among the branches—then a transient glimpse of some black object, but no certain target.

A VETERAN MIC-MAC BEAR HUNTER WITH HIS SQUAW AND DAUGHTER

The canoe is held as steady as a rock with the spike-pole pressed to the river-bed. The wind is all right: nothing is required but patience. Soon a cherry-tree shakes violently. In another instant a tawny snout emerges from the thicket, followed by the upper half of a slowly climbing lustrous black body. The report of my rifle is instantly followed by that peculiar soft thud which always indicates a deadly shot. Then is heard a ponderous flop. My first bear is bagged, and is wildly thrashing the bush in its death struggles. Two other snouts appear for a moment only above the tangle of brushwood,

but abruptly vanish. My quarry proves to be a female, and the couple which escaped were doubtless her yearling cubs.

More sporting work than this stealthy mode of hunting is a day's stalking on the slopes of the mountain several miles back of the river. Here a circular range of bare hills encloses in a cuplike setting a meadow, for the existence of which beavers are responsible, through which Portage Brook slowly winds in a circuitous course. Bears are sure to be found feeding at this season, as the surrounding hills are well covered with wild fruits. This noted haunt we lost no time in making for. Landing at Blue Ledge, the canoe is beached and turned bottom upwards on the bank. Each man carries a pack containing rations for three days and a single blanket. A direct line is taken across country, the scene growing wilder and wilder as we advance. Through tangled and obdurate masses of timber, up the sides of thickly wooded declivities, across fire-scarred stretches, after several hours of tedious travelling we emerge on the bare top of a dome-shaped rock-bestrewn height commanding every portion of an extensive open plateau. Caribou are sighted in the distance, and a lordly moose bull observed coming down to a beaver pond to drink ; but the season for hunting this game has not yet opened. Here are patches purple with berries. There could not be a more likely place for bears. We were, therefore, hardly surprised when a careful inspection with field-glasses showed a moving black spot, probably at the distance of a mile. It is easy to lessen the intervening distance at first, but as we draw nearer caution is required. The chance comes when the bear lowers his head, snapping this side and that at the fruit which hangs like miniature clusters of grapes. It is easy to take cover when he moves and stares about him with his shifty piglike eyes. At last an approach is made within eighty yards. A shot is fired and goes home. Then another, aimed too high, sputters on a rock immediately in front of the now well-frightened creature. He takes it for an enemy in front, and comes loping heavily along right towards us. Should we pass within reach, he would doubtless aim a heavy blow with his fore-paw which it would be highly undesirable to receive. He is such a ball of fat from excessive feeding that he wheezes and whines as he comes on. Now is the chance ! There is a white spot on the breast—a most excellent bull's-eye. A bullet stops his career, yet he has marvellous vitality, for it requires another in the head to finish him. He is a fine specimen, and measures

nearly six feet from the stump of the tail to the nose extremity. One huge canine tooth is broken off short, no doubt by the habit of biting at trees in the spring, to which the animals are unaccountably addicted.[1]

Noel speedily divested the game of his black coat with almost as little difficulty as he would remove his own jacket. He then cut up the choicest parts of the meat into small pieces, folded the bearskin neatly with the pieces within, and afterwards tied the whole with bands of withrod (viburnum), and with the same bands secured it across his shoulders as a pack, leaving the arms free for action, according to Indian custom.

That night we made a modest camp in a well-wooded brook valley which bore many signs of being in present use as bear cover.

Next morning we took up our march for a mountainous district a few miles distant. Here, where the woods fell away for a little space on the side of a steep mountain slope, two bears were made out in the act of feeding. It was not as easy as it appeared to get at them, however, as the way to them led through a densely wooded ravine where one could easily lose his general direction. To obviate this difficulty, we stood Nicola, the younger Indian, on a commanding spur of rock, and instructed him to make signals by waving his arm when we came out at the lower extremity of the open patch. This answered admirably. Guided by his directions, I approached within sixty yards of the two animals roaming slowly towards me along a caribou path. I fixed my attention on the leader while I dropped out of view between two huge boulders among a mass of prickly evergreen tresses of the creeping ground juniper. I had time to watch him closely. He had a peculiarly arched profile, singular tawny spots of hair on his shoulders, his coat otherwise jet black and in good condition; a large diamond-shaped white spot in the centre of his breast. He snapped his jaws testily at times, revealing his large white teeth. He kept turning his tawny muzzle in ceaseless circles, then for a few seconds at a time would sit up on his haunches gathering in with his hairy paws the berries he loved, while muttering from time to time a low whimpering growl. When he had

[1] The male bear in the rutting season has the habit of rising on his hind legs, biting and sticking his claws into the bark of the balsam fir, like a cat against a table leg, at the same time snarling, growling, and foaming at the mouth. He seems to take delight in placing his mark high enough up on the trunk to distance all competitors.

arrived within ten yards of my position I stepped out and confronted him. Never have I seen such a look of surprise in any animal before—or since. Suddenly, however, into the eyes there gleamed an expression of uncompromising ferocity which was frank and unmistakable. He kept striking his teeth together viciously. I covered with the foresight of my rifle the white spot at the centre of the breast, then as I fired I saw the creature reel under the blow and roll helplessly down the steep hillside. Strange to say, life was not extinct, and I had to thwart a desperate effort at escape by two more bullets before all was

SUNDAY IN CAMP

over with him. In the excitement of the *mêlée* I had not noticed what had become of the other bear.

It will be seen by these easily won victories that the bear is not difficult to hunt at the season of the year when he is greedily feeding and laying in stores of fat for his subsistence during winter. His voracious habits render him comparatively mild and sluggish at this period, though after he awakens from his sleep in March, in a lean and hungry condition, he often gives evidence of a short temper, and occasionally adopts that simple rule of warfare, to 'go for an enemy on sight.'

It may hence be readily understood how some make out the black bear a dangerous animal, while others brand him as the most arrant of cowards. This is only one of many instances

where seemingly inexplicable differences in observers' accounts may be reconciled by allowing for variations in the character of the animal at different seasons of the year. A desperately wounded bear, however, it is always well to avoid at close quarters. Not long ago a couple of farmers had been worrying a bear all day, which, mortally wounded, had retreated to a deep ravine in order to hide from his enemies. The foremost man, armed only with an axe, thinking to make an easy prey of the creature, extended on the ground and bleeding profusely

TWO VICTIMS

from the mouth, aimed a blow which the bear quickly parried. It then closed with the aggressor. After a terrible struggle both bear and man fell dead, and were afterwards borne away from the steep ravine on the same rude barrow of branches.

When, seated about the camp-fire, the pipes are lit—and there are no such pipes smoked elsewhere—tales go round of bruin's cunning and stratagems. The Indians, usually taciturn, begin to unbend in stories of their craft. There is no doubt that the weird hibernation of 'mooin,' as they call the bear, appeals in a greater degree to their sense of awe than the furtive ways of any other of the furry folk of the forest. Mooin grows very sleepy early in the month of November, and withdraws

from a cold world into the undisturbed seclusion of a winter den.

While the moose is tramping defiantly round his storm-swept yard, and the caribou is 'toughing it out' on the windy plains, digging for his dinner with his great splayed hoofs down through a dense sheet of snow to the crisp grey lichens beneath; while the beaver's citadel is beleaguered with thick ribbed ice; while the gaunt lynx, made reckless by famine, leaves the wintry forest and prowls even in daytime in the dangerous precincts of the farmyard, there is your philosopher mooin snugly curled up on a well-prepared bed of withered leaves, dry ferns, and grasses. Kingdoms may crumble, wars and carnage may convulse the civilised world, but the echo of man's strife reaches not his cave deep buried on the mountain slope. The warmth necessary to his existence is supplied by his own fat. Each day he draws a small cheque on his reserve fund of 'bear's grease,' rich in carbon. By dint of suspended activity and undisturbed sleep this will support life until the spring thaws set him free, to go forth gaunt and haggard it is true, yet strong and agile, to draw out fish in the warm shallows with his great hairy paws, or break up decayed tree-stumps and feed on swarming colonies of black ants, or otherwise forage for a living.

By no means the least of Nature's many mysteries is this marvellous hibernating habit. Birds have learned to evade the severities of winter by migrating to sunny climes; the bear has discovered a different method of surviving when the wilderness fruits are exhausted, and the ground, rigid with frost, is wrapped about his favourite roots. Instead of starving he sleeps, and that on a scale only usual in fairy tales. The fires of life are banked and all the vital processes almost at a standstill. A comatose condition is certainly the first stage of starvation, and may have been in the first instance established by the impossibility of obtaining suitable food in winter time; for it is well known that bears in warm countries have not acquired this habit, as they can secure their usual food without interruption. When going into winter quarters they have been said sometimes in time of snow to adopt a trick equivalent to the highwayman's noted ruse of reversing the shoes of his horse, walking backwards for a long distance towards their dens. This, however, requires verification, for it implies a higher degree of intelligence in the animal than the writer has been able to discover.

The sportsman, when hunting caribou in the first snow,

sometimes stumbles across a bear's tracks and follows them to the den. Should the den be that of a female with cubs he will often find it a comfortable apartment, floored by spruce boughs and dried ferns, such as no tired hunter would disdain for a night's resting-place.

The male, however, is more easily satisfied. Behind the tangled roots of some upturned tree, among a mass of boughs, or in some slightly protected hollow in a cliff, he will curl himself up, and the snows soon cover him in his rugged sleep. The female doubtless takes precautions for the sake of her young. The cubs are born early in January. It is remarkable that the mother secretes milk while in a state of torpidity. For three-and-a-half long dark months, without access to food, she, weighing perhaps five hundred pounds, suckles a cub less in size than a pointer pup at the same age. A ten-day old cub the writer once saw measured, when stretched out from tip of nose to end of hind toe, only ten-and-a-half inches. It had fine black hair on the back and dark slate on the underneath of the body. It had no teeth, and the eyes were closed. The length of the claws was remarkable. The specimen helped him to understand the origin of the old fable that a cub is born a formless lump and licked into shape by the dam.

A curious lair was once discovered by some lumbermen on the Upsalquitch River, who were surprised at seeing a very large bear one soft April morning crawl out from under a bridge of logs, over which they had been hauling timber all winter long without arousing the creature from his deep lethargy.

Bear-meat is always kept simmering in the pot exclusively set apart for the Indians. While sticking in a fork with astonishing frequency they delight in presenting the subject of their feast in comical situations. In fact, they make out bruin a born humorist. Noel knew of a bear which, after breaking into a lumber camp, drew a molasses tap and rolled over and over in the sticky syrup ; afterwards, breaking up a flour barrel with one stroke of his terrible fore-paw, he rolled over and over in the flour. When the men returned they were astonished to find a white bear in their house. Was not this bear having his fun—as what bear has not at times ? Once Nicola saw a bear seated on top of a beaver-house, trying in vain to hit the beavers with his paw as they swam past in a tantalising manner. On another occasion he watched a bear on a large log amusing himself by

delivering a series of blows on a poor yearling moose calf he had artfully driven in a slough till it had become 'mired,' Every blow, delivered at regular intervals on the withers, elicited a loud roar from the terrified beast, which seemed to cause bruin vast amusement.

A striking bear story of a different character from those above was related one evening at the camp-fire by the senior

LOGGING SCENE IN WINTER IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BLACK BEAR

hunter. He told us of one night when he was 'shining' moose on a quiet mountain tarn bordered with a narrow strip of marsh with a background of dark hemlock forest. 'Shining' is an illegal practice, and justly so, for the grand animal, dazed and apparently fascinated by the red glare of the hissing resinous torch, approaches the object of his wonder as if under a spell, and easily falls to the rifle. Tom Isaacs kneeled at the stern, dipping his way quietly along with water-ash paddle, while Noel held up the bunch of burning fagots which spread a lurid gleam across the surface. In an instant a mighty moose bull had

emerged from the fringe of woods, and soon came wading into the lake, while the flare of the torch capped the circling wavelets from his limbs with flashing coronets of molten gold.

In the uncertain light Noel hit him hard. 'Moose got it bad—worse sort'—in his own laconic jargon. The poor animal floundered and staggered, finally collapsing on the shallows of a sand bar. The men following on to secure their prey were astonished to see two large bears issue from the woods and begin to fight over the still living moose. At length they evidently patched up a peace, and began together tearing and crunching away at the quivering flesh. The Indians fired in the uncertain light, but only irritated the feeding bears, one of which fiercely charged them. They hastily abandoned their canoe and fled along the shore pursued by the irate animal. In the morning, incredible as it may appear, they found that the bears had dragged the huge body of the moose, though it weighed as much as the heaviest of oxen, many yards into the woods, where they had completely covered it with ferns, withered leaves and grasses, and had skinned the greater part of the carcass as neatly as a hunter could with his knife. The men did not take much trouble to discover the whereabouts of the bears, which were probably asleep after their gorge in some neighbouring thicket. They 'trailed' a gun, however, and from their camp a couple of nights later they heard the air rent by a rifle-shot. Next morning they found one of the marauders quite dead with a bullet through his skull.

The last day of the hunt saw our camping-ground presenting a most sporting appearance. Several bearskins were stretched on rude frames in various stages of curing. For the last time I listened to the inspiring *réveillée* to the breaking dawn from the throats of countless Kennedy birds, the only wilderness songsters — an unforgetable piping recitative. For the last time, as I bathed in the pool, I watched the morning mists reeling before the sunrise into pearly shattered spirals. For the last time, as I returned to where the tossing plume of blue smoke rose from our camp-fire over the sea of greenery, I watched the points of the opposite rock terraces touched with topaz as the climbing sun flooded one after the other with limpid light. For the last time, as I breakfasted, I heard the cock grouse beat once more his regular morning tattoo of muffled drumming on the fallen moss-shrouded birch trunk a few yards away from the camp, in a hardwood grove which was

already beginning to blaze with many a shade of scarlet and gold—for, dolphin-like, the Canadian summer dies in a rich glow of colour.

As the light craft flew merrily down the dancing rapids on the homeward way, regretfully I realised that I was about to exchange the simple primitive pleasures of the forest for the inevitable worries and chimeras of civilised life. When night overtook my men cutting the tent-poles under the soft white radiance of the rising moon, I found myself dreamily

A WINTER LOGGING CAMP

wondering how I had come to be so steadfastly enamoured of the subtle charm of these bear-haunted slopes and lonely pine groves, which were casting their shadows into the infinite peace of a noble reach of quietly flowing river ere it passed into the noisy travail of tumultuous rapids below. While the beauty and impressiveness of forest and river seemed multiplied tenfold in the luminous greyness of the moonlit night, the truth of the following sentences, penned by Captain Campbell Hardy ('Forest Life in Acadie'), came forcibly home to me :

'To understand the true character of the American forest and read its mysteries aright, we must plunge boldly into its depths and live under its shelter through all the phases of the

seasons, leaving far behind the sound of the settler's axe and the tinkling of his cattle-bells. The strange feelings of pleasure attached to a life in the majestic solitudes of the pine forests of North America cannot be attained by a merely marginal acquaintance such as is gleaned along the roadside or from the edges of the cleared lands.'

'MOOIN,' THE BEAR (URSUS AMERICANUS)

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietor of the Copyright and Publisher C. Klackner, 12 Haymarket, London, S.W. Also 7 West 28th Street, New York, U.S.A.

THE RIVALS.

THOROUGHBREDS IN 1901

FEATURES OF THE RACING SEASON

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

WHEN these lines are published the flat-racing season of 1901 will be at an end, and the attention of owners of brood-mares and stallions will be more intently directed to their arrangements for the ensuing breeding months. At the moment of writing some weeks have to elapse before the Manchester November Meeting, but the intervening programmes are of no very great importance, and it is quite possible at this juncture to survey with some degree of accuracy the results of the season from the standpoint of those responsible for the breeding of our thoroughbreds.

Every racing season has, of course, its triumphs and disappointments for breeders of bloodstock. Sires hitherto held in little estimation leap into sudden prominence and fame through the forward running of their stock, whilst the reputation of others suffers to a proportionate extent through symptoms of deterioration. Casting the mind back over the various—one might say manifold—items of interest which have arisen during the past season, the all-predominating success of the Galopin blood must be regarded as the one great outstanding feature. The series of victories that have fallen to the share of the descendants of the Derby winner of 1875 are very remarkable. During the last two decades the male line of Blacklock has exercised a wonderful potency, and its influence

appears to increase as the years roll on, swamping out the other great lines, excepting, perhaps, Birdcatcher's. It cannot, of course, be contended that the Blacklock line is equally successful in all its branches, but that which comes through Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, and St. Simon amply suffices to keep it right in the front rank. With the possible exceptions of the stout Santoi and his Ascot Cup opponent, Kilmarnock II., little real importance attaches to the doings this season of the representatives of the Blacklock tribe other than those sired by Galopin's sons and grandsons. The 'whys and wherefores' of the repeated stud successes of the Galopins have so often been thrashed out in print that it would be only traversing well-trodden ground to recapitulate the arguments here. It is much more interesting and significant to turn to the past records and examine the precise nature of the family's success.

Taking into account all sires whose progeny this season have netted £1000 and upwards in stake-money up to the time of writing, and including the defunct Galopin himself, as many as twenty-two of his sons and grandsons can be numbered; whilst a further eight have amounts to their credit ranging from £1000 to £500. Of this batch of twenty-nine actual winning sires, eleven are by Galopin, seventeen by St. Simon, and the remaining one by Donovan. In his old familiar place at the head of affairs is to be found St. Simon himself, with seventeen winners of thirty-one and a half races, value £28,667. Not only in the matter of pounds shillings and pence is St. Simon once again *facile princeps*, but the number of his successful progeny and the races won by them exceed the figures of any rival, excepting his stud companion, Ayrshire, and the Irish horse Gallinule. Ladas is not so very far behind the Welbeck sire in regard to the mere total of his winnings, but in the other departments the records of the twain will not bear comparison. So interesting a fact was sure to have provoked much comment, but it is sufficiently noteworthy to be mentioned here that whereas only one of St. Simon's 1898 produce could get first past the post last season, their form as three-year-olds displays a great improvement. No fewer than eight of that age have earned winning brackets, without, however, repeating the sweeping victories of Diamond Jubilee, La Roche, and Winifreda in the 'classic' events of last year. If the slightest dependence could be placed on this precedent, then one might predict an exceptionally brilliant period of success for St. Simon during 1902, for his winning youngsters this season number

five: to wit, La Force (winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood), Morganatic (the Great Lancashire Breeders Produce Stakes at Liverpool), Pekin (the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster, &c.), St. Simonian (the Wynyard Plate at Stockton), and St. Windeline (the Yorkshire Oaks at York, &c., and not far from the best of her year). Thanks to his success in the Jockey Club Stakes of £7190, Pietermaritzburg contributes the largest item to St. Simon's total, but he can only set three races against William the Third's five, albeit one of the latter was a walk-over. Collectively, the two colts' winnings amount to £15,300. Lauzan's solitary success in the St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot brought in £2450, and of St. Simon's other three-year-olds Santa Brigida and St. Aldegonde have each won over a thousand in stakes. His temper becoming more ungovernable with age, Diamond Jubilee failed to add to the big score of winnings he had laid by last season, and Sidus has really proved the most effective of St. Simon's older progeny.

Passing over Ladas for the moment, we turn to two sons of St. Simon who emerge with enormously enhanced reputations. Reference is made to Florizel II. and St. Frusquin. As the eldest of the three brilliant brothers which the King had the good fortune to breed, Florizel II. has had first opportunity of making his name at the stud, and it resulted most favourably. It may be recalled that last season—his first to be represented—five of Florizel II.'s two-year-olds carried off nine races (including two dead-heats), worth £9008, and this season the son of St. Simon and Perdita II. is responsible for nine winners of twenty-three races, value £22,617. First and foremost among the victories of his stock must be reckoned the Epsom Derby, won by Volodyovski, and the Doncaster St. Leger, wherein Doricles defeated Mr. Whitney's colt.

In this connection a prominent place must be reserved for Mackintosh, who netted over £3000 in four events without meeting defeat, and if better luck is experienced with him, may next season prove himself to be the best of the horse's fine array of first season colts. Champagne won half a dozen events for this sire, and Uncle Sol three; but it has formed one of the curiosities of the year that out of the huge total standing to Florizel II.'s account only a paltry £200 has been earned by two-year-olds, and that by animals of such moderate calibre as Mimosa II. and Emma Hart. Truly there is an astonishing disparity in the respective performances of his present and his last batch of youngsters, and it will be a matter of great interest

to observe how far the success gained in his first year will be maintained.

St. Frusquin was put to the stud at about the same period as the last-discussed horse, and the preliminary display of his stock could scarcely have been more modest, First Fruit being his only successful two-year-old in 1900. A decided and complete vindication of his breeding capabilities has been given this season, a fact which must be highly gratifying to that enthusiastic and whole-hearted supporter of the turf, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. From the lowly proportions of last year, the winnings of St. Frusquin's stock have grown to the eminence of the following figures: Eleven winners of fifteen races, value £11,265. Six of his winners are three-year-olds, the best being Fortunatus, with £4485 to his credit, whilst the young Southcourt stallion's winning two-year-olds are Loveite, St. Quintin, St. Alwyne, Sakuntala, and Quietude.

Mention of St. Frusquin must also bring to mind his great opponent on the racecourse, Persimmon, who, starting a season later than Mr. de Rothschild's horse, was, from the exceptionally good looks of his yearlings, the high price they realised under the hammer, and the glamour thrown around by Florizel II.'s success, expected to make as brilliant a *début* as his brother. It is not too much to say that disappointment has crowned these confident anticipations, Persimmon's solitary winner having been the ten thousand guinea Sceptre, who, after carrying off the Woodcote Stakes and the July Stakes, failed, like others of his owner's at one time all-conquering two-year-olds, to sustain her reputation through the racing months. It is, of course, only reasonable to hope that, as in the case of St. Frusquin just quoted, Persimmon's progeny will quickly redeem his fame, and justify the high opinion formed of his stud value. For the most part, the descendants of Galopin come to fairly early maturity as stallions. Possibly Persimmon may furnish the exception which goes to prove the rule?

Continuing this *résumé* of the recent doings of the Galopins and St. Simons, the next horse to be mentioned is that promising young sire Matchmaker, who has now a 'classic' winner—undeniably a fortunate one—to his name in Handicapper, the surprise-packet Two Thousand Guineas victor. To Handicapper's big win the high position of Matchmaker on the list of winning sires is due, but it must not be overlooked that eighteen races have fallen to seven others of his get. Matchmaker's sire, Donovan, follows him closely on the list, his chief

successes having been Veronese, O'Donovan Rossa, O'Donoghue, Volpone, and London. Before either of these sires stands their great progenitor, Galopin, for whom Aïda (One Thousand Guineas), Merry Gal (four events), and Galashiels have secured posthumous honours to the value of £8719.

Up to the present, St. Serf has won the right to be considered the most consistently successful son of St. Simon at the stud. The advent of a number of brilliant young horses by the same celebrity has somewhat distracted attention from this horse, but his figures are again highly satisfactory, his winnings amounting to close upon £6000. Among his thirteen winners are Cynical, St. Amour, and St. Beurre, but Loch Leven is the solitary two-year-old. Evasit's two successes in the early days of the season soon insured for Adieu a place on the list, although this sire will not be for long very freely represented in this country, as he was sent to Hungary two years ago. The same remark has some force when applied to St. Florian, but from a different reason. Distinctly one of the most promising of the young St. Simon horses at the stud, the latter's early death in May 1898 was no light loss to breeders. He has ten winners this season, much the most important being the good-looking Ard Patrick, who so meritoriously captured the rich Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton and the Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket; but it is too probable that he will be found afflicted with the indisposition to race which marks some of the St. Florians.

Other sons of Galopin to possess stock winning £1000 and over are St. Angelo (by 'Clairvaux or Galopin'), Oberon, Grafton (dead), Buckingham, and the expatriated Galore; and of St. Simon are Childwick, Tarporley, FitzSimon, St. Hilaire (now in France), Simontault, and Raeburn.

After the somewhat inglorious beginning to his stud career made by Ladas, the famous part his progeny have played in the racing of the present year must be accounted one of the surprises of the season. Lord Rosebery's horse owes his lofty position mainly to Epsom Lad, whose notable victories in the Princess of Wales Stakes, the Eclipse Stakes, and, most memorable of all, the Kempton Park Stakes, added £18,127 to Mr. Kincaid's exchequer. It will be thought by many that Epsom Lad has proved himself the best horse of the year, and, as has been pointed out, it is surely not in accordance with the fitness of things that a gelding should hold this proud distinction. The reproach of softness and lack of courage has so often been levelled against Ladas's stock that the sterling

performances of Epsom Lad, and others of his progeny, came rather in the nature of a surprise, causing many people quickly to change their convictions; though there are doubts about Lavengro's gameness, as without ever once actually 'cutting it,' it must be admitted that little heart appeared to be in his work when finishing behind Sterling Balm at Derby or behind Pekin at Doncaster. Ladas is well provided for in the matter of useful two-year-olds, as besides Lavengro, there are Alcmena, Csardas, Gunilda, Valiant, and Lass o' Gowrie. On the other hand, the only successful three-year-old by the Derby winner of 1894 is Menander. Ladas's full figures are eleven winners of twenty-one races—£26,581. He is, of course, the leading representative of Hampton and of the declining Touchstone male line.

Next in order among the sons of rare old Hampton comes Royal Hampton. Sir J. Blundell Maple's sire has done well throughout his breeding career, and every season he has managed to secure a prominent place among the leading stallions. This year he ranks with the first ten on the list, the excellent total standing to his credit having been won in twenty-one races by eleven of his progeny. His chief winners are two- and three-year-olds, but it is unfortunate for him that Royal Lancer 'makes a noise' and Sir Peter Lely was evidently overrated. Thanks principally to the efforts of Sinopi and Syneros, Royal Hampton's best son, Marcion, comes out better than ever before; whilst another Hampton, Ayrshire, comfortably maintains his position, the best of his young stock being the Abeyance filly, Doctrine, Bonnie Scotland, and His Lordship.[1] It speaks well for the Duke of Portland's sire that as many as ten of his two-year-olds have won races, whilst, barring the actual total of winnings, his figures compare very favourably with St. Simon's. One of the youngest and most likely Hampton horses at the stud, Earwig, has made a creditable start with Mundon; and Pride (by Merry Hampton) has also begun well, five of his first crop having earned winning brackets. Best Man, who was a really good horse on the turf, seems to be making his way to the position he seemed certain to fill—Fancy Man, Ichi Ban, and Far Best, amongst others, having done sound service on his behalf. He now stands at Theakston Hall stud in Yorkshire.

[1] Since this was written Mountain Daisy has added considerably to Ayrshire's score, and Snowberry promises to distinguish himself in the future.—Ed.

Returning now to the leading stallions on the list, Gallinule is next under notice, with a fine record of eighteen winners of thirty-four races, value over £19,000. This, it should be mentioned, includes the doings of his stock in Ireland, a very important consideration, seeing how well Captain Greer's sire is represented in the Emerald Isle. By far the most successful of Isonomy's sons, Gallinule never fails to furnish some exceedingly meritorious performers, and this has been about his best season in this respect. His daughter Game Chick has certainly few superiors among the season's two-year-olds, and her six successes form the nucleus of her sire's big total. Bella Gallina's solitary victory at Ascot was worth £3700, and other good winners by Gallinule, on both sides of the St. George's Channel, are Mount Prospect, Goosander, Happy Bird, and Carrigavalla.

When talking of Isonomy's sons it is an easy transition from Gallinule to Isinglass, who, great racer as he was, is now one of the most sought after stallions of the day. His stock were extremely successful in 1900, and his latest record suffers somewhat by comparison. It stands nine winners of fifteen races, value £6265, less than half his preceding total. Neither Veles nor the broken-winded Star Shoot—sold to America—redeemed their two-year-old promise, although the first named appears as Isinglass's most lucrative winner this season. His two-year-old Glass Jug comes next, and then Transparency and Sweet Sounds. Common (who goes to stand in France for a season) has no 'ten-thousand pounder' such as Osbech placed to his credit last year, but, for all that, his record is fairly good, eight of his get having won eleven races worth £4150. Ravensbury's figures show the expected improvement this year, and remaining scions of Isonomy to earn distinction are Prisoner, Satiety (now abroad), Bonnet Rouge, Janissary, and the defunct Isobar.

Some stallions meet with greater success after their death than during their existence. Of this we have not wanted for examples this year, perhaps the most striking instance being that of Friar's Balsam. The son of Hermit was far from being a conspicuous success at the stud, and his death failed to occasion much regret among breeders. This season, however, the performances of that splendid filly Sterling Balm have put an entirely different complexion upon things, and had the ever-unfortunate Friar's Balsam survived he would certainly have been in keen demand during the approaching covering season.

Good judges are unanimous in classing Sterling Balm among the best of her age, and her four victories were worth collectively £3651. Seven others by Friar's Balsam have won races this season. We have a second instance of the same irony of fate in Florentine, whose owner, Mr. Henry Waring, has now some reason to revile the general 'cussedness' of things. For the past nine or ten years the son of Robert the Devil had got a goodly number of minor winners every season, but, somewhat disgusted at the lack of patronage accorded him, Mr. Waring had him destroyed last year. A few months later the proprietor of the Beenham Stud had the grim satisfaction of seeing Florentine's progeny register undoubtedly his best season. Among his seven winners are the two valuable two-year-olds Punctilio and Frank Ash.

Another defunct sire standing very high on the list is the American Domino, whose handsome daughter, Cap and Bells II., carried off the Oaks with so much ease. His other winners in this country this season are Olympian, Noonday II., and Running Stream, but they do not include his son, Disguise II. His total of £6942 goes to swell the figures of the Touchstone male line. Mention of Domino brings us, of course, right on to the subject of American bloodstock, which has been so much in evidence in recent seasons on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. One would have hesitated to predict the same success for Watercress in this country as he has achieved in the United States, but, be that as it may, the fine display of his children under Jockey Club Rules this season would certainly suggest that his expatriation was a big loss to English breeders, the more especially as good sons of Springfield are now very scarce here. Watercress's winners include such as Elizabeth M., Omaha II., Watertower and Watershed, and his aggregate of winnings amounts to £5411. Other horses exported to America from this country who have now sent us back winners this season are Galore, Bassetlaw, Simon Magus, St. Andrew, Goldfinch, The Sailor Prince, and Juvenal (sire of Chacornac).

Of the sires actually bred on American soil Domino is immediately followed by the also defunct Hanover, whose chief successes are David Garrick and Holstein. Hanover headed the list of winning sires in the United States for six successive seasons, and is directly descended in the male line from Glencoe. Next to Hanover we have Sir Dixon, the sire of Kilmarnock II. and Sweet Dixie. By Billet out of a sister to Iroquois, this horse is of the Blacklock family. Henry of Navarre, another

famous American racer, has been well represented by the Mount Vernon and Shibboleth fillies, and he traces back, through Leamington, to Sir Hercules and Whalebone. Sensation who, it will be recalled, was second two seasons back to Orme, now holds his lowest position in this country since 1896; whilst Kingston, for whom King's Courier won high honours last season, can this year claim the smart two-year-old Kearsage as the best of his get. Americus, Riley, Himyar, Hayden Edwards, and Pontiac are other Americans with winners of over £500; and now we may pass to the imported Australasians. First among these—only naturally, perhaps, considering the exceptional chances he has enjoyed at Welbeck—comes Carbine, whose total of over £6000 is principally contributed to by Bistonian, Carabine, Pistol, Semper Vigilans, and Mannlicher. Fowling Piece, rather unluckily beaten by Glass Jug, may very likely do great things for him next season. After the world-famed son of Musket comes The Australian Peer, thanks, of course, to Australian Star's two victories. Old Trenton's figures are bad, and he is not destined, I fear, to repeat his great Australian triumphs in his new home.

Melton has failed fully to maintain his last season's astonishing success, though his present record, seven winners of close on £6000, is by no means unsatisfactory. Orme, too, does not rank so high as in recent seasons, but here again no real fault can be found, his winners including the record-priced two-year-old Duke of Westminster, who has yet to be beaten. Even without Eager's doughty assistance, Enthusiast enjoys a prominent place on the list, and other well-tried stallions who emerge with credit from the season are Rightaway (the best of Wisdom's sons), Amphion, Orvieto, Crafton, Kendal (now in the Argentine), and fine old Bend Or. The disappointing Minting deserves mention as the sire of the Middle Park Plate winner, Minstead; whilst Milford has made a promising start to his stud career.

In conclusion, it should be explained that all winnings mentioned in this article are inclusive of racing in Ireland, and in the cases of dead-heats the stakes, of course, are halved.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE OCTOBER COMPETITION

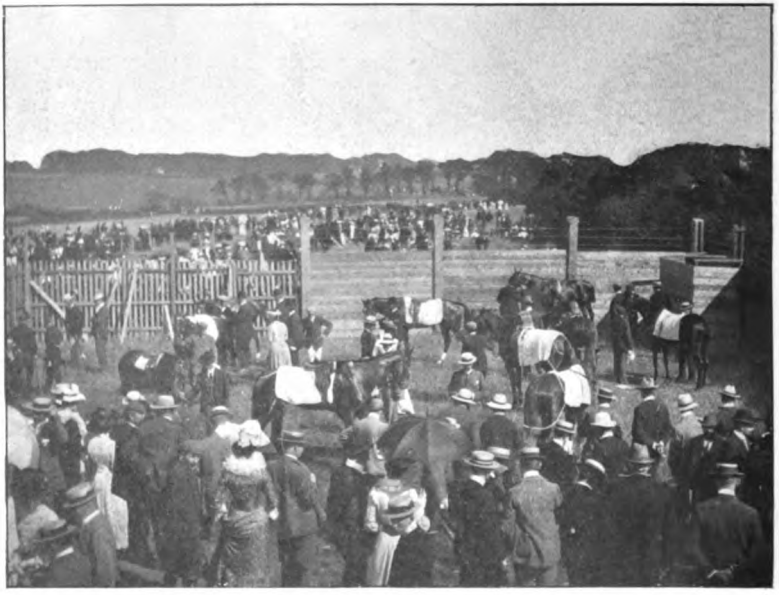
The Prize in the October competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. J. C. Crowley, Croydon; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. W. R. Prior, Muswell Hill; Mrs. Harcourt Coates, Salisbury; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. L. C. Green Wilkinson, Magdalen College, Oxford; Mr. J. C. L. Le Maire, Teddington; Mr. J. D. P. Goodwin, Camborne; Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.; and Mrs. Barnard, Brixton. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

HEN PHEASANT SITTING IN A BROCOLI BED
Photograph taken by Mr. J. C. Crowley, Croydon

AN ENGLISH PARTRIDGE ON HER NEST
Photograph taken by Mr W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge

TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS *v.* SOUTHAMPTON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. W. R. Prior, Muswell Hill, N.

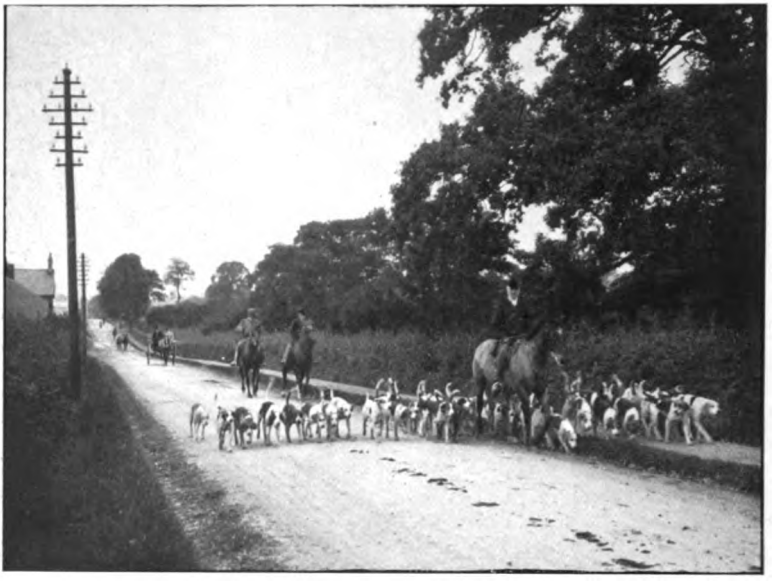


THE PADDOCK. YOUGHAL STEEPLECHASES, CO. CORK, AUGUST 1901

Photograph taken by Mrs. Harcourt Coates, Salisbury

DEER IN BUSHEY PARK
Photograph taken by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

LEANDER EIGHT. WINNERS OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, HENLEY 1901
Photograph taken by Mr. L. C. Green Wilkinson, Magdalen College, Oxford

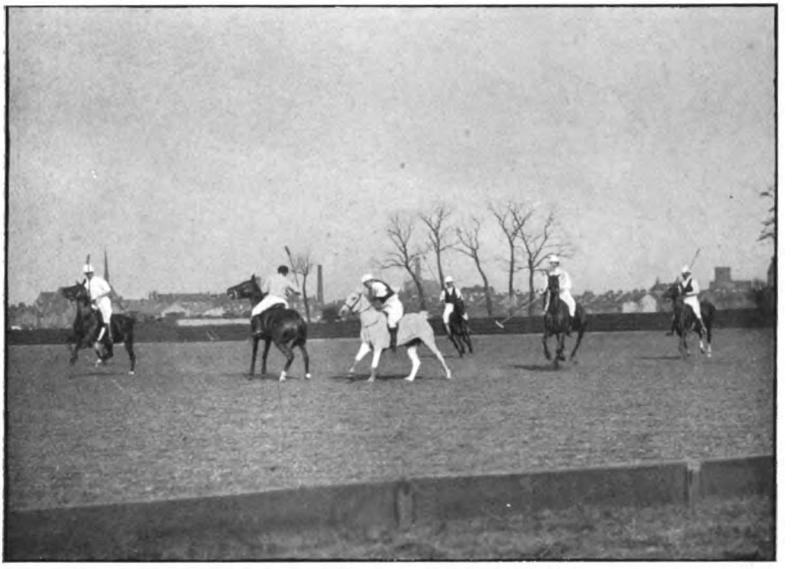


THE LLANGIBBY HOUNDS GOING TO THE MEET

Photograph taken by Mr. J. C. L. Le Maire, Teddington

RATS!

Photograph taken by Mr. J. D. P. Goodwin, Camborne



AN AWKWARD PLACE FOR THE BALL

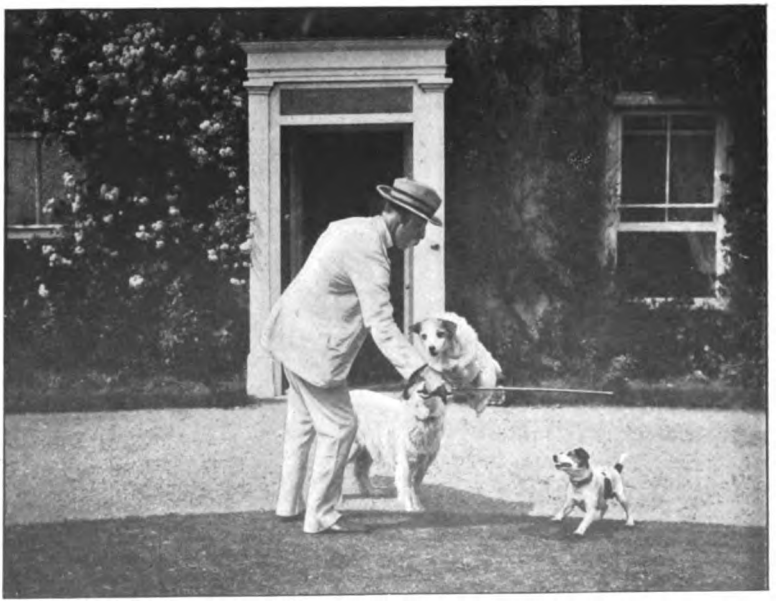
Photograph taken by Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S. W.

OTTER HUNTING ON THE RIVER WEY, NEAR FARNHAM, SURREY

Photograph taken by Mrs. Barnard, Brixton, S. W.

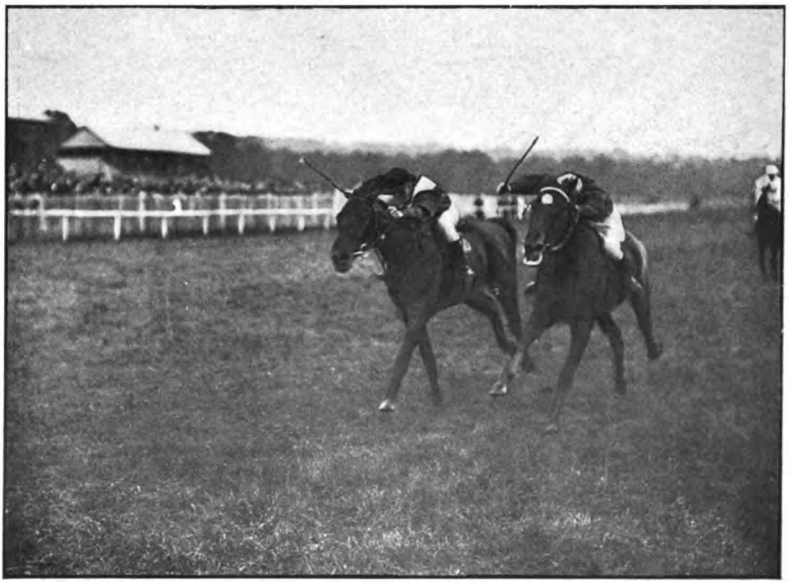
MR. C. E. ANTON AFTER A DRIVE

Photograph taken by Mr. J. M. E. Machado, Shanghai



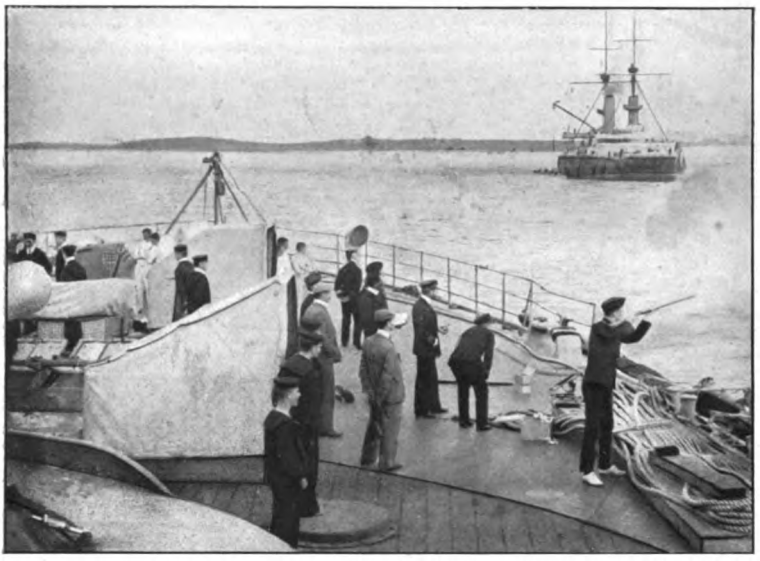
CLEVER DOGS

Photograph taken by Mr. H. Moser, Sway, Hampshire



LINGFIELD PARK MEETING, OCT. 19, 1901. THE PHEASANT MID-WEIGHT HANDICAP
Mr. B. Gottschalk's Emily Melton, G. McCall up, 1; Mr. R. Platt's Spring Meeting, J. Rieff up, 2
Photograph taken by Mr. W. K. Prior, Muswell Hill, N.

BEAR SHOOTING IN CASHMIR. SHIKARIS SKINNING A LARGE BLACK BEAR
Photograph taken by Captain Henry G. Young, 10th Bengal Lancers, Nowshera



CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING FROM THE QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. 'MAGNIFICENT'

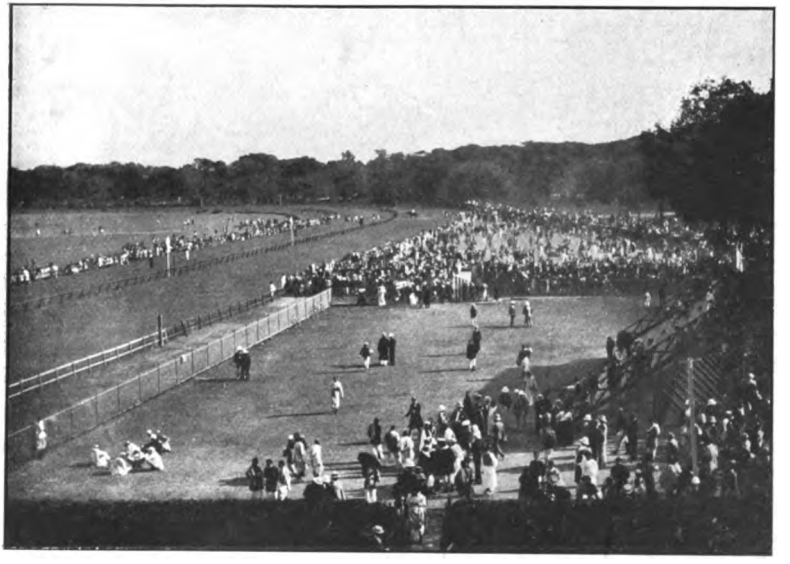
Photograph taken by Surgeon Herbert R. H. Denny, H.M.S. 'Magnificent,' Channel Squadron

DIVING FOR MONEY AT ST. VINCENT, C.V.

Photograph taken by Mr. R. H. Campbell, Trinity College, Cambridge

THE OPENING MEET OF THE BARNSTAPLE STAGHOUNDS AT YOULSTON OLD PARK UNDER THE JOINT MASTERSHIP OF MR. ARUNDELL CLARKE AND CAPTAIN EWING PATERSON

Photograph taken by Mr. J. F. Windsor, Barnstaple

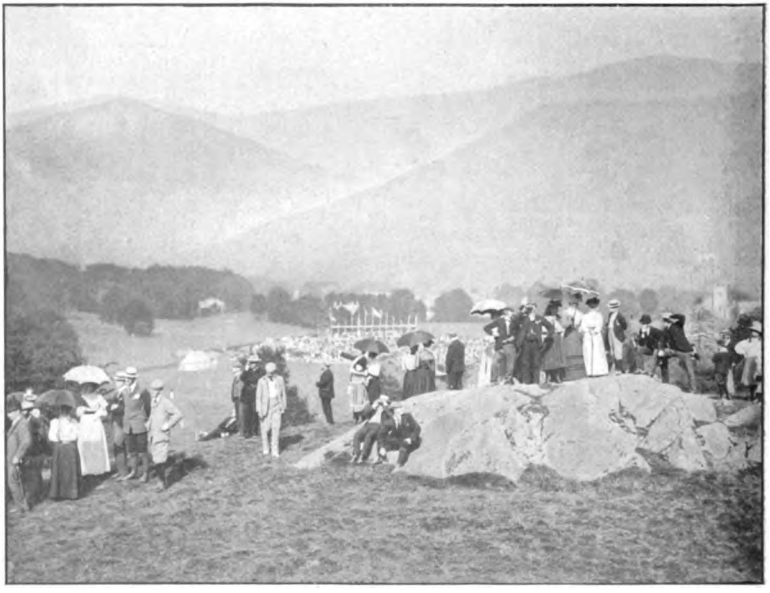


CALCUTTA RACE COURSE. CHRISTMAS MEETING 1900

Photograph taken by Mr. A. R. Thompson, Ashdale, Stamford

MACKEREL FISHING. TENBY

Photograph taken by Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham



GRASMERE SPORTS, AUGUST 22, 1901. WATCHING THE GUIDES' RACE FROM THE BOTTOM OF SILVERHORN

Photograph taken by Mr. R. O'C. N. Deane, Southport

J. BRAID PLAYING A CLEEK SHOT IN A MATCH AGAINST T. KINNELL OF NORWICH ON THE HUNSTANTON GOLF COURSE, AUGUST 28, 1901

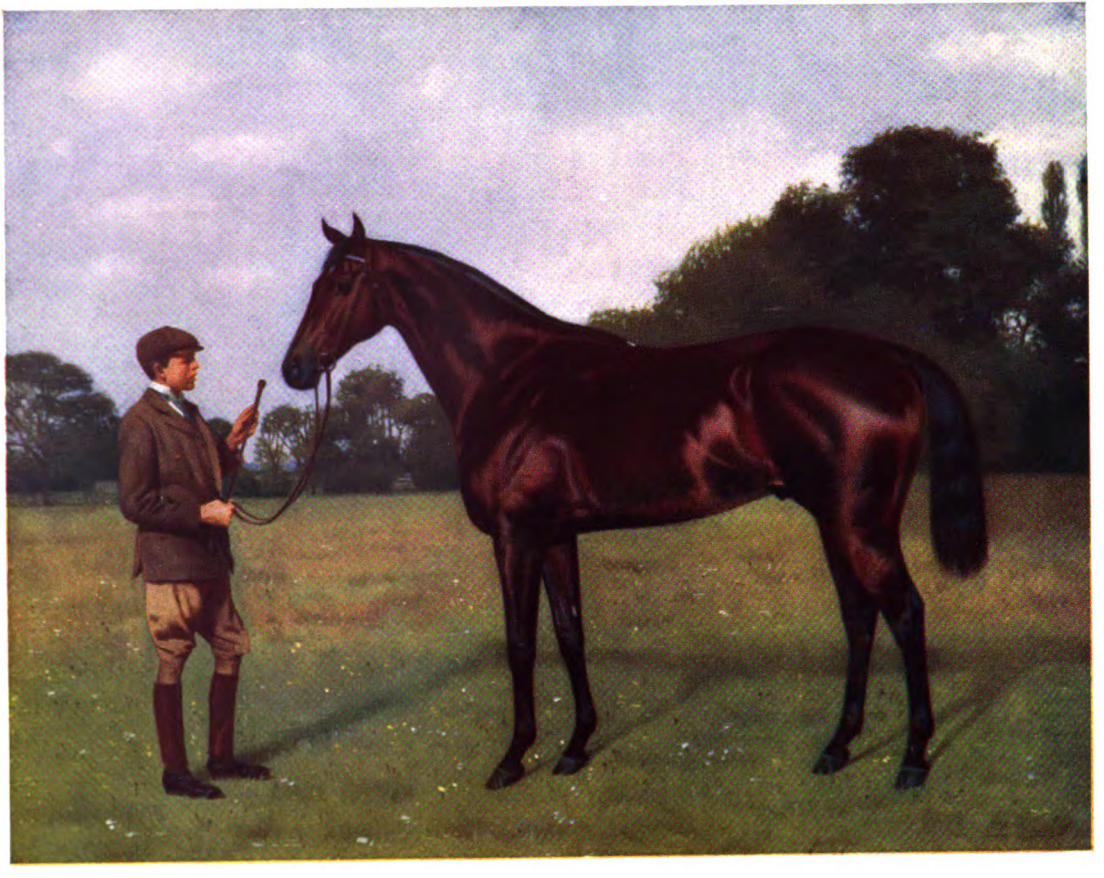
Photograph taken by the Rev. C. E. Carnegie, St. Michael's College, Tenbury

CAMP SPORTS AT MARIBOGO, BRITISH BECHUANALAND
KAFFIR BOYS' RACE

Photograph taken by Captain A. Lee, 1st Border Regiment, Brampton, Cumberland

THE COLOURED PICTURES

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Santoi is a remarkable instance of an animal coming unexpectedly to the front. The son of Queen's Birthday and Merry Wife was bought at the Doncaster Sales for a hundred and ninety guineas, and the purchaser can have little suspected that for such a modest sum he had secured the winner of the Ascot Cup! As a two-year-old Santoi ran seven times and won only a couple of little nurseries, nor was much apparently thought of him next season, when he came out for a hundred pound race at Sandown, and, starting at 10 to 1 in a field of nine, won by a short head. But he was distinctly on the up line. The Brighton Cup fell to him, he carried off the Lewes Handicap by half a dozen lengths from Spectrum, the four-year-old having only 8 st. 1 lb. to carry, whilst he, a three-year-old, carried 8 st. 2 lb., and in the Free Handicap at the Houghton Meeting he was also successful, receiving 7 lb. from Sonatura and 20 lb. from Disguise II., who was beaten by eight lengths. When he came out this year Santoi was therefore naturally expected to distinguish himself, and he did so by winning the Kempton Park Jubilee from Caiman, to whom he was giving 4 lb., with Alvescot in receipt of 26 lb., third; he gave Rambling Katie 3 st. less 2 lb. and beat her by a length and a half in the Whitsuntide Handicap at Hurst Park, and then carried off the Ascot Gold Cup; since which time, however, he has failed to add to his score, his defeat by King's Courier in the Jockey Club Cup being one of many disasters which make the late Houghton Meeting so distressing a recollection. Of the other pictures this month there is little to be said, as they explain themselves. 'The Rivals' shows an incident in a story that has repeated itself from the earliest times and is likely to do so till time is no more. 'Retrieved' exhibits the recovery of a wounded duck, and the other illustration is a reproduction of one of Mr. Blinks' popular sketches from the hunting-field.



SANTOI.

Reproduced from an Oil Painting by Isaac Cullin, by permission of Mr Geo. Edwardes.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

I MAY take the opportunity of drawing attention to the fact that I hope next year to publish what I think will be a particularly interesting series of papers, dealing with various sports by acknowledged masters of them. The list is not absolutely complete, two or three of those whose articles I hope to obtain not having so far absolutely promised contributions, for I am anxious that these papers should be from the very best authorities. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, however, has kindly undertaken to lead off in January with Motors and Motoring, to which he has devoted so much attention. Fishing will be treated by Lord Granby, who will also deal with Shooting. Mr. R. E. Foster is writing an article on Football. Lord Hawke has promised Cricket for the May number. Mr. John Scott-Montagu, a master of the art and craft of Wild-fowling, will contribute on that subject; Mr. Horace Hutchinson, an ex-champion, on Golf, and I hope that other sports will be equally well represented. I have been endeavouring to induce Lord Rosebery to write something about Racing, but have not been fortunate in obtaining more than the reply that he does not like to pledge himself to anything that he may not be able to fulfil, but that if he possibly can he will do so, which I am afraid leaves a very vague hope; but Lord Ellesmere, whose article 'Concerning Stewards' attracted so much attention a few months since, has kindly consented to write another, and if I am not much mistaken the series will be a remarkable one.

Many rather poor stories are described by their narrators as 'the funniest thing I ever heard in my life,' and I always try to avoid superlatives; but really I have never known anything of

the sort funnier than the following: A great friend of mine and of this magazine is one of the most prominent owners of horses now supporting the Turf. I suppose I had better not mention names, but I may say that he has won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, all the three Ten Thousand Pound races, and naturally many others; but it happens that bad luck often follows good, and last year he appears in the list of winning owners with only one single race to his credit worth just over £200. He owns many horses, enters them very freely, and those who know anything of racing will be able to judge how much his stable was likely to have cost him last year for training, entrance fees, forfeits, travelling, and other expenses incidental to the sport. The other day, however, a demand came to him from the Income Tax collector for a return of 'his profits on racing'! The idea struck him as so humorous in the circumstances that he took the trouble to calculate what he had spent on his horses for the year, including Heath Tax, &c., to set against the two hundred pounds on the other side of the account. The local light of the Income Tax Office studied the return, no doubt pondered over it deeply, and presently replied that he 'could not accept the statement, as the number of races won seemed disproportionate to the number of entries.' It was, in fact, horribly disproportionate; but the figures were none the less true. My friend could only reply by an assertion of their accuracy, and at first it appeared that he would have had to attend before the Commissioners and explain why he (having incidentally been with his regiment in South Africa) had not made a profit, of 10 per cent. or so at any rate, on his expenditure; but there seems to have been some one in the department who understood that owners have good years and bad ones—sometimes very bad indeed—and that racing is not strictly a commercial transaction which shows a set profit year by year; so my friend is not to be examined.

The feature of the year's racing has been the way in which the most prominent horses have gone up and gone down. After the Ascot Cup, Santoi was accepted as a great horse, or at any rate something approaching to it; but he failed to give the weight away in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, Epsom Lad beat him at Kempton, and to the general amazement he went down before King's Courier at Newmarket, so that he is regarded as having fallen from his high estate. As for the three-year-olds,

one after another had been proclaimed the best of the year till Osboch, having beaten Doricles (who had beaten Volodyovski) and Pietermaritzburg, was supposed to hold supremacy. But Watershed beat him in the Cambridgeshire at even weights, and Revenue was generally elevated to the chief position, until he in turn, failing to give weight to the very moderate Royal Summons, was also deposed. So it has been with the two-year-olds. Lavengro, Royal Lancer, Sceptre, Ard Patrick, Game Chick, have all in turn been for a time accepted as the best, and now Duke of Westminster is supposed to stand at the top of the list, which might or might not have been the case had he run more than twice ; though doubtless there is good reason to accept him as something out of the common, or John Porter would not have been a party to his purchase for 21,000 guineas. Of the three-year-olds, to return to them, I suppose Volodyovski is the best ; and he affords an example of the extremely narrow margin which exists between victory and defeat. Had two short heads and one short neck been in his favour instead of against him, he would just have obtained inclusion into the list of horses that have won over £20,000 in stakes, and that have done so, moreover, in their first two seasons. He has actually won just under £12,000, the short head by which he failed in the Coventry Stakes last year, in the Hurst Park Lennox Stakes last August, and his unlucky next defeat in the St. Leger, made a difference of £9000 less only £410.

Years ago, by the way, what had won a race seems to have been decided in highly arbitrary fashion. In an old *Sporting Magazine*, dated exactly a century since, I come upon the following: 'Mr. Concannon's eagerness to proclaim his horse, Sir Harry, the winner, created great confusion on the course at Brighton. Though in the necessary uproar and exclamation attending the horses' coming in the voice of cool reason can scarcely be expected to be heard, yet we would recommend to the sporting world to adopt some regulation preventing any horse being declared winner until decided by the Clerk of the Course.' This is rather startling, for the description seems to imply that after a close finish each of the owners shouted that his horse had won ; and I suppose the owner who shouted loudest got the race ?

In this same old magazine I came upon an article which enables me to answer the question of a correspondent. A

couple of months back I published some criticisms by a good West-Country sportsman on the proper use of sporting phraseology, and remarked that special terms were also used with regard to the carving of various birds and beasts which for the most part come under the head of game ; and a correspondent wrote to ask if I would quote these expressions. My old magazine gives a table of what it calls 'the different carving terms used at sporting tables of elegance,' and from this it appears that nothing was 'carved.' The correct phrases were, to 'cut up' a turkey, 'rear' a goose, 'unlace' a hare or rabbit, 'wing' a partridge or quail, 'allay' a pheasant or teal, 'dismember' a heron, 'thigh' a woodcock, 'display' a crane and 'lift' a swan. Personally I have never tried swan, crane, or heron, but if there were much lifting, displaying and dismembering, I should imagine that our forefathers must have had exceedingly robust appetites, and this view is supported by the fact that these delicacies are not now found on bills of fare.

The success of Epsom Lad, the near approach to success of Black Sand in the Cesarewitch, and the doings of other horses in what is called at Newmarket the South American Stable, has naturally attracted attention to the trainer, Leandro Alvarez, about whom various inaccurate accounts have been published. A correspondent is good enough to send me some interesting particulars, from which it appears that Alvarez is an Argentine by birth, and the son of one of the best jockeys that Buenos Ayres has ever known—no small thing to say when it is remembered that every Argentine is a born horseman and racing the chief pastime of the country. As far back as 1869 the elder Alvarez was famous both as jockey and trainer, and did great things with an animal called El Gauchito, perhaps the best horse ever sent from England to the River Plate. My correspondent is not certain about El Gauchito's pedigree, but believes him to have been a son of Newminster, born in 1864 or 1865, a very late foal, disposed of for a small sum at a yearling sale. Notwithstanding that he was insignificant in appearance this horse won a great number of races, carrying extraordinary weights over all distances from six furlongs to two miles and a half ; though it must be remembered that his opponents were for the most part half-breds or native horses, who would not be likely to stand much chance with a son of the St. Leger winner of 1851. El Gauchito was ridden in all his

races by the elder Alvarez, and at any rate some of those who tried conclusions with him were imported from England. A half-bred called El Raveoso, regarded as the speediest animal ever known in Buenos Ayres, and credited with having run a thousand metres in a minute, was matched against El Gauchito, who polished him off over this short course, and soon afterwards had all the best of an animal, well known in England in the sixties, called Old Warden, over a mile and a half. Mr. Welshman, the owner of Old Warden, was not satisfied, excusing his horse on the grounds that it was not acclimatised ; so another match was made, and run on a day when nearly half the course was under water, a circumstance supposed to be all in favour of Mr. Welshman's horse ; but El Gauchito won more easily than on the first occasion, and was soon after sent as a present to the Emperor of Brazil.

The elder Alvarez was known throughout the country as El Brujo (The Wizard). About six years ago my correspondent saw Alvarez riding the favourite in the biggest race of the year, called the 'Grand Premium of Honour.' The old jockey was then quite seventy years old. The younger Alvarez, now in England, was never considered first rate as a jockey, but always had the reputation of being an excellent trainer, a reputation which he certainly seems to have deserved. The first two sons of Ormonde that ran in the Argentine were both trained by Leandro Alvarez, neither fulfilling the high expectations formed of them, but the better of the pair, Lowland Boy, unfortunately died during its two-year-old career. Gomez, it may be added, was taught most of what he knows about riding by the elder Alvarez. The most famous jockey in South America since the elder Alvarez retired is a negro hunchback, Isabelino Diaz by name, whose mounts are as strongly fancied by the Argentine public as those of Archer used to be here in his best day. Diaz is said to look a very extraordinary figure on a horse, but it is estimated that he is 6 lb. better than the best of his rivals. Among the English horses that have been sent to Argentina was the notorious Phœnix, whose defeat at Epsom by an animal called Paul's Cray led to such an exciting scene, his rider, the late James Goater, being actually in peril of his life at the hands of the mob, who were convinced that he had stopped his mount. About this there was no difference of opinion ; but Goater, in talking to those he was not in the least likely to deceive, always maintained that in this case he was wrongly accused. My

informant was that exceedingly astute old trainer, William Day. 'I won't tell you I have never stopped horses,' Goater said to him, 'because you would know different, but I did my best to win on Phœnix.'

A well-known, highly popular and esteemed K.C., who was once rather fond of racing, and seemed likely to devote a good deal of time to it, told me why he had given up his pursuit of the Turf, and the story is, I think, both entertaining and instructive. A near relation of his had some horses in the stable of one of the shrewdest and cleverest of trainers, one of the comparatively small minority who are able to ascertain a horse's chances by trying him; for in the majority of cases, according to my experience, I find that when trainers gallop their horses they are frequently no wiser than they were before, and much more frequently still arrive at totally incorrect conclusions. On a certain day two horses belonging to my K.C.'s relation were going to run at Sandown. One of them, a two-year-old, whom we will call Pear Tree, was believed by his trainer to be an absolute certainty; the other one, the Cormorant, was regarded as having no chance, and was, indeed, sent for the edification of the handicapper in the hope that his decisive failure would lower him in the weights. Travelling down with the K.C. was a friend whose devotion to racing was only equalled by his ignorance of everything connected with it. He went whenever it was possible, and the more he saw and read the less he understood—not a few race-goers are like that.

The conversation in the railway carriage naturally turned on what was going to win. Various suggestions were hazarded, but the K.C. as the recipient of stable secrets did not feel that he was at liberty to divulge what he knew. Nevertheless he did not quite like to let his friend blunder about wholly in the dark, and when two or three probable winners of the two-year-old race had been mentioned, and the friend was found to be favouring some impossible beast, the K.C. casually observed that perhaps Pear Tree had some sort of chance. 'Oh, no,' the other exclaimed, 'that's a wretched animal and can't possibly win! It must be one of the worst brutes in training, nothing would make me back that; but I expect the stable will win a race in the afternoon, and that is with the Cormorant. I believe he is a real good horse, and he is simply thrown into

the handicap—ought to have had 10 lb. more at least. I think he is the good thing of the day!' The K.C. was sorry for his friend, but, as already observed, did not feel justified in saying what he knew, and perhaps considered, moreover, that if the very confident gentleman burnt his fingers it might not improbably be good for him in the long run; so he merely replied that he had never thought the Cormorant was that sort of horse, and should be surprised if he made much show. Pear Tree in due time went to post. The fact that he was expected to win became generally known, as such secrets generally do, and he started a strong favourite; to be, however, hopelessly beaten, to the intense astonishment of his friends. Cormorant's race came on for decision, and if I were writing a story instead of relating facts I should probably say that he won in a canter. He did not quite do this, but he squeezed home by a short head, his friends being even more amazed than they had been by his stable companion's defeat. 'What did I tell you?' the ignorant enthusiast remarked to the K C. when they met. 'They are wonderful people in that stable! They made every one back a brute like Pear Tree, told people that they didn't fancy Cormorant and got 100 to 8 about him in a field of seven. That is business!' The K.C., who knew how much money had gone on Pear Tree, and that Cormorant had not been backed for a shilling, pondered on the events of the afternoon and came to the conclusion that racing was no game for him. If this was what happened when he really knew the deliberate conclusions of one of the very cleverest trainers of the day, what were his prospects of finding winners when the information that reached him had filtered through half a dozen other people, some who knew no more about it than his triumphant friend, and others deliberately bent, perhaps, on leading their acquaintances astray? And the K.C. gave up racing.

By the merest accident I am able to answer another query that was put to me by a correspondent quite a year since. He wanted to know what sort of a game 'Biribi' was, and I could not reply, not having ever heard of it, nor could I meet any one who had. But oddly enough the other day I chanced to be reading a novel by Paul de Kock called 'Sans Cravate,' and there I lighted on a description. Sans Cravate was the nick-name of one of three young commissionaires, and it is another of them that speaks.

'Biribi?—Je vais te le faire, ça se joue rien qu'avec trois cartes . . . comme ça . . . l'une d'elles sera biribi. . . . Tiens! . . . c'est l'as de cœur. Il s'agit seulement, pour gagner, de deviner où est le biribi. Mais la malice du croupier consiste à vous faire voir à chaque instant le dessous des cartes, et biribi est toujours dessous; ensuite il place et déplace ses cartes de manière à ce que vous croyiez l'avoir suivi des yeux. . . . Tiens, comme ça . . . suis bien l'as de cœur . . . suis-le toujours . . . sais tu laquelle des trois est biribi, à présent?

Sans cravate, qui n'a pas perdu les cartes de vue, pose la main sur l'une d'elles en disant:

'L'as de cœur est là.

'Combien paries-tu?

'Un canon.

'C'est dit.

Jean Ficelle retourne la carte et montre, aux regards étonnés de son camarade, que celle qu'il a désignée n'est pas biribi.

'Sans-cravate est stupéfait. Jean Ficelle recommence deux fois le coup; Sans-cravate perd encore deux canons. Il s'écrie:

'Tu es donc sorcier?

'Eh non! Mais tu ne vois pas, quand je fais passer les cartes d'une place à une autre, que je jette toujours celle de dessus en ayant l'air de lancer celle de dessous. . . . Voilà comme on refait le paysan, qui croit n'avoir pas perdu de vue biribi. Mais si par hasard le pigeon a devinè juste, au moment où il va mettre son argent sur la carte qui est vraiment biribi, un compère est là qui lui dit tout bas: Pas celle-là, mon homme. l'autre à gauche; j'en suis sûr, et la preuve, c'est que je pose cent sous dessus. Le paysan se laisse persuader par l'assurance du compère, il pose où celui-ci a mis cinq francs, et il est fumè.'

Biribi, in fact, is the familiar three-card trick.

I have never quite understood why it is that a low-skimming pheasant is so hard to hit; but one often sees these birds missed by really good shots who make excellent practice at rocketers. Perhaps one judges distance badly, and is also deceived by the pace of a skimming bird; and it may likewise be that there is some hesitation in shooting at him because a man pauses to recollect where the rest of the party are placed, and to make quite sure that there is not a stop, or a labourer at work, or a road, so that he may be quite sure of firing with safety. I suppose that the famous Colonel Hawker and other notable shots of former generations never shot a really high pheasant! Their marvellous records of kills to cartridges would in all probability have been less astonishing—I ought not to say 'kills to cartridges,' but rather kills to discharges, seeing that cartridges were not invented—if they had shot under modern conditions.